THE
LAST JUDGMENT
OF
MEN *and* ANGELS.
A
POEM,
In TWELVE BOOKS:
After the Manner of MILTON

IPSE PATER, mediâ nimborum in nocte, coruſcâ
Fulmina molitur dextrâ, quâ maxima motu
Terra tremit ——— mortalia Corda
Per gentes humilis ſtravit pavor———
———Volvenda DIES en attulit!——— Virg.

By the Reverend Mr. *THOMAS NEWCOMB*,
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LONDON:

Printed for *William Mears* without *Temple-Bar*, and *John Pemberton* and *John Hooke* both againſt St. *Dunſtan's* Church in *Fleet-ſtreet*. MDCCXXIII.

MUSEUM
BRITANNICUM

To the Right Honourable the

EARL of *MARCH.*

My LORD,

I HAVE the greateſt Encouragement to hope from your Lordſhip's Humanity and ſingular Virtues, that You will accept of this Addreſs from the Hands of a Clergy-man; ſince an early Piety, and a Deference to every Thing ſacred, has diſtinguiſh'd You, more than the Dignity of your Birth, or the Greatneſs of your Quality. Though the Subject may not enlarge your Knowledge, I have ſome Hopes it may gratifie your Curioſity; leading your Thoughts through the dark and diſtant Mazes of Futurity, the wonderful Events of Providence, and the amazing Scenes of an After-

A State,

State, to the laſt Period of Things; the End of Time, and the Diſſolution of Nature; where your Mind may enjoy a ſevere and awful Delight in the Contemplation of a deſcending God and a burning World.

If the great Truths of Religion are look'd upon by ſome, as the extravagant Ideas of melancholy or deſigning Men, I perſuade my ſelf your Lordſhip will ever attend to them with that Fear and Regard which their Importance deſerves: and ſhould I appear in ſome Parts of this Work a little too warm and affected, I deſire your Lordſhip to eſteem thoſe Places not ſo much the Sallies of a wanton Fancy, as the Dictates of a convicted Heart, deeply and duly ſenſible of the Terrors of the Lord; ſince to meditate on the Ways of Heaven, on the Power, the Majeſty, and Omnipotence of God without a ſuitable Paſſion, is almoſt to disbelieve them: and though we are too much buſied at preſent with the little, low, and trifling Affairs of this World, the Time will once come, and haſtens on apace, when the Purſuits of Vanity, of Ambition and Fame ſhall have an End; when your Innocence ſhall be of more Advantage to You, than either your Birth or your Glory; and one Virtue give You more real Conſolation, than a

thouſand

thouſand Triumphs; which muſt all vaniſh and die away before the Hopes or Dread of Eternity! A Dedication to You on ſo ſerious a Subject may ſeem indeed ſtrange to thoſe, who are unacquainted with your Lordſhip's Character; who do not know how firmly You believe, and how little You have to Fear from that Day, the Author attempts to deſcribe; You leave it to others to poſſeſs the Vain-glory of deriding in publick, what their Hearts muſt tremble at in their Retirement and Seaſons of Reflection, and eſteem it the greateſt Felicity of that Fortune which ſets You above other Mortals, that from thence You have ſooner learnt how to be Immortal.

My LORD,

What a happy and liberal *Genius* has beſtow'd upon You, a learned Education under the Care of the fineſt Scholar, and moſt accompliſh'd Gentleman, has improv'd; and both together give You the Juſteſt Title to the Character of a finiſh'd Chriſtian Nobleman; a Name (my Lord) that ſets You as High, and gives You as much Honour, as being Son to the greateſt Peer in *Europe*. An intimate and early Acquaintance with the Claſſic Authors at Home, excited You to viſit thoſe Countries where they liv'd and wrote;

wrote; to take a View of the Scenes of thoſe great Actions they recorded; and compare their antient Glories with their preſent State: Thus joining the moſt diſtant Ages together in one View. You did not leave your Country to indulge your Curioſity, but to Improve your Judgment, in the moſt polite and uſeful Parts of Learning; acquainting your ſelf betimes with the Hiſtory and Manners, the Laws and Conſtitution, and Antiquities of other Nations; which I doubt not but You will turn to a moſt excellent Advantage to your ſelf and others. What may not your Country expect, from ſuch a Merit which has plac'd You ſo early among her Legiſlators? What Benefits may ſhe not hope from the Nobility of your Birth, the Sweetneſs of your Manners, and the Acquiſitions of your Knowledge; and the Honour and Happineſs You enjoy in your late Alliance to one of the firſt Favourites of his Prince, and ſince the Death of our late Hero, one of the firſt Generals of His Age. Think, my Lord, what a ſevere Account your Country will exact of You for ſo many Privileges? and that thoſe Virtues which wou'd add a Glory to another's Character, will be only paying the Debts of your own. To be a Friend to the Diſtreſſed, a Patron to

the Deſerving, a faithful Counſellour to your King, and an Honour to your Family and Nation, are Duties which will be expected from You, for ſo many Endowments of Nature, and Gifts of Providence You enjoy above the reſt of Mankind; and entitle You to the Praiſes of future Poets, which for fear of Offence I muſt not, and dare not give You.

For my own Part, I have long had a Dependance on your noble Family; every Branch of which (I weep to ſay, while living) has in one Inſtance or other given me ſome Marks of their kindeſt Indulgence; for which Reaſon I ſumm up the Acknowledgment of all their Favours to me, and humbly beg Leave to Dedicate it to a Perſon, where all their Virtues are center'd: at the ſame time ſatisfying a moſt grateful Paſſion in telling the World, how oft I have been oblig'd by as worthy Names as any it can boaſt.

I confeſs, my Lord, while You are Lamenting the Death of the moſt indulgent Mother, it is a very improper Seaſon to pay You any other Compliments but thoſe of Condolence; which from a Senſe of your Lordſhip's Sufferings, and my own Diſtreſs, I am too well qualify'd to offer You. But ſince a Time of Sadneſs is apt to melt and ſoften the Mind, and render it more

ſuſceptible of Holy Impreſſions; and Religion then acts with its greateſt Force, when it meets with an afflicted Heart to comfort or conquer; perhaps the Scenes of Death and Mortality, of our future Exiſtence and eternal State, may be look'd upon as Meditations not unſuitable to lay before You, in this day of Grief; and diſpoſe You to entertain the moſt awful Thoughts of that Being, who can thus humble us in a Moment; and ſo ſoon change the moſt pleaſing and proſperous Scenes of Life into a State of Sorrow, of Wretchedneſs and Tears. If You are capable of receiving any Conſolation under your preſent Grief, it will be from a Reflection that You are the SON of ſuch a MOTHER: that You are entitled to a thouſand Bleſſings from Heaven, as the Reward of a Parent's Piety; and that You will derive a leſs Benefit from being deſcended from her Blood, than being Heir to her Virtue; ſince the one can only make You GREAT, the other both GREAT and HAPPY. Permit me, my Lord, to eaſe a moſt violent Paſſion, and indulge the Impulſe of a Gratitude almoſt as ſtrong as that of Nature, while I mingle my Tears with thoſe Multitudes, whom the Death of the Dutcheſs of *Richmond* has left miſerable and wretched: who valued the Luſtre of her Birth,

and the Acceſſions of her Fortune, for no other Reaſon than as they gave her a Power of ſhewing more Compaſſion, and doing greater Good to Mankind. I may ſeem perhaps to do my ſelf too much Honour in publiſhing to the World, how much, and how often I have been oblig'd to her Goodneſs; and I am confident I cannot urge a ſtronger Motive to engage your future Favour to me, than by acquainting your Lordſhip, that her kindeſt Thoughts and Endeavours were long employ'd to have Improv'd my Fortune, and added to the Happineſs of my Life; which, could I poſſeſs an equal Share in your Eſteem and good Will, I ſhould not yet deſpair of. To her Goodneſs and Recommendation I entirely ow'd it, that I was made known in ſo honourable a Manner by my Lord *Carteret* to his preſent Majeſty, and receiv'd ſuch Marks of His Royal Indulgence, in His moſt gracious Acceptance of the meaneſt Offering I preſum'd to make Him. What are we depriv'd of by her Death? and how great is the Power of the Grave? which can turn the Enjoyments of Life ſo ſoon into Miſery; and leave the Heart no other Paſſion to indulge but that of Sorrow? But I forbear to awaken your Lordſhip's Affliction; which I am ſenſible ſo dear a

Name

Name muſt recall; and ſhall mention no more her univerſal Benevolence and Charity and Compaſſion to all Mankind; Virtues we muſt long lament, from the Power of their Own Influence on our Minds; for 'tis much to be fear'd the Memory of them will hardly be renew'd to Us by Examples of the ſame Perfection.

I am,

My L O R D,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Obedient, and

Moſt Humble Servant,

THO. NEWCOMB.

THE

PREFACE.

I *Am Conſcious to my ſelf of ſeveral Imperfections in this Work; and I doubt not, but the Reader will diſcover a great many more; ſince the moſt Impartial Author is neither ſo able or willing to find out his own Failings as other People: But ſince I freely and openly confeſs to the World, I did not write for Fame, I cannot be diſappointed if I fail of Applauſe, where my utmoſt Ambition carried me no higher, than to expect Forgiveneſs.*

The uſual Artifice and Deſign of a Preface, is to engage the Reader's Affections on the Side, and in the Intereſt of the Author; to bribe his Good-nature with Compliments on his Judgment: and who can be ſo ungenerous to entertain an ill Opinion of the Writer, who profeſſes ſo great a Value and Eſteem for the Learning of his Friends? But I am utterly depriv'd of the Benefits of this Stratagem; and cannot hope to derive any Advantage from the Vanity or Weakneſs of thoſe, who have given me leave to prefix their Names to this Poem; who are too cautious to imbibe any dangerous Impreſſions from Flattery or Praiſe; and who have not quite Humanity enough to admire another's Wit, at the Expence of their own Reputation. I ſhall endeavour to merit the Eſteem of ſo many worthy Perſons, by no other Arts, but thoſe that are fair and open. If the Work is tolerably perform'd, it wants no Apology; if otherwiſe, it deſerves none; and tho' the Poem may ſtand in as much need of their Pardon, as the Author did of their Kindneſs, I ſhall forbear to offer any Excuſes in its Favour: which may be look'd on as very good Reaſons why I ought not to have attempted it; but may be judg'd very indifferent ones, why it was not better perform'd. My Happineſs is, that I have leſs

to fear from the Judgment of my Friends, than I ſhould from their Want of it; as the roughest Edge always leaves the moſt dangerous Wound: Since many of them are as good Criticks and excellent Writers as any of their Age, I have the greater Reaſon to expect them as favourable Judges too; true Merit and Good-nature being ever inſeparable: and they who eminently excel in any Part of Knowledge, are the laſt to cenſure thoſe who are endeavouring to imitate the great Examples of thoſe that went before 'em; being conſcious with how much Pains, and real Difficulty they themſelves arriv'd at Perfection. Whatever Succeſs this Work may meet with, 'tis a laudable Ambition to attempt any thing, that has in it an equal Share of Danger and Glory; if we miſcarry in ſuch honourable Deſigns, our Diſappointment is the leſs; if we ſucceed, our Triumph I am ſure is ſo much the greater.

There is nothing ſo much evinces the Greatneſs of Heroick Poetry, as the Fate of ſo many of almoſt every Age and Nation who have miſcarried in it; which will appear leſs ſurpriſing, if we conſider what is requir'd by the Criticks, of thoſe who have any Hopes to excel in ſo Divine an Art. A thorough Inſight into divine and human Knowledge; into the Works of Nature, and Wonders of Providence; and all the moſt uſeful Parts of Philoſophy; a perfect Acquaintance with the Cuſtoms, Manners, and Writings of the Antients; a Fancy lively and vigorous; a Style harmonious and eaſy; a Genius ſublime and lofty by Nature, and cultivated by Art; a Judgment to make Choice of a great, a probable and important Action to celebrate; adorn'd with a Variety of pleaſing and wonderful Incidents, of natural and affecting Epiſodes; leading the Mind thro' what is agreeable and delightful, to what is uſeful and inſtructive: in ſhort, a Power to ſubdue or raiſe the Paſſions, to molliſy or enflame the Heart, with the Beauties of Eloquence and the Force of Reaſon, are Qualities Eſſential in a Writer, who expects either Fame or Forgiveneſs in ſuch an Enterpriſe.

It has been made plain beyond Diſpute by the Writers of our own and the French *Nation, that we have equalled, if not excelled the* Antients, *in ſeveral Parts of Learning. Their greateſt Advocates own us their Maſters in many Sciences; in Aſtronomy, Aſtrology, Phyſick, Geography, Anatomy, Navigation, and Opticks; in Philological Arts, and eſpecially in Mathematical*

tical and Experimental Philoſophy. How comes it to paſs, that we who exceed them ſo far in other Points, ſhould fall ſo vaſtly ſhort of their Perfection, when we attempt to excel 'em in our Poetry? That the Iliad *and* Æneid, *and their two great Authors, ſhould ſtill be our Guides to Fame, and ſtill remain legally poſſeſt of the Laurel, which one has wore above ſeventeen hundred, and the other almoſt three thouſand Years?*

With what Beauty and Art, with how much Energy and Spirit muſt thoſe two great Authors have wrote, to have ſecur'd ſo long a Fame without the leaſt Interruption? And our Wonder is height'ned when we reflect, how mean and inconſiderable the Subject of both their Poems appears; conſider'd in themſelves, or compar'd with the Fable in other Poets, a great deal leſs admir'd; which bear no greater a Proportion to the Action of the Pharſalia, *than the Reduction of a ſingle State does to the Conqueſt of the Univerſe. The Forces of the* Greeks *and* Trojans *did not amount to ſeventy thouſand Men; thoſe of* Æneas *and* Turnus *were much fewer. One ſingle Campaign of* Cæſar's, *or the Duke of* Marlborough's, *exceeded all that is recorded of theſe Heroes; thoſe of* Greece *fighting to ſubdue, and thoſe of* Troy *to ſecure, a ſmall Town, and a mean* Aſiatick *Kingdom: The Prize of the Conquerors no greater, than the Recovery of a* Grecian *Beauty, and a Lady too of no very extraordinary Fame. Yet, reading the* Iliad, *how are we tranſported, and what Sentiments do we form to our ſelves of the Bravery and Greatneſs of thoſe two contending Powers! both Heaven and Earth, Gods and Men being drawn in to favour one Party or the other. In ſhort, we read the Actions at* Arbella *and* Thermopilæ, *at* Granicus *and* Marathron *with leſs Surpriſe; and give the Preference in Glory to* Agamemnon *and* Achilles, *to* Æneas *and* Hector, *when we compare them with* Themiſtocles *or* Cæſar, *with* Scipio, *or* Alexander; *who is ſaid to have wept at* Achilles's *Tomb in his* Aſian *Progreſs, in Deſpair of ever equalling his Fame.*

Yet the whole Art of Epick Poetry, and the Beauties and Contrivance of the Iliad, *have been ſo admirably open'd, the Reaſons why we have been ſo long pleas'd with it ſo fully explained, that we muſt deſpair of being better acquainted with the Excellency of that Noble Work; or meeting with Criticks that can unfold the Wonders of it with more Learning, or Perſpicuity.* Euſtathius, Spondanus, Dionyſius Halicarnaſſæus, *Madam* Dacier,

and

and above 'em all our judicious Mr. Pope (*whoſe Name no* Engliſh *Poet I hope will ever mention without a juſt Deference to his Worth*) *have left nothing unſay'd that might illuſtrate the Fame, or diſcover the Greatneſs of their Author.* Servius, *Father* Boſſu *in his Learned and Elaborate Treatiſe on the Epick Poem, and many others, have done the ſame Juſtice to their favourite* Virgil; *and ſure there muſt be ſomething very ſacred and ſublime in that Art, which in ſo many Ages, and with ſo many Advantages of riſing higher, has gain'd ſo little Perfection.* Ariſtotle's *excellent Rules of Poetry, the beſt that ever were, or perhaps that ever may be wrote, appear'd early in the World; and are chiefly drawn from the Writings and Plan of* Homer. *The Critick's Rules are borrow'd from the Poet's Example; inſtructing us from what he did, what we ought to do. Theſe have been often explain'd by the Comments of ſeveral Learned Men, who have confirm'd his Doctrines, ſtrengthen'd his Reaſons, and ſhew'd their Maſter in the beſt Light.* Longinus *and* Hermogenes *have taken the ſame Pains, but in a different Way; their Precepts being more general, and calculated for the Advancement of Eloquence and Sublimity in other Writing as well as the* Epick. *The* Auguſtan *Age produc'd the great and judicious* Horace; *who tho' he has borrow'd moſt of his Rules from* Ariſtotle, *has yet refin'd on the Labour of his* Grecian *Predeceſſor; and left us the fineſt poetical Syſtem that was ever penn'd in ſo ſmall a Compaſs. The Divine* Æneïed *appear'd ſoon after, and was a new Light lent to the Adventurers in Heroick Poeſie, to ſteer their Courſe by. But alas, inſtead of exciting any to Emulate this great Poet, it threw 'em only into a Deſpair of ever reaching his Excellence. The* Roman *State beginning in a few Ages to Decline, its Freedom and Arts, its Spirit and Poetry took a flight together. The ſucceeding Times were overſpread with a Night of Ignorance and Barbariſm; by the Incurſions of the Northern Nations into* Greece *and* Italy, *under the Conduct of* Attila *and* Genſericus. *During the Reign of theſe uncultivated People, Arts and Eloquence gave way to Violence and Arms: Every thing polite was either diſcourag'd or deſpis'd; The Decay of Science always ſucceeding the Loſs of Liberty; it being ever a capital Crime to know more, or preſume to have greater Wiſdom than our Conquerors. After a long Baniſhment from its antient Seat, Learning again began to Revive in* Italy *under the Influence and Protection of one of the Houſe of* Medicis, Leo *the*

10*th*,

10th, *who obtained the Popedom about the Year* 1512. *The great* Richlieu, *first Secretary, and after prime Minister of State to* Lewis XIII, *became as great a Patron in* France *of Learned Men: in his time* Europe *was enrich'd with a Number of as excellent Writers as ever appear'd together in any one Age of the World; who seem'd to have left their Successors nothing else to do, but to Imitate, or Comment upon their Labours. The Bounty and Ambition of that Favourite had excellent Effects; for it stirr'd up an Emulation in the neighbouring States, to merit Part of that Glory which* France *had acquir'd by the Learned Writings of so many great Authors; so that in a very small Compass of Time the Royal Society in* England, *the Academy of Sciences in* Paris, *the Academy* del Cimento *in* Florence, *and others in many Parts of* Europe *were erected; where all sorts of useful Knowledge were wonderfully advanc'd by their respective Members, whose Names the Reader may find in* Fontinelle, Perrault, *and in almost every Page of Mr.* Wotton's *Book against Sir* William Temple, *in his Comparison between Antient and Modern Learning. From whose accurate Pains and Studies the World has so much benefited, that every Art and Science has some eminent Person to boast of, who within these hundred Years has advanc'd it to the utmost Perfection it seems capable of; while Epick Poetry alone, among all the Improvements of the Moderns, seems the only thing uncultivated. And tho'* England *and* France, *as before* Greece *and* Rome, *had contributed so much towards its Perfection, by the judicious Writings of so many Criticks, it seems rather to decline in its Character; unless the* English *Nation may be allow'd to have retriev'd its Fame in the* Paradise Lost, *and set us a noble Example, how its antient Lustre might be recover'd.*

The Learned Rapin, *as exact a Critick as any since the time of* Aristotle, *has furnish'd us with a Catalogue of Writers, who have endeavour'd to excell in this Way; and has censur'd every one of 'em, as guilty of the grossest Errors, and lowest Imperfections; depriving them at once of those Titles which they had assum'd with so much Injustice, and maintain'd with so much Arrogance. The Ignorance of our Language was the probable Reason why he did not give us his Opinion of our* English *Poets, which Mr.* Rimer *has ventur'd to do with a great deal of Freedom, and I am afraid with a great deal of Justice too; allowing scarce the Name of* Epick *Writers to some of 'em, and but a very moderate share of Perfection*

to the reſt. Dryden's *Reflections upon* Milton *are too well known, to be repeated here; and his great Admirers, Mr.* Dennis *and the candid Mr.* Addiſon, *do not wholly exempt that great Author from his Errors and Failings. I have dwelt a little longer on this Subject, to draw ſome Advantage to my ſelf from the Ill Fate of others; to take off the force of a Cenſure in which ſo many both Antients and Moderns are concern'd; ſheltering my ſelf under the common Misfortunes of thoſe that have gone before me: and truly a Writer muſt have a very good Opinion of his own Parts, or a very indifferent one of the Judgment of others, who ſhall preſume to pleaſe Mankind, with a perfect Poem; a Compliment which has not been paid to any Man for at leaſt Seventeen Hundred Years.*

Mr. Dennis, *in his excellent Treatiſe on the Advancement and Reformation of Modern Poetry, gives us the true Reaſon why ſo many have engaged ſo unſucceſsfully in the* Epopea; *which in general is their Choice of a Fable purely Human; and not incorporating* Religion *with their Poetry. The departing from this Rule, he proves the chief Cauſe why ſo many have ſo wretchedly miſcarried; and keeping cloſe to this Obſervation, the true one, why* Milton, Virgil *and* Homer *have ſo well ſucceeded. There is a ſtrain of Divinity runs thro' their whole Works, in which every thing ſeems Great, Wonderful, and Important, where the* DEITY *is introduc'd as concerning himſelf in the Affairs of Mankind. From hence thoſe Great Authors derive their Spirit and Greatneſs,* viz. *their frequent Apoſtrophe's, Invocations, and Celeſtial Machinery; which excite in their Reader thoſe Violent and* Enthuſiaſtick *Paſſions of Fear, Terror, and Aſtoniſhment, which 'tis the Aim of Heroick Poetry chiefly to produce. And I believe every Body will find that thoſe Authors I have mentioned before, are in no Parts of their Works ſo exalted and ſublime, as where they ſeem to write under the Influence and Power of ſome ſupernatural Principle and Belief; or in other Terms, when they are moſt Religious; for then every thing that pleaſes, gives us more Pleaſure; and every thing that aſtoniſheth, a greater Terror. The Subject I have choſe is of this Nature; in which all Mankind are equally concern'd; and if there is any one thing more great, more awfull and ſolemn than another, 'tis what I have attempted to repreſent in this Poem; the total Diſſolution of this ſublunary Frame, and the fearful and amazing Conſequences of ſuch a Change. And ſure the Reader will indulge me ſome few Allowances for the Difficulty of*

ſuch

*ſuch an Attempt, where I had none to follow, none to guide me in thoſe dark and unknown Regions on the other ſide of the Grave: The Scenes I have drawn, being chiefly laid beyond the Verge of Nature, and the Limits of this World, without any other Guide, than the uncertain Glimmerings of Reaſon, and ſome obſcure Hints from Revelation. We know but very little of our ſelves, or our intellectual State; but much leſs of thoſe various Beings that are the Inhabitants of other Worlds: our Notions of 'em are very confus'd, and our Knowledge very lame and imperfect. We talk indeed in this Vale of Darkneſs very familiarly * of Angels and Spirits, and diſcourſe with as much Freedom about their Nature, their Office and Employments above, as if we were perfectly acquainted with their State and Oeconomy; but alas, all we know of them is only Gueſs, Surmiſe, and Speculation. However, I have conform'd my ſelf to the common Notions that Mankind has entertain'd of thoſe inviſible Powers; and given 'em thoſe Manners and Diſpoſitions which the Scriptures ſeem to warrant, and the wiſeſt Philoſophers and Divines have always aſcrib'd to 'em. And if the Actions and Diſcourſes of the Infernal Angels may be look'd upon by ſome as too bold and impious, I deſire them to reflect, that it had been an Offence againſt the Propriety of Character, and what* Ariſtotle *calls the* Poetical Manners *(which may be very juſt and good, and the Perſons they belong to very wicked) to have drawn them otherwiſe: we are not to paint Devils like Angels: They ought, how frightful ſoever they appear, to be ſhew'd us, as they really are, fiery, revengeful, implacable Spirits; ſuch the Scripture has repreſented 'em, and ſuch I have endeavour'd to draw 'em in the following Work.*

Some may object perhaps to Works of this Nature, that the Doctrines of Religion are too ſacred and ſerious to be the Poet's Subject; and loſe ſomething of their Dignity, if not their Credit, to be treated in a manner that does not ſeem ſo ſuitable to their Greatneſs and Importance. They who are pleas'd to be of this Opinion will probably find, that the Reaſons they have for it may prove a great deal more than they intended; and caſt a Blame on the Wiſdom of the Supreme Being it ſelf. The Deſign of all Religion and Poetry is the very ſame; to keep Men's Paſſions in Subjection to their Reaſon; to inſpire their Minds with a Love of Goodneſs, and a Contempt of every thing baſe and unworthy, by propoſing ſome noble Examples of Heroick Piety to

* See Biſhop *Patrick*'s Two Diſcourſes on the Nature of Guardian Angels.

to their Imitation: it is the proper Buſineſs of both to inculcate in the Hearts of Men the Principles of true Honour and Morality; to repreſent in a lively manner the Beauty and Excellence of Virtue, and the Horror and Deformity of Vice; and above all to fill the Mind with deep, with awful Thoughts of the Majeſty, the Power and Goodneſs of the ALMIGHTY. *In theſe excellent Deſigns Poetry is the Hand-maid of Religion, and equally aſſiſts in promoting the Good and Welfare of Mankind: and the Spirit of God has been pleaſed to make uſe of her Aſſiſtance in conveying his Will and Inſtructions to Mankind. Biſhop* Patrick *has prov'd that there are more exalted Strains of Poetry to be found in the Holy Scriptures, than in the moſt celebrated Writings of* Greece *or* Rome; *and prefers ſome Paſſages in the Book of* Job, *to the ſublimeſt Thoughts of all their fineſt Poets. Mr.* Dennis *has done the ſame Juſtice to many other Parts of Holy Writ; and gives the Preference in Greatneſs and true Sublimity to ſeveral Places in the* Pſalms, *and the* Prophets, *when he compares them with what* Virgil *or* Homer *accidentally wrote on the ſame Subject: And what Spirit and Elevation muſt there be in the Original Languages of thoſe ſacred Oracles, when there are ſtill preſerv'd ſuch a noble Simplicity, ſuch exalted Sentiments, ſuch a Genius truly Poetical, under the Diſadvantages of a cold, unaffecting, and in ſome places, a barbarous Tranſlation! Chriſtianity has been ſo ſenſible of the Advantages of ſo Divine an Art, that in the moſt ſolemn Parts of her Worſhip She has borrowed very great Aſſiſtances from it: The Invocations and Addreſſes to the Supreme Being, in the* Greek *as well as the* Latin *Churches, are of this nature; and the Hymn of St.* Ambroſe, *which is part of our Liturgy, and compar'd by a great Critick to the moſt elevated Compoſitions of* Orpheus *and* Callimacus, *ſhews us what Opinion our Church had of Divine Poeſy, when directed to its proper Object, and reſtrain'd within its due Limits. Nor have the Myſteries of our holy Religion been eſteem'd too high or ſacred to be treated by good and great Men in this way.* Rapin *has left us a moſt admirable Poem on the Sufferings and Paſſion of Chriſt: and* Grotius *has been more bold in repreſenting them in a Tragedy, which may be ſeen among the Works of that excellent Author. Two very fine Poems on the Creation and Redemption, have been wrote of late by the ingenious Sir* Richard Blackmore, *without any Exception; and the Fall and Recovery of Man, written by* Milton, *are too well known*

and

and admir'd, to want any manner of Apology. The Authorities of ſo many great Men, I hope, may be ſufficient to juſtify me in the Choice of my Subject, and treating it in ſuch a manner, as ſome Perſons of more Nicety than Judgment may perhaps be offended at.

The Doctrines of the Millennium, *as they are ſtated and explain'd by Dr.* Burnet, *Mr.* Ray, *the Learned Mr.* Mede, *and others; will, I hope, give no Offence to Chriſtian Readers, or Jealouſy to Chriſtian Princes: ſince the Scenes of it are laid beyond the Conflagration, it leaves 'em in full Poſſeſſion of their Kingdoms to the End of this World; and I preſume they will not be much concern'd, who are to be their Succeſſors in the next.*

I ſhall think my ſelf very happy, if any of thoſe Scenes I have endeavour'd to draw in this Work, may promote the great Ends of Religion, or diſpoſe the Reader to make a due and early Preparation to appear without Dread in that great and terrible Day of the Lord; *before whoſe Preſence the Heavens and the Earth ſhall melt away; and before whoſe Throne the Beſt, and the Greateſt of the Sons of Men ſhall one Day Tremble.*

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ERRATA.

PAge 95. line 328. *for* the, *read* thy.
line 329. *for* Of *Cyrus*, read *Darius.*
Page 105. line 702. *for* wants, *read* want.
Page 110. line 884. *for* harm, *read* charm.
Page 117. line 158. *for* Wings, *read* Wing.
Page 170. line 1037. *after* his, *add* high.
Page 185. line 461. *for* roar, *read* roſe.
Page 228. line 893. *after* might, *read* to.
Page 257. line 1. *for* anxius, *read* unxious.
Page 264. line 1135. *for* Climes, *read* Climbs.
Page 267. line 41. *for* a, *read* the.
Page 268. line 80. for *Arabia*, read *Arabie.*
Page 286. line 708. *for* round, *read* bound.
Page 287. line 742. *for* bow, *read* Brow.

THE

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

BOOK I.

Ὤφθησαν αἱ πηγαὶ τ̃ ὑδάτων, κ̀ ἀνεκαλύφθη τὰ θεμέλια τ̃ς οἰκουμέν̃ς· ἀπὸ ἐπιτιμήσεώς Cυ κύριε, ἀπὸ ἐμπνεύσεως πνεύματ⊙ ὀργ̃ς Cυ.

O H! Thou Supreme of Things, whoſe great Command
Can call new Worlds to Light, or fix their Doom;
Not thy Creating Voice I ſing, that Power
Which from Oblivion, and the fertile Shade
Of ancient Night ſpread out this beauteous Frame,
This bliſsful Seat of Man, by THEE deſign'd
Pure and Immortal. Rather wou'd I chuſe
Some fair Memorials of thy Love to trace,
And Bounty eminent; who hung on high
Yon radiant Orbs of Light; in Fields above
Who dropt the chryſtal Stars, and fill'd with Flame
Their golden Circles; by whoſe ſtrict Command
The rolling Sun each Day with rapid Speed
From World to World his Progreſs holds, 'till Eve
His Empire cloſes, and the varying Orb
That guides the Night begins her paler Reign.

Or if theſe Scenes below, which to the Eye
Impart leſs Glory, tho' almoſt as fair,
Could tempt my Voice, how pleas'd could I enjoy
The Springs of *Eden*, and her Myrtle Groves
Incenſe and Odours breathing; or retir'd
Where Fountains murmur nigh the fragrant Beds
Of Myrrh and Roſes, view the happy Pair
Select each Joy the flow'ry Manſion yields;
Where Bliſs ſucceeding Bliſs, kindly relieves
The fainting Appetite with ſweet Exchange.

But not the Sun's great Lamp, or Orb as fair
That drinks his Beams enlighten'd; or the Train
Of ſilver Stars which nightly round the Pole
Finiſh their Courſe unwearied; nor the Streams
Of *Eden* gliding through the happy Shades
Of opening Roſes, I in cheerful Song
Rejoycing celebrate: a ſadder Theme,
This World expiring, and all Nature's DOOM
I meditate in Sorrow; which the Eye
Of mournful Angels ſcarce without a Tear
Attends, or Human Breaſt without Deſpair.

Oh! ſay, ye SONS of Light, with folded Wings
Who guard your aking Eyes, too weak to bear
The Floods of Brightneſs which are ever pour'd
Forth from the Seat of God, his burning Throne;
Oh! ſay, who from his mildeſt Glories turn
With fearful Reverence, when Compaſſion ſmiles,
Yet dread to view her ſmiling, how the Power
Of weak Mortality his Eye can bear,
Sad'ning with Vengeance? how without Deſpair
That Voice attend, when ſtopt by his Command
The Sun ſhall roll no more, the Stars reſign
Their faded Luſtre, and what Beauties fill
The melting Heavens, be loſt in Shades, and die.

Yet

Yet THEE, *CREATOR*, to Immortal Sight
Inviſible, with *mortal* I preſume
Adventrous to behold, nor dread the Height
Which checks the Wings of Angels, while I ſoar
From Space to Space, beyond the cryſtal Bounds
Of Earth and Heaven; and leaving far beneath
The Sun's pale Luſtre, gain thy golden Throne
Aſcending: there each Wonder undiſmay'd,
Each Glory breaking from the ſacred Hill
Thy Dwelling I explore, tho' brighter far
Thy brightneſs, than on *Sinai*'s gloomy Brow,
When Clouds, and Lightnings, and amazing Flame
Thy awful Covering, hid Thee from the Dread
Of nether Worlds; deſpairing as thy Voice,
Thy mighty Voice, juſt like its bending Pines
The Mountain ſhook, the Hoſt beneath much more,
Who heard the Sound; and, hearing, fear'd to Die.

NOW o'er the Plains of Light the purple Morn
Ariſing ſpread more Glories, when the Trump
Of the Arch-Angel breath'd, and ſoon awak'd
Cherub and *Seraph*, in Celeſtial Song
To Hymn their morning Praiſe. The Voice was heard
Deep in the Realms of Heaven, and reach'd the Ear
Of liſt'ning Angels, who in various Bliſs
Not unbecoming Heavenly Minds, prolong
Their happy State, and drink Immortal Joy.
Some to the Banks of flow'ry Brooks retir'd,
Hang o'er the Brink enamour'd, as they gaze
Their Stature, Youth and Beauty blooming fair,
Beneath the ſilver Stream; whoſe faithful Wave
Sends back the ſoft Reſemblance, and returns
The lovely Image, paying Smile with Smile.
Others beneath the green and cooling Bowers
Of Roſe and Amarant, whoſe woven Shade
O'erſpreads their heav'nly Limbs; or elſe enclos'd

With Groves of Myrtle, wafting gently round
Their coſtly Incence, join in Voices ſweet
And ſacred Melody: thro' every Breaſt
To waken holy Raptures; and inſpire
To Virtue and Heroick Deeds, beſt taught
By Muſick's ſoft Perſuaſion; which enflames
Each Heart with Love, ſubduing while it charms.

Again the Trumpet's golden Voice, now fill'd
With louder Harmony, a while ſuſpends
Their pleaſing Labour; each the echoing Call
Attentive heard from far, and joyous roſe,
Before the Throne of God in Songs to pay
Their early Tribute; Songs with equal Bliſs
Both heard and utter'd: and as thus they join
Obedience with Delight, with every Lay
Pleaſing, and pleas'd at once; Homage its Name
Quite loſes, while their Duty is their Joy.

Now riſing all from where they ſate, reclin'd
Near Grotto, murm'ring Fount, or cooling Stream;
A Sound like that, which ſweeteſt Harps diffuſe
Charm'd all the Vales of Heaven as up they roſe
Rejoycing; o'er each radiant Shoulder flow'd
A coſtly Ornament, which half conceal'd
Their ſhaded Beauty, and with purple Light
Diſtain'd the Fields above; leaving behind
A length of Brightneſs, which deſcending ſhone
Along the Courts of Heaven, rich inlay'd
With Saphyr, Ruby, Pearl, and Orient Gold.
With Harps that graceful down their blooming Side
For ever hung, ſome ready ſtood prepar'd,
With Lute and ſweeteſt Voices ſome, to fill
The ſacred Conſort: when approaching near
The great Tribunal, where the GODHEAD ſate
Sublime in Glory, from their youthful Brow

Their

Their Chaplets, Wreaths, and never-fading Crowns
Low on the Pavement caſt, themſelves as low,
They proſtrate fall adoring; each, his Song
Fill'd with Memorials of Almighty Power
Through Heaven and Earth, and wide Creation known,
From high to higher Wonders ſoaring roſe
Harmonious! nothing ſacred left untold
His [a] Word, without the Labour of his Arm
Beſpoke, one Moment flying ſcarce between
His Breath commanding, and the Work fulfill'd,
At once begun, and ended. From beneath
They fetch the firſt great Subject of their Song;
His Voice applauded, that ſo fitly fram'd
This Earth, this nether Heaven, with Beauties ſtor'd,
Worth the Regard of Angels, which their Eye
Cou'd ſcarce behold amidſt the Scenes of Bliſs
Enjoy'd above, nor view with ſome Deſire
To reſt their Limbs within her happy Shades.
Up to the Conſtellations next they ſoar
Confus'd and loſt in Glory; with their Theme
Their Tranſport riſing, Strain excelling Strain;
Where high above the golden Clouds they trace
Apparent, Marks of Heaven's creating Power,
Worlds riſing above Worlds, and each adorn'd
With gradual Brightneſs; brighteſt thoſe that ſhone
In State, and neareſt to JEHOVAH's Throne:
Here moſt his Hand they praiſe, that knew to build
With ſuch Magnificence: yet ſtay'd not long
Adoring here, but upward ſtill aſcend;
And in the Sky's blue Regions pleas'd behold
The firſt and faireſt Wonders ſtill outdone
By fairer; as in Thought they wander o'er
The Firmament, all hid with Cryſtal Fires;
Without Compute their Number; without Bounds
Their vaſt Immenſity; at Diſtance ſeen
Like ſilver Drops of Light; beheld more near

[a] Gen. 1.

A Galaxie of Stars; each Star a World,
Each World diſdaining to derive its Frame
If leſs than infinite from any Arm.
Now to the top of their great Subject rais'd,
Each Glory quite forgot, ſo lately ſung
In holy Tranſport, to a higher Theme
Than what they left, to Heav'n's eternal Throne
Their Voices wou'd aſpire; but ſink beneath
The wond'rous Labour; what their Songs deſpair
To reach, in awful Silence better prais'd,
Adoring, tho' aſtoniſh'd; while each Breaſt
Glowing with Ecſtaſie, can ill ſuſtain
The Rapture, and the Pain of too much Joy.
Again they touch the Harp (with Golden Strings
A Light like that diffuſing which the Sun
Pours out refulgent, when he rides at Noon)
And Muſick utter, which the liſt'ning Ear
Of God might hear delighted. Sound with Sound
They mingle not inelegant, and ſmooth
The Trumpets louder, with the melting Fall
Of Lute and Viol; Strains that might expell
Sadneſs from every Heart, if not Deſpair;
While in bleſt Union join'd, and Diſcord ſweet,
Each Paſſion in each heav'nly Breaſt they calm,
All but the Wrath of God.----In lofty Strains
Thee, FATHER, firſt they name, Immenſe, Supreme,
All-great, All-wiſe, and All-ſurveying Power:
Thee mighty Lord of all, whate'er above
The Eye beholds, or what it views below;
Now calling Worlds from Night; in Night again
Involving each, as thy ſuperior Arm
Is either ſtretch'd to build or to deſtroy:
Thee ſeated on thy ſtarry Throne, beyond
All Brightneſs bright, and all Example fair
They try to ſing; a thouſand Orbs around
With conſtant Light, and unabating Flame

Feeding

Feeding from one great Urn, which as they roll
Both in their Flight and their Return proclaim
Thy high Omnipotence----- With thy great Fame
They firſt begin, but know not where to end;
Seen viſible in all thy works, and told
Throughout the wide Creation's ample Bounds
From Heaven, beneath the Earth; thy open Hand
Still full, tho' ever lending; which derives
Its Bounty from Profuſion, nor complains
Ought loſt by its Munificence, the Store
Of Mercies ſtill encreaſing as they flow.
Next Thee, the FILIAL Likeneſs, high in Fame,
Fair with thy Image, with thy Godhead fair,
They ſing the SON Belov'd; whoſe ample View
Mark'd out the World's Circumference, and told
Where Heaven and Earth ſhou'd riſe; which heard and roſe
Beneath his forming Voice; whoſe Godlike Arm
Nature firſt ſmiling own'd; and ſhall once more
Confeſs, when ſhe too ſoon in Flames expires.
But oh! the ſolemn Song in ſadder Strains
Begins to flow, as from his Father's Throne
They now behold the Saviour GOD deſcend
To Earth, (the Harp from ſweet to penſive Sounds
Varying, as ſeeming conſcious what it moan'd)
While from his gorgeous Seat and native Skies
In Thought they ſtill purſue him, 'till he gains
A Life below, the Virgin Parent gave
To the great Lord of Life; but oh begun
With how much Grief, and finiſh'd with what Woe!
As ſtretch'd upon the bitter Croſs, he breathes
His Soul away, in long long Sighs of Pain;
Each Voice in Notes as ſad, recounting o'er
His Sorrows, while he turns his Eyes in vain
Up to his Heaven, his Father, and the Throne
Where once he ſat belov'd; in hopes to meet
Something at leaſt above that might aſſwage

His cruel Anguiſh; which, alas! he feels
From ſore, to ſorer changing, to behold
That Eye that ſhou'd have pity'd what he bore,
Deep hid beyond a Cloud, and adding ſtill
To his Diſtreſs, with Wrath and Fury arm'd,
Preſſing his Soul to Death; as now reclin'd
Upon the curſed Tree, his Father's Frown
Afflicting far above each other Pain,
Cuts ſhort his ſacred Life; Man's Guilt and Woe
At once expiring with his laſt deep Groan.
Nor did their ſolemn Songs forget to praiſe
Thee laſt in Order, equal elſe in Name,
GREAT SPIRIT, Bleſt, Eternal, Holy, Pure,
From Both proceeding, and with Both ador'd;
Soft'ning each ſtubborn Heart; and every Will
Alluring to the Love of pious Fame;
Thy Gift alone, whenever we aſpire
To Deeds of Virtue, and Obedience charms
Beyond each Glory elſe, which, won by thee,
Perſwading to the Love of Heaven, we ſcorn.
Thus bending all before the worſhipp'd Throne,
Cherub and *Seraph* mixt, in bright Array;
Glory to each on High, their Voices ſing,
Immortal, Uncreated; nor of Man
Beneath unmindful, kindeſt Peace beſtow,
Peace on the Sons of Earth, good Will and Joy.

They end adoring; and the charming Song
Such Muſick left behind, that all the Choir
Still pleas'd attend, as if in Union ſweet
The Flute and ſacred Lyre ſtill breath'd around
Their heavenly Harmony! A while they gaze
The Throne aloft, each hoping to enjoy
The wonted Smile by Heav'n vouchſaf'd, to pay
Their ended Labour; when behold a Sign,
Not that of Mercy pleas'd, but Wrath awak'd

At once was ſeen and utter'd! round the Hill,
Where ſhone the bright Pavilion that ſuſtain'd
The awful Godhead, Clouds began to roll
In dusky Volumes, which he oft aſſumes
To ſhade his Glory! but his out-ſtretch'd Arm
Beyond the Clouds ſtretch'd out, was ſeen to fill
Each Eye with Sadneſs, as he ſcatters wide
Above, beneath, and round his angry Throne
To witneſs Heaven diſpleas'd, a mingled Shower
Of rapid Lightnings and amazing Fire;
His Weapons ſtill at hand, when any Foe
Stands oppoſite, to humble mortal Pride;
Or Worlds, that in an evil Hour contend
With him in Strength; and ſcorn Almighty Arms.
Nor did their Eyes alone behold with pain
Jehovah's Wrath awaken'd; like the Sound
Of torrent Seas, his Voice amidſt the Flame
Was heard in notes of Thunder; bow'd beneath
His fixt Tribunal, which alone endur'd
His Anger and unmov'd, the conſcious Frame
Of Heaven was ſhook throughout, and bowing own'd,
Tho' ev'ry Weight beſide, it could not bear
Eternal Wrath when kindling. From the Brow
Of anxious Angels down their Garlands pour
In fair Confuſion, from their Hands, the Lyre;
Thoſe wither'd in their Glory fading ſhed
Their Beauty and their Roſes; theſe unſtrung
Refuſe their Harmony, nor will prolong
Their heavenly Muſick, when a conſcious Woe
Dwells on each Angel's Cheek, too weak to bear
The Sounds at once, and Luſtre that was pour'd
From Heav'n's great Throne,* with Smoak, and Clouds, and Flame
At once ſurrounded: up their Eyes they turn
That witneſs'd ſore Diſtreſs; nor want a Voice
To tell the ſad Occaſion of their Pain;
While ſcarce ſecure, tho' deathleſs, each implores

* Pſalm 18.

A deeper Darkneſs, and a thicker Shade
To hide them from his Anger; leſt they view
His wrathful Preſence, and beholding die.
Awhile in Anguiſh loſt, they ſcarce ſuſtain
Or what they ſee, or hear; when lo a Light
Leſs dreadful ſtreaming from the Golden Throne
Each joyful Eye reviſits; and a Sound
Not that of Thunders threatning, but appeas'd,
Heard now in dying Murmurs, ſoon allay'd
Their Sadneſs, cheering every Heart with Joy.
Forthwith the ſmiling Face of Heaven aſſumes
Its wonted Gladneſs, and recovers fair
Thoſe Beauties now reviv'd, that fled away
Faded and loſt, unable to endure
The Godhead's Anger. Aires that ever give
The Bleſt a new Delight, begin to breathe
Freſh and inſpiring o'er the heavenly Vales,
With richeſt Fragrance from celeſtial Flowers
Repleniſh'd, as *Jehovah* throws away
His Blaze of Brightneſs, and his dread Command
Shakes off the Night of Terrors which conceal'd
His clouded Viſage; every Eye with Joy
Now turn'd to view that Throne, again beheld
With ſoft Rejoycing, as his milder Arm
Drives back the Darkneſs; and his gentle Voice
His Cloud dividing, bids them hear and live!

Aſſembled Angels! Sons of this bright Sky;
The firſt and faireſt Inſtance of my Power;
And next in Might and Glory to that Arm
Which gave you both; with no Reproof or Blame
I charge your Fear and Anguiſh, tho' endu'd
Almoſt with Godhead, fainting when my Voice
Was heard in Thunder; whoſe amazing Sound
Nothing created ever ſhall abide
Unterrify'd; attend, and not deſpair;

No

No other Argument henceforth ye need
To prove your high Deſcent, and whence ye roſe,
Than that this Day, tho' ſcar'd, ye have ſuſtain'd
My Terrors not expiring; nothing e'er
But what like you immortal I ordain'd,
My Anger once beholding, yet ſurviv'd
To dread a ſecond Vengeance! now to live
Is therefore to aſſert ye cannot die!
But not for your Offence, or ought I read
In you of Guilt, or Duty left unpaid,
By Summons call'd before this worſhip'd Throne
Ye fall thus humbled! for another's Doom,
For Man's, by Heav'n once lov'd, to Angels dear,
Your Breaſt now trembles, well imagin'd nigh
And ſpeedy to be finiſh'd, when ye view'd,
Or rather could not view this angry Arm
Stor'd with avenging Flames; my Wrath prepar'd
To end yon World, which my Command once rais'd
Leſs for my Glory, than each Creature's Joy.
Witneſs my ſelf, ſince nothing elſe ſo great
Thro' Nature I invoke, whoſe Powers I ſway;
Witneſs this holy Arm, and heav'nly Smile
Cheering theſe happy Seats, and who abide
In theſe bleſt Regions, that with more Delight
Your Vows, and Morning Songs, and Evening Praiſe
In ſacred Raptures utter'd, reach my Throne,
More ſweet and grateful, than the Clouds that riſe
From richeſt Odours; and the fragrant Flames
Of Incence rolling from a thouſand Fires!
Faithful has been your Labour; well approv'd
Your Duty and your Danger; nought my Voice
Commanded, e'er refus'd, or ill-obey'd;
Each ſtriving (for with Joy I oft beheld
The virtuous Emulation) which ſhould bear
From theſe bright Manſions to yon World below

My

My Sovereign Will to Man; what Kingdoms next
By me no more upheld, ſhould fade away
In Pride and Glory; from whoſe guilty Brow
The Lawrel next ſhould fall; what Tyrant's Hand
Give up the wreſted Scepter, and reſign
His Empire each, to him I chuſe to reign.
Nor e'er did your unwilling Arm decline
The Task tho' mournful, when amidſt my Foes
I ſent from hence my Terrors; you with Speed
Carried my Thunders, bore away my Flames,
To yonder Orb, and taught the heavenly Fires
Which way to bend their Courſe; around what Vales
To ſcatter inſtant Death, as I ordain'd,
Thro' guilty Nations! Oft your Aid I chuſe
(Tho' none I need, ſupreme above all Power,)
When to aſſert my Godhead, forth I ſend
My mighty Armies, Tempeſt, Storm, and Hail,
And the blue Peſtilence; which form'd by mine,
And guided by your Hand, together fly
Obedient to my Will; leaving behind
Whole Kingdoms waſte and wild; before whoſe Speed
The Seas retire, and parting Rocks give way.
From their Foundations ſhook, while Mountains view
Their Foreſts in the Tumult bore away,
And loſt in Whirlwinds; mould'ring Cities lie
Low in the Duſt, with their own Ruins whelm'd;
Whoſe ſoaring Tops but now, and lofty Domes,
The Earth's great Strength and Pride, ſeem'd to defie
This lifted Arm and all the Wrath it bore.
But oh how weak to tempt Almighty Rage
Their Aſhes ſadly witneſs; for below,
Nothing tho' ſtrong, has Strength to turn away
Or interrupt them flying; till my Voice
That gave them Wings, and Terror, now appeas'd,
Slacks their dire Speed; and bids them waſte no more.

He

He ſpoke; and Nature round quite from the Throne
Of higheſt Heaven to deepeſt Worlds below
Was ſeen to ſhake throughout, and in Amaze;
As from his Seat above the GODHEAD pours
His Anger forth, which nothing hears, but owns,
Or living or inanimate, to feel
Conſcious, apparent dread, and ſecret Pain
Through Earth and Heaven, and what beyond the Bounds
Is ſtretch'd of either World, but not beyond
The Fear of Heavenly Wrath; Oh! ſay what ails
Thy Brow, oh *Sion?* why thy Foreſts bend?
Why like the Flocks, which thy green Herbage graze,
Thy Mountain to and fro is ſeen to roll,
As through Affright and Anguiſh? doſt Thou feel
As *Sinai* once, the Chariot down deſcend
Of Heaven's Imperial King, too frail to bear
Thy God's Approach? or does his Voice alone,
Without his Preſence, like a Tempeſt, move
Thy Pines and Cedars; which no Wind or Storm
So ſorely ever ſhook, as from the Sky
His Breath now ſhakes! Nor does the Earth alone
With Pain attend to hear her Lord reveal
His Indignation; whatſoe'er ſurrounds
Her Iſles and Continents, each [a]Sea and Main
And leſſer Flood, fermenting her green Vales,
Confeſs *Jehovah*'s Wrath; elſe, why amaz'd,
And backward drove to ſeek their wond'ring Urns,
Thy Stream oh *Jordan*, and thy Waters *Nile*
Thus ſtrive to hide their dread? What mighty Sound
If not the Voice of God, cou'd part the Waves
Of *Ægypt*'s purple Sea, on either Hand
Divided, and by wond'rous Art up-bore,
As when the [b]*Memphian* King, with all his Hoſt
Purſuing *Iſrael*'s Race, was overturn'd
Beneath the whelming Tide, at Heaven's Command,
Shadowing his drowned War.——But ceaſe to gaze

[a] Pſalm 114. ver. 3, 4, 5, 6, [b] Exodus 14.

Thou Earth, nor wonder more thou frighted Main,
What troubleth both your Realms; whoſe Pow'r unſeen
Crazes each Empire? what thy Orb now feels,
Is only meant thy Kingdoms to prepare
For deeper Anguiſh, and for ſadder Woes;
When yonder Flames aloft, which tho' beheld
At diſtance fill each Eye with ſuch Diſmay,
Shall downward pour, and cover all thy Vales
Under their Light, tho' turning all beſide
To Darkneſs, what they pierce, and where they fall.
This ſaw th' Almighty King, from where he ſhone
Aloft in Light, and whence his Eye ſurveys
The Circuit of a thouſand Worlds below,
Meaſuring each Orb; he ſaw what ſudden Change
Diſordering all her Realms, his lifted Arm
Had wrought on Earth, and from the Golden Throne
Whereon he ſate, once more each Order calls
Of Angel and Archangel to attend
His Soveraign Voice, which from his Cloud once more
Iſſuing, and bore to Heaven's remoteſt Bounds,
The Godhead utters----- Think not this fair Train,
And great Attendance round me, now are call'd
Before my Throne, as oft, with Joy to hear
What Good and Bleſſings next my Love ordains
For Man; what freſh Example of my Care,
A Father's Care, in Smiles I might unfold
To yonder wretched World and you convey:
That Fondneſs now expires, and pleads no more;
Which ſtrove ſo long, and oh ſo long in vain
With Gifts each Day pour'd down from theſe bleſt Skies
To win each Heart to Virtue, which the more
I gave, the more a Parent's Giving ſcorn'd;
Ungrateful! while the Heav'ns and Earth and Air
With Light and Breath and Plenty joy'd to yield
Mankind Delight; whoſe Guilt reſolv'd to try
How long and oft my Goodneſs yet could ſpare.

How

How deaf to all that Pity, to my Voice
That would have bleſt, and call'd him to enjoy
The Life of Angels; to have heard no Sound
Above, but what had fill'd each mortal Ear
With Bliſs Immortal; ſuch as you partake
And ſhare with me, and hardly can ſuſtain;
To you in all Things equal, only doom'd
Before He liv'd for ever, once to dye.
How ſhall my Eye, ſo us'd in Smiles to view
Yon fair unhappy World, or how my Hand
That ſcarce was lifted up, but to deſcend
In Gifts of kindeſt Bounty, each refrain
Its pleaſing Labour? why muſt I deny'd
What moſt I chuſe to act, partake no more
In bleſſing Man, a Pleaſure greater far
Than thoſe I bleſs, receiving can enjoy?
Say then, who oft have heard far other Sounds
Utter'd from hence, what Voice my Wrath ſhall chuſe
To ſpeak it ſelf awak'd? from hence look down
How on yon guilty Orb, and view her Race
My Sons, and by a Father's Sentence dye?
Without a Look to tell them that I moan
Their Wretchedneſs, or grieve as they expire?
What then is left within me, that can plead
In Man's Behalf, or mitigate his Doom;
When bowing to theſe Heav'ns, once mild, he moans
Compaſſion deaf, my Goodneſs turn'd his Foe;
And Love it ſelf ſolliciting my Arm
To edge the Shafts of Juſtice as they fly,
With tenfold Indignation; taught too late
That Juſtice ſlumb'ring long, when wak'd, regains
New Vigour; loſing nought for ſeeming ſlow.
My Terrors then I try; and you I chuſe
To bear my Wrath below; but with a Voice
With ſuch a Voice reveal it, as may tell
With how much Joy I yet from hence could hear

An Interceſſion; if above theſe Skies,
Or yet beneath, thro' Heaven or Earth, were found
Who knew my Anger, and this Throne to calm,
Turning away its Thunders, which I throw
Not without Grief to yonder Orb: for ſee
While yet I threaten, how the Father ſtrives
Within me ſtill, relenting to impair
My own Creation; which without a Smile
I could not gaze at firſt, or you behold.
How ſhall I give thee up fair guilty World?
How teach my Voice, ſo us'd to bleſs thy Name,
A ſadder Language? how pronounce thy Doom
I ſtill with Pity view, and fain would ſave?
Oh! cou'd I leſs lament Thee, did I feel
No kind Reſtraint arreſt my lifted Arm;
Cou'd I deride thy Sorrows, which anon
Each Eye ſhall pour apace, and I behold
Well pleas'd from hence the mournful Torrent flow
Without a Father's Pity; to that Flame
Thy Guilt has long deſerv'd, and I delay'd,
I then cou'd give thee, nor regard thoſe Cries
Thy inmoſt Grief ſhould vent; nor thus with Pain
Thus pitying, e'er have ask'd your Arm to guide
Thoſe Thunders, which my own cou'd better throw:
Say then, have ye a Strength thoſe Threats to bear
My Voice can hardly utter? can your Eye
Without relenting read beneath my Brow
The Sentence wrote, nor ſorrowing hear the Sound
By me, and therefore too by Fate ordain'd,
That Man, the guilty Race of Man muſt die;
Your darling Care be loſt, and you unfold
The hapleſs Meſſage firſt; who us'd to fly
With other Tidings from this Heaven; your Wings
With Bleſſings fraught, when ſent to his Abodes
To guard his Slumbers, watch his midnight Dreams;
His Morning Labours, and his Couch at Eve;

From

From Dangers cover'd by your ſhadowing Shields,
That clos'd his Head, and in the hour of Fate
Or ſtop'd the flying Shaft, or turn'd away
Its guiltleſs Fury? can your wings at laſt
Deny their downy Shades, and Voice forgoe
Its heavenly Sweetneſs, ſpeaking to the Soul
Soft Notes of Mercy, and my Wrath appeas'd;
So us'd to give her Joy, now cauſe her Pain?
Can ye ſuſtain this Task? or muſt I frame
A Race of Spirits of ſuperior Arm
With greater Vigour, and endued with Might
Surpaſſing Angels, to partake the Toil?
For dire will be the Labour, hence to bear
My Wrath, and Thunders, and avenging Flame;
And asks a Courage ſtrong as yours, to hear
The Sighs of Nature, Groan exceeding Groan,
Pour'd from a thouſand Realms, the Sound of Woe
And Anguiſh, pale Confuſion, and Deſpair;
Still riſing louder, as my Terrors throng
Yon Earth, and juſt before her Race expires.
Thee MICHAEL, chief of theſe Celeſtial Thrones
Thy Virtue firſt ſelects, and next thy Arm,
To lead theſe Armies hence, leſt any Foe
Shou'd interrupt your Flight; with thee I truſt
My Vengeance, and yon World's unhappy Doom;
While diſtant from her Sighs and deepeſt Moan
Within this Cloud I chuſe to reſt ſecure!

He ſpoke and veil'd his Glories; which the more
He ſtrove to hide, reveal'd a Light more fair
Through all the Realms of Heaven; from whoſe high Throne
Their Leader calls the ſad Etherial Train
Pondering what late they heard; 'till thronging round
Their Chief's Imperial Standard, blazing wide
Acroſs the plains above, each ear attends

To what their Hero's Voice had to unfold
From off his Seat; who ſolemn thus began.
Angels, Celeſtial Births, or if he hear
More gladly, Sons of God, and this fair Sky,
Our bliſsful Habitation; can ye change
Your Names ſo ſoon, and late to Man ſo dear
Become his fierce Deſtroyers, turning all
Your Love to Hate; Your Smiles to ſudden Scorn;
Each bearing in his Hand, which us'd to bear
A kinder Burthen, Heaven's avenging Fires,
On purpoſe carried hence to overwhelm
Man, and the Seat of Man, beneath one Shade
Of utter Darkneſs? Judge while yet above,
The Dangers we are ſent from hence to ſhare,
Comparing with your Strength; for ſure we view
No light Occaſion ſummoning our Arm;
A Hazard which alone a Cherub's Might
Shou'd hope to conquer; To yon World we bear
A dreadful Meſſage, it ſhall ſcarce attend;
To what before afflicting or ſevere
Was threaten'd from theſe Clouds, ſhall Mercy ſeem,
Compar'd with this Day's Threat'ning. From our Skies
We are not ſent, alas, to fix the Doom
Of ſome proud Empire; and in Duſt to lay
Its ſtately Columns, blazon'd richly o'er
With boaſted Triumphs, which but now diſdain'd
To own a greater: from that Tyrant's Brow
'Tis not to ſhake the Diadem, prepar'd
By Heaven for other Temples; nor to ſpoil
The haughty Victor of his lawrell'd Fame,
And ſhort-liv'd Glory, which no longer laſts
Than we inſpire, and guide the Hero's Arm.
Nor yet with other Terrors are we ſent.
Diſaſt'rous to the World, which great may ſeem
But when we purpoſe greater! not to hide

In ſolemn midnight Shades the Noon of Day;
While the dim Sun, as once ore *Ægypt*'s Vales
Quenching his Beam, a baleful Twilight ſheds
Palpable Darkneſs, and a Night around
Deſpairing Nations; 'tis not to awake
The raging Peſtilence, and bid her breathe
Contagion round the guilty Earth, and leave
Whole Empires, now with thickeſt Numbers throng'd,
Waſte and depopulate: theſe Ills around
Your Hands may deal, nor tremble; tho' theſe owe
Their Birth to Heaven, that does wide Nature ſway
With all her Elements, (at his Command
That act beneath, or elſe beyond their Power
Remiſs or violent.) Yet oh debate
Each with himſelf, when ſummon'd to obey
The Voice divine, whoſe Hand to Earth can throw
Heaven's keen unſparing Shafts? graſp hard yon Flames,
And ſhoot the dire pernicious Light among
His Enemies, aſtoniſh'd e'er it falls;
And dying each, for fear they ſoon ſhall die?
While raining from above they mourn each Vale
Cover'd beneath a Stream of liquid Fire,
Tumultuous rolling; bearing in its Way
And headlong Torrent, Cities, Hills, and Groves,
That proudly firſt oppoſe, then melting aid
The fiery Deluge, and augment the Flame.
This but the Sport of Vengeance; what behind
Is left unutter'd, better may become
An injur'd *Godhead*, and JEHOVAH'S Arm;
Soon to be lifted high, and as it falls
Bereave him of a World, he well can ſpare
Out of ten thouſand ſav'd, and yet ſecure.
Believe your ſelves immortal! yet believe
Immortal Eſſence hardly may endure
Almighty Anger kindling; no Diſpraiſe
Or leſs'ning of our Glory to deſpair,

As he his Wrath unfolds; ſince but to view
Its Terrors fearleſs, is almoſt to ſhare
Omnipotence, which none but he ſuſtains
To none communicates. Then ask your Breaſt
If high above theſe Clouds and trembling Sphere,
Beyond Deſtruction's reach, yet in its View,
You can behold yon Earth ſo late your Care,
One Furnace blazing, which Heaven's Voice enrag'd
Firſt kindles, 'till his Wrath blows up the Flame
Into a lawleſs Deluge, which ſhall flow
Thro' twice ten thouſand Channels all around
In boiling Surges; to all Nature give
One Viſage, and that Viſage only Fire;
No more with varied Scenes, freſh Hill and Dale,
Clear Fountains, ſilver Springs and flow'ry Plains,
Sweet Interchange of Bliſs, to every Eye
Imparting every Joy, ſhe now ſhall charm;
New Beauties once each Senſe with each delight
Detaining, from Variety more fair;
One Face ſhe now puts on, one Brightneſs wears;
But ſuch a Brightneſs, as ſhall ſoon obſcure
Her other Glories, dying to make way
For that conſuming Luſtre, which involves
All elſe in Night; defacing where it burns.
Nor may ſhe call to ſlack the Victor Flame
Wide waſting, from the Clouds the quenching Shower,
Or from beneath, the Ocean; which ſhall join
Their Waters each, not Waters now, but Streams
Of living Sulphur, ſerving to enrage
Alone, and drive-along the dreadful Storm
Acroſs her glowing Regions, once o'erwhelm'd
With Floods from hence, but not like theſe of Fire.
Your Boſom, cou'd celeſtial Boſoms feel
Emotion tender, touch'd with human Woe,
Wou'd now relent; and on your Cheeks awhile
A Paleneſs live, ſpoiling of all their Bloom

Your

Your youthful Looks, while each in Heaven endures
Short Intermiſſion of his Bliſs and Joy;
Each Heart from hence too tender to attend
The Plaints and Sorrow which yon World ſhall pour,
(Though deep, yet unavailing to appeaſe
Heaven's Anger, nothing found above theſe Skies
Or yet below to calm Celeſtial Ire)
When hid in Darkneſs, and in diſmal Shade,
No Light ſhe ſhall enjoy, but what reveals
Sad Scenes of Anguiſh, opens to her View
Her own Diſtreſs, and ſhews her that ſhe burns.
But e'er the Wrath Divine begins to glow,
And break from hence in Flames, to wake her Fear,
And give yon Earth a Foretaſt of thoſe Pains
She ſoon muſt ſuffer, round the boding Sky
Ten thouſand Terrors op'ning muſt alarm
Deſpairing Nature! long ſucceſſive Woes
Preſaging ſomething dreadful muſt ariſe,
The Laſt moſt cruel; with a ſad Encreaſe
Around the Earth, the Air and bloody Sky,
Dire [a] Prodigies denouncing ſudden Change,
Sadden the Heart of Man, and work him Pain,
Each way he turns; 'till every Senſe impair'd,
Can now no longer bear the bitter Sound
Of what they utter; fainting as they tell
Their Meſſage to Mankind, who chuſe to die,
Not to behold, much worſe, Heaven's Anger live.
The Face of Heaven anon throughout ſhall wear
One Robe of Darkneſs; yonder blazing Sky
That Firmament with all its ſtarry Train
From the eternal Baſe on which it ſtands
Shall fear, and dread to loſe each Light it holds;
Shook from above; while the great Lord of Day
Riding aloft, and from his golden Throne
Gilding each other Planet with his Beams;
The Sun himſelf ſhall now bemoan his Fires

[a] Mat. 24. 29. Mark 13. 8.

Involv'd in Darkneſs; pleas'd to ſcatter round
Once his refulgent Rays to fill the Urns
Of leſſer Stars, ſhall now lament his own
Quench'd and extinct; himſelf (alas!) demand
Supplies of Light, to guide him on his Way,
Direct his darken'd Wheels, and clouded Race
Along the Roads of Heaven, as on he rolls
From World to World unlighten'd; leaving Night
In each ſad Realm, where once he carried Day.
Nor leſs impair'd in Glory ſhalt thou ſhine
[a]Fair Regent of the Night, purpling the Shades
Each Eve with weaker Luſtre; thou ſhalt moan
Thy bluſhing Orb above all o'er diſtain'd,
Dy'd with the deepeſt Red, while all around
A dreadful Gleam thy ſanguine Viſage pours,
Perplexing Nations; and thy glaring Eye
Shoots Streams of falling Blood inſtead of Flame.
Theſe Signs above: nor ſhall the Earth below
Want her Diſtreſs; ſad Omens to unfold
And witneſs huge Affliction; built ſo ſtrong
On Arches o'er the Deep, ſhe ſhall no more[b]
Hold firm her Empires; while the Sea and Waves,
To hear Heaven's Thunders echo back the Sound
From every Channel and each frighted Shore,
Roaring, as thoſe in Pain, who feel within
Some ſecret Torment; every [c]Heart afraid
Shall melt away, revolving from the Sky
What Ruin haſtens down, with what a Train
[d]*Jehovah* leaves his Seat, with Angels throng'd,
His mighty Equipage, when e'er he bends
To Earth from Heaven: and where his Chariot rolls,
Leaves in the dreadful Track unnumber'd Woes
Waſting the World; before whoſe ſpeedy Doom
The [e]Son ſhall call the Father forth to Arms;
Nation with Nation claſh, and Kingdoms riſe
Bent on Revenge, each other to o'erturn,

Meeting

[a] Mat. 24. 29. Mark 13. 24. [b] Luke 21. 25. [c] Luke 21. 26.
[d] Mark 13. 26. [e] Mark 13. 12.

Meeting in bloody Fight; while Hand in Hand
Heaven's great [a] Triumvirate acroſs each Vale
Stalk hideous, Death attending the grim Train,
The Famine, Plague and War; where'er they go
Depopulating Empires: hark! that Sound
Bore upward was the ſad expiring Groan
Of Nature, conſcious that her End drew nigh;
Writ plain in bloody Signs; each Way ſhe turns
Her Eyes in hopes of Succour; and Deſpair
Meets only, where ſhe ſought to eaſe her Woes.
For juſt before her End, the kindling Steam
Of Exhalations nurſt within her Caves
Shall [b] rock her Frame throughout; hot Vapours pent,
And nitrous, firing now ſhall work their Way
Aloft thro' mould'ring Caverns, 'till they gain
A dreadful Paſſage thro' ten thouſand Wounds.
While the Earth parted wide, now yields a Way
To guſhing Flames, and opens to the Sky
The diſmal Realms of Night, before obſcure,
Dark, dreadful, unfrequented; and unfolds
The Secrets of the Center to the Pole.

He ceas'd; and ſigh'd himſelf to number o'er
The various Woes the Earth muſt ſoon ſuſtain;
And caſting round her Orb a mournful Eye
Looks ſadly down upon her guilty Vales
Devote to Deſolation! for a while
He waits, if any Voice or heav'nly Arm
Amidſt the Throng, aſſented to fulfil
The Fate he utter'd; but no Voice was heard,
No ready Arm through all the penſive Train
Was found of Angels! ſolemn Silence told
With Sadneſs mixt, what Paſſions dwelt within
Their troubled Boſoms, who could feel no Joy
If others wept; or in the midſt of Bliſs
Partake Delight, with Man for ever [c] join'd

In

[a] Mat. 24. 7. [b] Mat. 24. 7. [c] See Dr. *Patrick*'s two Diſcourſes on the Nature and Office of Guardian Angels.

In kindeſt Fellowſhip of Joy or Pain.
Some from the cryſtal Walls of Heav'n look down
Upon their darling World, ſo near her Doom;
And with a ſad Survey each Shade and Bower
Each Hill and Dale behold, that once could yield
Delight to Angels; to her flow'ry Plains,
Made vocal with the Lapſe of murmuring Streams,
They lend a laſt, a kind, a parting View,
And yet a laſt, and kinder; in whoſe Shades
Abſence from Heaven they hardly knew, ne'er moan'd,
Feeling a ſweet Exchange alone of Joy.
Others, tho' anxious All, yet other Cares
Revolving in their Thought, what beſt might tend
To turn away thoſe Ills they had to fear,
Nurſe in their Mind fond Hopes, JEHOVAH's Ire
Was yet to be appeas'd; paſt Acts of Love
They now recall, with Purpoſe to aſſuage
Their preſent Auguiſh; the fair Records trace
Above, and ſacred Annals of the Sky,
Engrav'd with golden Marks, in which were told,
Wrote by an Angel's Hand with Skill Divine,
Memorials of Almighty Love, through all
His wide Creation, Heaven and Earth beneath
Made manifeſt; what Worlds with Light array'd
Still ſhone, deſerving Darkneſs, and the Shades
Of Night to hide their Orbs: here ev'ry Eye
Reads in each wond'rous Page Examples fam'd
Of heav'nly Wrath, by heav'nly Pity calm'd,
The Laſt ſtill ſtrongeſt; how the Godhead ſpar'd,
What oft he threaten'd; in his Wrath ſtill pleas'd
To think of Mercy; when his Anger burns,
Waiting with human Sighs to have it charm'd.
Back to their Mind they call ten thouſand Woes
His Voice denounc'd, all kindly turn'd away,
Man's Tears preventing; and the more to eaſe
Their Dread and Sorrow, view him on his Throne

Attentive

Attentive to receive the humble Sighs
Breath'd from the contrite Heart; each Sigh of power
Softly perſuading Heaven, to find its Way
Above the Clouds, and flowing from a Breaſt
Subdu'd with ſaddeſt Grief, of Strength to calm,
And gain Omnipotence, to drop thoſe Flames
And Thunders, which his Hand prepar'd to throw:
Here eas'd awhile, their Sorrows ſeem'd to gain
Short Intermiſſion; but too ſhort to lend
Their Boſom ſolid Peace; one Refuge more,
One yet they had to hope, as now they turn
Their Eyes, MESSIAH, to thy Golden Throne;
Nothing now left but Goodneſs infinite
To ſave Mankind from infinite Deſpair.
As when ſome Bark, upon th' *Ægean* Main
Or wide *Atlantick*, views a Storm ariſe
Scouling from Eaſt or North, as now ſhe ſails
Homeward, in hopes to gain her native Shore;
Wave rolling after Wave with mighty Noiſe
Beats on her bounding Side, each way aſſail'd
By adverſe Oceans; while the Tempeſt ſounds
Loud thro' the crackling Maſts: which Way to ſteer
Her Guide now doubts, the Heaven, the Sea, the Air,
Each Element his Foe; ſad'ning his Eye
With various Shapes of Death that riſe around
Him doubting which to chuſe; 'till all Hope loſt,
Save that alone, which riſes from Deſpair;
Far off he views, or ſeems at leaſt to view
A friendly Creek, on which he caſts his Eye
Though comfortleſs; to win whoſe diſtant Shade
Though many a League remov'd, with broken Sails
The Keel rides tilting o'er the foamy Wave:
Thus they bereft of Hope from what they view
In Heav'n beſide, to THEE, tho' ſorrowing, turn,
Son of thy FATHER's Love; his Love in Thee
But multiply'd the more, the more to ſave;

Thy Mercy laſt they try, and at thy Throne
Adoring, throw away their heavenly Crowns,
As at thy Seat they bend, with Glories fill'd
Next to Supreme; thy Love as great and high,
Both infinite. Thy Life and Death and Pains
They now recount, each Stripe and ev'ry Wound;
Thy God, thy Father, Heaven and Earth thy Foes;
Bleeding to calm 'em all, with Sighs that tore
Thy Heart at laſt: Thee viewing from below
And numb'ring all the bitter cruel Woes
Endur'd for Man, ſome fainting Hope returns;
Thy Voice might yet be won to interpoſe
With Heav'n to ſpare him yet: but ſoon each Breaſt
Its Conſolation loſt, and ſoon bemoan'd
A ſecond Anguiſh; penſive to behold
That Love ſo oft diſdain'd, and Godhead ſcorn'd
By Man, that ſtrove to bleſs him; cov'ring o'er
As with a Veil his Errors; in a Light
That ſhew'd each Merit faireſt, placing ſtill
Each human Virtue to his Father's View;
And if imperfect, took from him to gain
Fulleſt Perfection; his great Merits join'd
To human, rend'ring every Good entire,
Found elſe defective! If thou turn'ſt away
Thy Ear, Oh Saviour, from their Plaints and Moan,
Who elſe ſhall pity? to whoſe kinder Throne
Shall thy great Angels bow, a World to ſave;
Thy deareſt Ranſom once; what Pow'r beſide,
What other Heaven, than that where thou art prais'd
Aloft in Light, ſhall they beſeech to ſpare
The guilty Race of Man, if Mercy knows
It ſelf to ſmile no longer; and that Arm
That cou'd have ſuccour'd, will no longer ſave?
Where-e'er their Thoughts arrive, they back return
With ſaddeſt Tidings lending to thoſe Woes
They hop'd to baniſh; while the Mercy Seat,

The Seat of Mercy once, now only pours
Its ſecond Thunders forth, where each deep Sound
Leads on a deeper yet, 'till in Amaze
They now attend, and can no longer hear
What only ſerves t' aſtoniſh. From Heaven's Throne
They call their wearied Eyes, with cloudy Flame
Obſcure and dreadful; where by turns ſubdu'd
By turns ſubduing, Light and Darkneſs hold
Dividual Empire, give or baniſh Day,
The Godhead pleas'd, or angry---- to the Shades
Of *Amaranth* each takes his mournful Way
Pondering the Fate of Man; and through the Bowers
Wand'ring, of Bliſs above, from ſaddeſt Strains
Hope to aſſwage their Grief, the Lute, or Lyre
Lent from their golden Strings; which only aid
That Sorrow, which they ſtrove in vain to charm;
Soft Slumbers laſt they try; but can enjoy
No Reſt upon their roſie Beds reclin'd;
But with unquiet Thoughts the twilight Shade
Prolong, and dread the Summons of the Morn.

The End of the Firſt Book.

THE

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

BOOK II.

Ὁ Θεὸς ἀγγέλων ἁμαρτησάντων οὐκ ἐφείσατο, ἀλλὰ σειραῖς ζόφου ταρταρώσας παρέδωκεν εἰς κρίσιν τετηρημένους.

ALL Night the mournful Angels, though in Bow'rs
Of Bliſs repos'd, in Bliſs indulge their Pain;
Nor can thoſe Shades that hide their heav'nly Form
Conceal their Anguiſh! the fair Trees of Life
Beneath whoſe Branches penſive they retire,
Shed Odours, ſhed in vain their Dews at Eve
Around their downy Limbs; nor can beſtow
Freſh Vigour longer, falling once to give
Unfading Bloom, and Beauty not to die.
Far off, and ſilent now, each tuneful Lyre,
But now no longer tuneful, ſleeps unſtrung;
Whoſe Harmony each liſt'ning Orb detain'd
In its full ſpeed; rejoycing to be held
With ſweet Suſpence in Heav'n, to hear around
That Muſick, filling each Immortal Breaſt
So late with ſofteſt Tranſport: to thoſe Strings
That us'd from Evening Bow'rs to chaſe the Shade,
Some ſolemn Strains recording their own Care
They chuſe to lend; to give a ſad Encreaſe
To Sorrow; pleas'd with that which moſt improves
Their pleaſing Anguiſh; gives the Soul to feel

Soft

Soft Sorrow, far above each other Joy!
Nor cou'd their waking Care be charm'd to Reſt
Cloſe by the Fountain's Murmur; or the Sound
Of gliding Streams; though all around 'em blow'd
The Breath of Roſes; and each Ev'ning Gale
Bruſhing a Sweet from every ſmelling Flow'r
About their Couches ſhook its balmy Wings;
And to invite ſoft Slumbers, left behind
The fragrant Load it gather'd----- for the Doom
Threaten'd to Man by Heav'n, depriv'd each Senſe
Of ev'ry Comfort, while the Eve and Morn
Approach with equal Beauties to thoſe Eyes
That view diſconſolate, each Scene they view;
Here only found unequal as they give
The Mind a leſs or greater Share of Woe!

Now o'er the Plains of Heav'n the roſie Morn
Shed from her Golden Urn a Stream of Day
Purpling the Eaſt with Glory! from the Sides
Of murm'ring Founts, from Couches ſoft with Flow'rs
Throwing their early Incence round each Vale,
Up roſe the ſorrowing Angels; but cou'd find
From murm'ring Fountains nought, or ſweeteſt Bow'rs,
From Muſick or from Odour, to appeaſe
Thoſe Cares, which where they wander'd, ſtill purſu'd
Their wearied Steps and ſad; although they choſe
By turns the varying Scenes of Light and Shade;
In hopes of loſing, what if loſt, were Gain
To their unquiet Thoughts, refuſing Peace
And Conſolation, ſince the cruel Doom
Pronounc'd on Man, which they with Man endure.

And now the Trumpets ſilver Voice had pour'd
A Morning Summons, Signal forth to call
The Sons of Glory at each op'ning Dawn
To pay their early Homage; but in vain

The Notes were utter'd now, to wake their Eyes
Already waking; Sorrow had fulfill'd
That Task before, and needleſs left the Sound
Which once they heard with Gladneſs; pleas'd to leave
Their Shades and flow'ry Couches, when Heaven's Voice
Bid 'em ariſe, and with ſoft Lutes ſurround
And humble Praiſe their great Creator's Throne,
Asking a Duty, paid with greater Joy
Than he accepted: now with Terrors fill'd
Each Ear attends, nor waits without Amaze
His great Commands, which from the Golden Skies
They often bore delighted; if to throw
Balm on the aking Heart, or to up-raiſe
Afflicted Nations, and to give 'em Fame
When dreading Thraldom. From his Throne no more
They hope ſuch Mercies, where to bear his Smiles,
Where ſent with Lawrels to repay the Toil
Of wearied Virtue; o'er what Fav'rite Realm
Now loſt and abject their extended Wings
Should caſt a Covering, guard it from the Edge
Of waſting War; and leave beneath their Shade
Plenty and Peace, and ev'ry ſmiling Joy;
This once their Labour; from the angry Cloud
Which now began to roll, they dread to hear
Another Language, and wou'd fain retire
Far off from Heaven's Tribunal, and the Throne
Whoſe awful Height before they ne'er approach'd
Without a Rapture: from the ſacred Hill
Where lives conceal'd the Godhead, now they fear
A Voice wou'd ſoon be heard, to fix the Hour
They muſt forſake thoſe Regions, and deſcend
To Earth, no more her Guardians, ſhe their Care;
Beheld in Smiles no more; but carrying down
Upon their Wings that wiſh'd a kinder Load
Heaven's Wrath and Terrors, not to be appeas'd
With leſs than Nature's Sighs, her End, her Doom.

The Throne was now begirt; with Legions throng'd
Of brighteſt Orders, which the Hill ſurround
Each above each, as in the Annals grac'd
And fair Records of Heav'n their Virtues ſhone;
Or Glory for Heroick Deeds had won
Preheminence above; and Right to fill
The higheſt Ranks, and ſhine beyond their Peers.
Upon each Brow, a flow'ry Circle ſmil'd
Of woven Myrtle nurſt in heav'nly Groves,
To bind their dewy Locks, which round diſtill'd
The Fragrance of *Ambroſia*, as they play
Diſperſt by gentle Winds; which diſcompoſe
Their Pride, and ſoftly wave the flowing Gold:
Each Cheek a Beauty wore, a heav'nly Bloom,
And Radiance, which their Grief cou'd not impair;
But breaking thro' the Veil reveal'd a Light
Their Sadneſs cou'd not conquer. Such the Beam
The Sun diffuſes, ſhining thro' a Show'r;
That ſteals a fairer Glory from the Shade,
Illuſtrious 'midſt the Darkneſs. Thrice they ſtrive
To wake their Harps, and teach the Golden Strings
Their Morning Labour; thrice they ſtrive in vain:
Solemn and ſad each Note but lends Supplies
To nurſe their Anguiſh, and the mournful Strains
Sweetly augment thoſe Cares, they meant ſhou'd die:
Forthwith upon the cryſtal Pavement pour'd
By Millions, dying Wreaths, and faded Crowns,
Mingled in fair Confuſion, hide the Floors
Of Heaven; where proſtrate falling each no more
His Harp employing, (which refus'd to yield
Its wonted Harmony) in Silence ſtrives,
And with internal Paſſion to adore
The awful Godhead; pleas'd their Hearts cou'd give
That Praiſe, their Voices wanted Pow'r to ſing.
But from his Cloud no more the Father bears
Their Plight and Sadneſs; caſting from his Eye

Soft

Soft Looks of gentle Purpoſe on 'em fall'n,
And each diſconſolate; with Smiles of Joy
He views 'em ſorrowing; pleas'd their Heart wou'd moan
Another's Anguiſh; that their melting Breaſts
From too much Love alone ſhou'd date their Pain;
Their Suffering from Compaſſion; chuſing each
A while to want their Raptures, and endure
Without the Guilt, a Share of human Woe.
And now the parting Cloud a Smile reveal'd,
A Ray of mildeſt Light that cou'd be view'd
Without a Terror; on the Ground low laid
The Glory wakes 'em; and the abſent Charm
Calls to each Angel's Cheek, that wanted long
Its youthful Purple, and Celeſtial Bloom;
When lo! a Voice amidſt the op'ning Cloud
Soft breathing, ſuch as once to Being call'd
Each heav'nly Order, with as mild a Sound
Thus raiſes 'em again to Life and Joy.
Well has your Grief to view my Wrath, enjoin'd
Your Harps this Silence, as I chuſe to doom
Yon World to periſh, which ſo lately vied,
Faireſt of all the beauteous Orbs I fram'd,
With theſe fair happy Regions; nor believe
Your Cheeks have own'd a Frailty, when bedew'd
With kindeſt Sorrows, if Compaſſion draws
The Anguiſh from your Eyes; which then demands
A Virtue's Praiſe, when Pity bids 'em flow;
When Man's Diſtreſs, much more when Nature's Doom
Sollicits ev'ry Heart to own its Pain.
While then your Sighs hold in my lifted Arm,
And one ſhort Moment longer to her Fate
Your Sorrows add, look down with kindeſt Woe
Upon her various Empires; quickly view
Thoſe Beauties blooming yet, and unimpair'd,
Which from theſe upper Seats your mournful Eyes
Shall dread anon to viſit; while you chuſe

At diſtance rather to bemoan her Doom,
With unavailing Sadneſs, than behold
Approaching nearer, the victorious Flame
From Pole to Pole victorious; leaving all
Beneath yon Skies, (on Arches built to ſcorn
The Fires Aſcent) one Ruin all below;
A Globe of dreadful Darkneſs, what it ſeem'd
Whelm'd with primæval Night, before my Voice
Call'd it from under Shade, and bid the Day
Begin its Courſe, and firſt fair Morning riſe
From out her Eaſtern Gate, array'd in Gold.
You the fair Sons of Morn, whoſe Praiſes ſung
Creation ended; and the ſpacious Frame
Of Nature ſmiling, as I call'd to Light
Yon Earth with all her Planets; ye who view'd
Sprung up from Shades and Darkneſs, Light and Day;
Haſting from hence with Wonder to adore
My Word creating, marking out the Bounds
To cloſe, and circumſcribe yon World below;
Ye, who returning back, Heaven's Circuit fill'd
With Hymns, and loudeſt Praiſe, new Kingdoms join'd
New Realms to my wide Empire; to extoll
My bounteous Love more Voices, can ye leave
Theſe Regions once again, to view my Arm
Stretch'd out, but oh with purpoſe to deſtroy,
Fill'd with amazing Thunders!---- But I ſtay
My Wrath, reſolving where it ſoon ſhall fall;
And ſpare while yet I threaten---- ye before
The next fair Morning ſmiles, my Saints recall
From yon devoted World, where oft they chuſe
Leaving theſe Seats to dwell with Man below,
The Peſtilence by Day and Shaft that flies
By Night unſeen, averting, of their own
Regardleſs, to impart to others Joy!
Thee *Michael* of Celeſtial Orders Prime
This Day elects, to bear my Meſſage down

Among my faithful; to reſign their Care,
And leave their Fav'rite Orb; in Council met
Likely, and kind Debate this Moment join'd,
From each lov'd Realm they guard to turn away
Some Harm I threaten; joying to implore
Each Bleſſing for each Empire; not inform'd
My Love already has beſtow'd the laſt.
Thee thro' the ſtarry Spheres, and Worlds on high,
Where others loſt in Light miſtake their Way
Amidſt the Conſtellations, ſafe thy Wings
Shall bear thee downward; taught, ſo often ſent
From hence to viſit Man, on either Hand
What Orbs to leave; to touch what radiant Spheres
Thy Guides from hence; what ſhining Paths to ſhun,
Leading to other Worlds, to thee unknown.
Go then! but well prepar'd in Thought to meet
What Foe or Dangers may obſtruct thy Way;
For both thou haſt to fear; and to thy Aid
Thy Sword and Helmet, bright celeſtial Arms
Of Gold, and temper'd well with keeneſt Flames,
Which Heaven to guard its winged Warriors pours
Unſparing forth, both thou and they aſſume;
The Choice of Cherubs, which I ſend to grace
Thy Enterprize, and fill thy pompous Train:
Numbers of theſe my Saints I well can ſpare
From Numbers infinite; who yet ſurround
This ſacred Hill, to guard my Bliſs, my Throne!

So ſpoke the Father; and an awful Sound
Of Thunder rolling, told his great Command
Was ended! Round their Leader's Standard throng
Of equal Luſtre, tho' beneath his Might,
The Prime and Youth of Heaven! He in Arms
Celeſtial clad, and dazling like the Morn
With comely Grace advancing, bid attend
The waiting Legions. O'er his Shoulder flow'd

A Robe of pureſt Light, which half conceal'd,
And half diſclos'd his poliſh'd Armour, bright
With Sapphire, Diamond, Pearl, and flaming Gold.
Faſt by his Side, a dreadful Fauchion hung,
His Foes dire Terror, oft in Battels try'd
As oft victorious; his right Hand a Spear,
His left a Shield ſuſtain'd; behind whoſe Shade
And ſhadowing Orb whole Legions fought ſecure
In Fields of Danger, dreading no Diſmay:
His Cheek was dreſt with Beauties which the Morn
Hardly diſcloſes, when with purple Light
Pour'd from her Hand, the Eaſt begins to ſmile;
While comely round his warlike Forehead ſhone
A glittering Helmet rich with waving Plumes
Of every hue in Heaven, which ſerv'd to grace
At once and guard his Temples: from a Cloud
Gently compreſt, of Wings a ſhining Pair
(With ſuch the waiting Graces fly around
Their ſmiling Mother Goddeſs) he aſſumes
To bear his Shape and Beauty, as he flies
From World to World apparent. Nor began
The warlike Pomp to move, e'er wide diſplay'd
And op'ning all its Glories to the Day,
A Cherub (who by right that Station claim'd)
Unfurl'd the heav'nly Enſign, o'er the Sky
Light after Light unfolding as it wav'd.
One Corner than the reſt more ſacred, wore
A bleeding Croſs with deepeſt Red diſtain'd;
Which to each Eye and penſive Heart recalls
The Wound, and wounded Breaſt that gave the Stain,
And ſhed the myſtick Purple; ſince a Dye
In Heaven more lovely, than the beauteous Bow
At Eve adorns, reflected from a Shower.
The reſt with boaſtful Figures proudly ſhone,
Trophies and Conqueſts, and the conquering Arms
Of their great Leaders, their own Might and Fame,

What

What once they did, or ſuffer'd in the Cauſe
Of Heaven's victorious King againſt each Foe:
Whoſe fair heroick Acts, and Names renown'd
For ſacred Virtues, round the Margin ſhine;
While bore aloft, the War and Warrior's Fame
Recorded bright, the golden Tiſſue holds.

Now Signal to depart, the Legions view
The Enſigns waving, but with leſs Delight
Behold 'em open, and their Chief ſurround,
Than when at his Command, they oft before
Their Shield, and Helmets, and ſurrounding Arms
Lac'd ſmiling on, and by his Valour warm'd
In Fields of War, defy'd th' embattel'd Foe;
Behind the Regent Banners now they move;
And as they move, from either Eye let fall
A ſilent Tear, to witneſs with what Pain
They haſte to vanquiſh, whom their kinder Arm
Would rather guard from Death, and ſtrive to ſave.
No Muſick now the Trumpet's ſilver Voice,
Tun'd with the ſofteſt Breath above the Sky,
Leaves in their mournful Ear, that us'd to raiſe
Heroick Ardour, and a Thirſt of Fame
In each glad Breaſt, tranſported with the Sound:
Slowly and ſad along the heav'nly Plains,
Advancing, undelighted, uninſpir'd
With Voice or Trumpet, they with neither charm
Or eaſe their penſive Steps, that lead 'em on
To Fame reluctant, and a Triumph gain'd
More with their own, than with their Foes Deſpair;
Through wide celeſtial Regions, Hill, and Dale;
Through blowing Groves of Myrrh, and verdant Bowers
Of ſweeteſt Fragrance; o'er the murmuring Fall
Of Amber Fountains, and the ſmoother Stream
Of cryſtal Waters, nurſing as they flow
The Trees of Life that hide the happy Shore;

O'er

O'er theſe and many more the Cherub Throng
Advance, now bore aloft, now ſliding near
Heaven's flowry Surface that invites their Wing
To humbler Flight, ſailing with ſweet Exchange
The upper, middle, and the nether Sky,
As Choice or Fancy led; till many a Realm
And ample Region paſt, (each boaſting more
In length, than does this Orb from Pole to Pole)
Far off and glittering now before their View
Heaven's Walls appear, encloſing far and wide
Its ſpacious Empires; from whoſe Height uproſe
The gorgeous Portal flaming all with Gold.
With Art divine the noble Structure ſhone
On cryſtal Arches tow'ring; never *Greece*
Or prouder *Rome*, when to their Gods they vow'd
Neptune or greater *Jove* ſome hallow'd Shrine
Cou'd vie with ſuch Magnificence: the Baſe
Up to the ſparkling Roof with Colours glow'd,
Forth from rich Gemms, and living Sapphires pour'd:
Light conquering Light, ſubduing and ſubdu'd,
Riſing in gradual Glory, as they ſpread
Rays beauteous as the Morn, and asking none
But their own Luſtre to create a Day.
The Columns roſe, with *Dorick* Beauties grac'd
Or fair *Corinthian*: Palm and branching Flowers
Creep up their ſtately Height, with Stars between;
And rich with regal Ornaments extoll
The Artiſt's Labour, varying to the Eye
In Fret, or fair *Moſaick*, as his Hand
Or Choice the curious Workmanſhip deſign'd.
Nor does the Form or Beauty ought impair
Its Strength, inſuperably firm, beyond
Or mortal or immortal Force to win
By Guile or Onſet: On the Summit plac'd
A Cherub Guard waves high a Sword of Flame
With dreadful Sway, to watch the Intercourſe

'Twixt Earth and Heaven; to none the Gates unfolds
But Angels, or to thoſe like Angels pure.
At diſtance now his careful Eye beholds
(For nothing round eſcapes his careful Eye)
Advancing Legions, and their Leader arm'd:
The warlike Chief he knows; whoſe great Renown
And Port, and Royal Look beſpoke him prime
Of Cherubs, with ſuch Dignity he moves;
With ſuch an awful Grace his Steps ſuſtains,
As on he leads his radiant Troops to reach
The Gates and Verge of Heaven. From off the Height,
Which ſhew'd his near Approach, the Angel flew,
And to ſuperior Merit bending low
Throws wide the cryſtal Doors, melodious Sounds
Uttering as on the golden Hinge they turn.
Forthwith, their Leader firſt, the radiant Bands
In thick Array, their March no longer ſtay'd,
Pour out from Heaven's bleſt Regions; far below
Beneath their Feet, aſtoniſh'd they behold
Fair Worlds of Light, and Planets rolling round
Their golden Axles, ſleeping as they roll;
Uncertain almoſt if they leave behind
A fairer Proſpect, wanting the high Throne
Of Deity above, alone to give
Each Breaſt its wonted Rapture, which they feel
Varying, tho' ſcarce diminiſh'd, as they change
Tranſporting Ecſtaſies for milder Joy.
Nor ſtay'd the golden Gates; but inward turn'd
Spontaneous, cloſe again their ſhining Folds;
By Inſtinct cloſing; and Acceſs deny
To all but Sons of Heaven, or thither rais'd
By Deeds of holy Worth; who without Pain
Up to thoſe bliſsful Seats with Eaſe aſcend;
The Flight, nor hard, nor toilſome, as they feel
New Vigour lent 'em as they ſoar, to gain
Heaven's happy Seat, and Virtue adding wings:

Awhile

Awhile the glorious Proſpect they behold;
The Spaces all around with Glories fill'd
So fair and numberleſs, ſurpaſt alone
By fairer juſt forſaken; each they view
From Morn to Eve, from Eve to dewy Morn
Compleating their great Circuits; and return'd
From whence they journey'd firſt; and with a Speed
Scarce leſs than infinite; asking a Time
To run their rapid Courſe, their Wings alone
In leſs cou'd only finiſh. Some they view
Of Height ſuperior, and of brighter Flame:
From other Stars refuſing to receive
Supplies of Luſtre: with unwearied Speed
Theſe mark the ſame fair Tracks along the Sky;
Nor in their ſteddy Motions thwart the Spheres
Of other neighb'ring Orbs, that travel nigh
Their Siſter Lights; ſtill joining, never join'd.
Others they count beneath their Wings, that feed
Their empty Urns with delegated Rays;
Obſcure, or radiant, as their Orbs they turn
To that kind Planet, which beſtows their Flames;
Great Source of Brightneſs! who with varying Fires,
From his indulgent Fountain pours Supplies
Of Luſtre to maintain each Star around;
Which bore aloft, or ſinking far beneath
Their Parent Orbs, traverſe the golden Sky
Oblique and various, and each others Beams
Oft interpoſing hide.---- The Angel Throng
Pleas'd, and unwearied, wou'd have fain delay'd
Their Purpoſe longer; ſtriving each to loſe
The dire Commands they were to bear below
Loſt in ſo fair a Proſpect! till they view
Strict Silence order'd by the waving Arm
Of their great Leader, who Attention gains,
While thus his Thought he utters---- Heavenly Powers,
Well may ſuch Scenes detain an Angel's Eye,

Well

Well pleaſe, where no Satiety allays;
But ſweet Enjoyment gives a new Deſire
Longer to taſte that Bliſs, that charms us more
Beneath Poſſeſſion. Think what Voice divine,
Whoſe Breath was that, which into Being call'd
Yon Heap of ſhining Worlds; and has maintain'd
Their Youth, and Flame, and Beauties unimpair'd
Thro' Ages infinite. How kind his Arm
That gave us Birth, and deem'd us worth his Care;
When the ſame Breath that form'd us, might have rais'd
A World with equal Labour! tho' we boaſt
Our ſelves the faireſt Part of all he fram'd,
With Bliſs endued, and Might beyond the Power
Of all we know created; yet to view
Theſe Wonders, wanting Number, Name, and Bounds,
Magnificent beyond whate'er our Voice
Or Thought can praiſe or utter,---- to behold
And wander o'er ſuch Glories, leaves us low;
And robs our Boſom of the fair Eſteem
We held of our own Merits; while we prize
Our Virtues now much leſs, and high-born Fame;
And wonder how his Eye cou'd find a Joy
In our Creation, who from Heaven beheld
Theſe Regions finiſh'd: what in us ſeems great
Is here ſurpaſt in Greatneſs; and the Light
That glitters round us while we dwell below,
Loſes its fading Luſtre, as we ſtand
So near theſe Orbs, which with a brighter Flame
Thus blaze around us---- but we waſte the Hour
In kind Delays that ſhou'd have bore us down
To execute our mournful Charge below;
While thus we ſtrive to give a Moment's Age
Longer to yon ſad Earth, nor ſeem to know
We hence are ſent to leſſen, not admire
Theſe beauteous Orbs; and leave a Blank within
The fair Creation, doom'd to moan awhile,

And want a World; till that commanding Voice
That rais'd it firſt, ſhall with a ſecond Call
Perhaps inſpire its Aſhes, and beſtow
Upon the wondring Earth [a]new Life and Bloom;
(Which Fame has ſung above) her Realms to hold
A pure and juſter Race, that boaſted long
With us reſembling Virtues, Truth and Love
And antient Faith; to be detain'd below
To finiſh their Obedience, and inure
Their Minds to heavenly Pleaſures, till the time
Alotted for their mortal State ſhall end,
And lift 'em to theſe Skies with us to ſhare,
Angels and Men uniting, one great Joy.
Mark then the Path that leads directly down
To this fair future World, which we ſhall chuſe
From hence to viſit often; when we view
Man to our Image ſoon and Likeneſs rais'd
By equal Virtues! guided by my Wing
As I deſcend, inſtruct your careful Eye
What Spheres to touch; what Stars to leave behind;
Or which to wheel around! and in your Flight
View well what Conſtellations hang above
Or glow beneath your Feet; what thwart your Way
Down from theſe diſtant Heavens yon Earth to gain,
Dimly from hence perceiv'd; for tho' the Eye
With her ſwift Journey in a Moment reach
A Diſtance almoſt infinite, believe
That Depths immenſe and Spaces lie between
Us and yon nether World, ſtill waited round
By that bright Planet, which by turns repairs
And empties her ſpent Luſtre, but to fill
Her Orb again with Streams of purer Fire,
To ſave the Earth from Darkneſs, as ſhe flies
The Sun's bright Beams, that can at once inſpire
But half her Hemiſphere, and give her Day.
Nor deem the Counſel vain that warns your Eye

[a] 2 Pet. 3. 13. Rev. 21. 1, 2. Iſaiah 65. 17, 18.

To mark with Care the ſloping Courſe I bend
To yonder Spot, (for ſo it ſeems compar'd
With theſe vaſt Globes of Light, that round us blaze)
Your Wing not guided right, may bear you down
Beſides th' [a] Earth's Convex to the adverſe Point
Of Heaven; not conſcious that you leave behind
Her wandring Orb, among theſe greater Spheres
Scarce viſible; which to no Place confin'd,
Now fills that Space, now leaves it unenjoy'd;
Obliquely in her winding Circle turn'd,
From the kind Heavens to gain an equal Share
For all her various Realms of Light and Flame.
Behold her now in Flight! our Speed alone
Can but ſurpaſs her Motion as ſhe hies
Upon her Axle Eaſt to meet the Day;
Whoſe Morning Beam ſhe now enjoys, now views
Her great meridian Luſtre; now bemoans
Her ſetting Rays, in Weſtern Cadence low.
Nor can our Wings with Eaſe thoſe Regions gain
Seated beneath us; for with Impulſe ſtrong
We drive our Eſſence down this ſteepy Way;
Bore nimbly upward like the mounting Flame,
Whoſe Brightneſs we partake as well as Power;
From Earth our proper Motion we aſcend
With eaſy Labour; to deſcend is Pain.

So ſpake the Cherub; and his warlike Arm
Uplifted, gave 'em Signal to prepare
Their golden Wings for Flight; which they unfold
Among the glittering Stars, with faireſt Plumes
Gayly diſcolour'd; Light tranſcending Light
Still meets their Eyes; amaz'd almoſt between
The Streams of ſudden Luſtre that were pour'd
From every Point around. Their Leader's Wing
They mark attentive; thro' what ſtarry Way,

[a] Milton *allows ſix Hours for the Deſcent of an Angel from Heaven to Earth; in which Time the Earth runs the fourth Part of her Circle round the Sun; or* 90 *Degrees; and conſequently muſt leave that Space unoccupied which ſhe fill'd at the Angel's firſt ſetting out from Heaven.*

What

What Fields of Light, and Regions of the Sky,
Diſtinct with various Orbs of different Flame,
He ſhapes his winding Courſe! as when a Ship
Appointed Pilot o'er the dangerous Seas
Of *Helleſpont*, or thro' the ſpicy Iſles
Titled from fam'd *Iberian* [a] Kings of old;
Cautious of foundring, leaves on either Hand
Sailing with ſteddy Courſe, each rocky Shore;
Each Veſſel by her Guidance marks the Wave
Their Leader's Keel divided; and ſecure
Rides o'er the Flood, and ploughs the foamy Main:
Juſt ſo behind their Guide the Angel Throng
His Track purſue by a clear Trail of Light
He left behind him, as he cleaves the Sky;
Till high above their Wings they now behold
The Stars forſaken, ſave beneath their Feet
What wandring Planets rove the nether Sky;
Thoſe ſolitary; theſe encompaſt round
With leſſer [b] Fires, that to their various Flight
Obſequious, ſtill the Parent Orb attend.
The Earth at laſt appears before their View,
Amidſt her Train of Stars, which they ſurvey
With ſoft Reluctance as they wander o'er
Her various Beauties, Rivers, Hills, and Plains,
Kindly diſconſolate: awhile her Vales
Allure their Eye, where oft they had enjoy'd
Sweet Eaſe and Solitude, and wanted leſs
Their Heavenly Bowers, repos'd in Shades below;
Fann'd with thoſe ſpicy Winds, their heavenly Airs
Cou'd juſt exceed in Sweetneſs! oft they try,
As nearer now the beauteous Orb they view,
To loſe the Memory of that ſad Fate
They were to utter; but the dread Command
Soon thwarts their Thought they muſt reveal below;
Nor long permits each Boſom to enjoy

[a] *The* Philippine *Iſlands in the* Indian *Ocean.* [b] *The Satellites of* Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, *&c.*

The

The fond Deluſion, that ſo fair a Scene
Muſt yield each Glory up and ſoon expire:
Her Fate they yet prolong, nor will unfold
The rigid Sentence, till their Leader's Eye
Had ſpoke his Sorrow, and his mournful Voice
O'er his lov'd Earth theſe ſoft Complainings pour'd.
Hail beauteous Orb! how oft with other Eyes
Have I beheld thy Glories; for thy Bowers
Yon Heaven how oft forſaken to enjoy
Thy Shades, and hardly knew my Bliſs was chang'd.
Forgive my Voice, fair World! that muſt reveal,
But oh in Pity ſtrives to hide thy Doom;
That from thy Empires muſt thoſe Guardians call
Who nightly watch around thy bleſt Abodes;
Keep back each Ill that might thy Reſt annoy
In Darkneſs, giving to each other Eye
The Reſt they wanted----ſpare my Heart the Pain
Of telling the ſad Meſſage; nor demand
The Cauſe I thus deſcend ſo like thy Foe;
My Eyes have now a Language which excuſe
The Utterance of my Tongue, that fain wou'd hide
Yet longer from thee, what thou yet muſt read
From theſe ſad breathing Sighs, which down deſcend
In Plenty, heard by every Hill and Vale!
Had I no Voice, my Silence has a Sound;
And not to ſmile, to bleſs thee as I bend
Down to thy Orb, nor friendly Tidings bring
Of Peace or Comfort, wou'd not fail to tell
What needs, without a Voice thy Peace muſt wound:
Preſaging from the Coldneſs of my Love
I can----or muſt no more thy Fate befriend.

He ended; and each heavenly Eye let fall
Something like kindly Tears, and with a Shower
Bedewing their celeſtial Cheeks maintain'd
Sad Intercourſe of Sorrow! but not long

They

They had to nurſe their Anguiſh, when appear'd
Advancing forward with a ſpeedy Wing
A dreadful Shape like his, the Chief and Prime
Of thoſe revolted Powers who loſt the Sky
By Diſobedience, ſeeking higher Thrones.
Behind his Banners mov'd a cloudy Train,
Numbers that own'd him Lord; and ſtood prepar'd,
Wrath and Defiance ſhadowing ev'ry Brow,
For War or Enterprize; for Fame had told
Long ſince, ſome dire Event that muſt befal
Himſelf and Empire once; which now he fear'd
Was haſting to its Birth; but cover'd o'er
His inward Horror with a ſmooth Diſguiſe
Of Reſolution; while his Pride ſubdu'd
His Anguiſh, ſeeming what he fear'd, to ſcorn.
Tho' half his Glory was impair'd, he wore
What yet ſuffic'd to ſpeak his Birth divine;
While faded Majeſty ſtill liv'd, and ſhone
Apparent, though in Darkneſs. As on high
Some Structure blazing long, that *Greece* or *Rome*
Erected on proud Columns, to diſplay
Their Heroes Fame in Battels; fair engrav'd
Their Triumphs laſt awhile; till from the Sky
A Thunder burſting, half the ſumptuous Pile
Sinks found'ring, levell'd with the loweſt Vales;
Yet ſtill amidſt the broken Ruins riſe
Some Arch or Pillar which the heav'nly Flame
Had ſpar'd, as meaning ſtill the Eye ſhou'd gaze
How proud and lofty once the Building ſoar'd:
Thus *Satan* look'd half darken'd; boaſting ſtill
Part of that Grace the ſcorching Lightnings ſpar'd,
When warring with Heaven's King, he left the Skies
With all his blaſted Legions; on his Brow
Of dreadful Aſpect, and a Viſage arm'd
With cruel Purpoſe, ſtill he ſeems to hold
Some Beams of that celeſtial Light he wore

In Heav'n, which ſhining once outdid the Morn;
And thro' the Shade his clouded Look obſcur'd
Broke viſible, and wou'd not be ſubdu'd.
On ſome dire Meſſage ſent, he deems the Foe
He ſees deſcend, not friendly to his State
His Thoughts miſgiving; which at laſt begin
To muſe what Fate foretold, and muſt fulfill
In ſpite of his Reluctance, and fierce Hate
Profeſt to Heav'n: which Way ſoe'er he turns
In hope to gain new Hopes, he nothing finds
But what awakes new Sorrows; ever plung'd
The more he thinks, from deep to deeper Woes;
Growing with ſad Encreaſe; Valour or Fear
Or to withdraw, or to oppoſe his Arm,
Torment him each alike; ſince to retire
His Shame forbids; to meet the Foe, Deſpair
Of Fame, or parting Victor. But to calm
Awhile his reſtleſs Doubts, his Eye he throws
Acroſs the Multitudes around in Arms
Following his Standard, and has nought to fear
During that Proſpect; Heav'n, and Hell, and Fate
The Will of each, or all, alike diſdain'd,
Striving in vain to ſhake him: with theſe Hopes
He prompts his Courage; caſting in his Mind
To ſeize or ſlily circumvent his Foe,
Heedleſs of Onſet; but th' abortive Thought
Runs rolling backward like a refluent Wave,
Againſt his tortur'd Boſom, drowning all
The Hopes he late conceiv'd; for which are born,
Inſtead of what he loſt, new Paſſions arm'd
With fiercer Stings, which baniſh far away
Each Comfort; while the Thought which now inſur'd
Freſh Triumphs, loads him now with baſeſt Chains.
Him ſorely tortur'd thus the careful Eye
Of *Michael* meets advancing; and inſpir'd
With Hopes of Battel bids his Angels arm;

In

In golden Armour ſhining, e'er his Voice
Had done commanding; on the Rebel's Brow
Revenge ſate low'ring, and a cruel Scorn
Mix'd with Defiance, but it hid within
A Mind confounded ſore with ſaddeſt Pain;
Which breaking through the borrow'd Veil, diſclos'd
The ſickly Hue of manifeſt Deſpair,
Plain thro' his outward Viſage----- nor delay'd
The Cherub long, but with a Sound, the Foe
Was forc'd to hear aſtoniſh'd, now in Reach
Of his Defiance, thus his Ear alarms.
Art thou again proud Spirit met in Arms?
And ſee'ſt thou nothing dreadful in this Eye,
This Sword, theſe Numbers which thou oft haſt ſhun'd,
With wiſeſt Caution, tho' inglorious Shame
Refuſing Battel; while thy prudent Wing
Conſults thy Safety, better than thy Arm!
Too dearly in each Onſet, thou haſt rued
Theſe Legions Valour ſure, too oft eſſay'd
The Havock of their waſting Swords, to need
A Proof or further Tryal of their Rage;
What Deſolation round their Fury leaves,
How rais'd, with what a Flame their Edge deſcends:
I come thus arm'd, tho' nothing needing Arms
Upright and thou revolted, to aſſign
A Period to thy long uſurping Claim
Of this fair World; to tell thy frighted Ear
For what ſad diſmal Regions thou muſt change
Anon this happy Empire; 'tis his Will
By whoſe great Sufferance, thou ſo long haſt held
Thy Rule and wide Dominion, (which thy Pride
So falſely argues won by thy own Pow'r)
'Tis his Command which bids thee now reſign
Thoſe Titles thou haſt long and proudly wore
By his Permiſſion; and inſtead of theſe
Fair Regions, and a thouſand Temples ſtor'd

With thy erected Idols, he ordains
Thou ſtill ſhalt boaſt Preheminence, and thine
By Right and Merit, Hell's large Empire's Rule.
And ſince high Titles pleaſe thee, and a Knee
Bent low in Adoration to thy Throne,
By Millions thou ſhalt boaſt due Homage paid,
All humbled---- for the Whirlwind of thoſe Flames
Where thou muſt dwell, will ſuffer none to ſtand
But proſtrate all before thee! as thy Due
Hell's Scepter then and Diadem aſſume,
Thy regal Ornaments; and from thy Throne
With Smiles accept the goodly Honours paid
By thy Adorers, as they hail Thee King
Of this new Empire, which unbounded knows
No Limits, and thy Government no End.
Go mighty Monarch! blaze thy freſh Renown
Thy Lawrels! happy thou haſt none to fear,
Or rob thee of thy Conqueſt----- For what Foe
Will e'er moleſt thy Throne, encompaſs'd round
With all Hell's Torments, and is ſure to gain
With Rule Supreme, Supremacy of Woe;
All wanting that Ambition, to be deem'd,
However Glory charms, the firſt in Pain.
For think not Cherub, (ſuch thy Maker's Love
Ordain'd thee, 'till Ingratitude impair'd
That Title, and the Homage that it claim'd)
Think not, Apoſtate now! thy Realms below
With any Viſion ſhall preſent thy Eye.
Tho' us'd ſo long to Horrors, it ſhall bear
Nor own it ſelf confounded: tho' thy Brow
With ſullen Clouds augments Night's deepeſt Gloom,
And with a blacker Shadow than her Shade
Adds to the Midnight Darkneſs, yet believe
What dreadful Objects thou art ſoon to view
Frequent in thoſe new Realms thou art to ſway,
Shall give thy Viſage Beauty; drive the Night

From

From off thy Brow, and leave thy Horrors fair;
No Morning Incenſe there ſhall upward riſe
Scenting thy Noſtrils; nor ſweet Odours blown
(Thy rich Repaſt now at each pompous Shrine)
From Gumms or fuming Spices: different far
From what the Earth now yields thee, ſhalt thou find
The Gifts thy Hell ſhall offer; where the Clouds
By living Sulphur fed, Night without Day
Shall ever roll around, and give thy Senſe
A dreadful Conſolation. For yon Streams,
That draw their Tides on Earth o'er Sands of Gold,
Thou too ſhalt have thy Fountains, which ſhall pour
Acroſs thy drowned Realm their torrid Waves;
Which boyling high above their Banks ſhall roll
Tumultuous down in foaming Floods of Fire:
And ſince we boaſt a Heaven, and ſtarry Sky,
Have thou thy Rival Firmament, tho' thine
Beneath thy Feet; where glowing Mounts of Flame
Shall be as Suns, to give thy Kingdoms Day;
Not dreading Darkneſs! for the frugal Urns
That feed thoſe Waves around thee, ever glow
With one great laſting, undiminiſh'd Stream;
Still emptying, never waſted in their Store;
Fed by eternal Wrath with new Supplies.
'Twill give thy Brow a Title to its Crown
To combat nobly with theſe ruffling Flames,
Thy eaſe moleſting; fit to be a King
Suſtaining fearleſs, what another Breaſt
Leſs prov'd than thine, wou'd ſtartle to endure.

To whom the Fiend enrag'd with angry Eye
Caſt fiercely forward, cruel, and ſevere,
Who deem'd himſelf exalted in his State
Superior, tho' alone, to half the Powers
He thought no Praiſe to conquer, thus returns.
I thank thee, Angel; thy deriding Scorn

Has lent a nobler Vigour to my Arm;
That riſes upward now with greater Joy;
Urg'd on with double Vengeance, as I feel
The Weight of my own Wrath, and thy Diſdain.
I know thy Sword, proud Warrior; nor is mine
So light in Fame, to ſhine to thee unknown;
Both try'd in Battel oft with equal Sway,
Tho' not alike victorious! he who holds
By Uſurpation yonder flaming Skies
By Right and Merit ours, was call'd to lend
His Thunders to aſſiſt thy fainting Arm;
Gave thee thoſe Lawrels, which without his Aid
Thy own weak Valour had deſpair'd to gain;
Chuſing my Captive rather to ſuſtain
The Shame of Thraldom, than the Edge endure
Of this bright Sword, that knew its Way to Fame
Without a Helper, or another Guide
Beſide this Arm to lift it up on high,
And bid it fall and conquer. Never dream
A Blaſt of boaſting Air, a Threat, a Sound,
A War of Words, ſhall force me from theſe Skies,
Inhabited thus long without Controul,
By Heaven's Conſent, or Fear; to which we owe
Theſe Seats yet doubtful! If the Voice of Fate
Ordains it (which has often prov'd too ſtrong
For Right or Virtue) that we leave theſe Thrones;
It wants a Power to ſpoil us of a Fame
We value far above the Realms we loſe,
That ſteddy, fixt, unconquerable Hate
We bear to thee and Heaven;---- and ſtill ſhall bear
Till met in Fight once more, I find thy Arm
Has gain'd ſome new Device to deal its Wounds;
Some Cunning which it wanted, when we join'd
In Battel laſt; and this victorious Spear
Taught thee Submiſſion; and had fairly won
Thoſe Trophies, ſtil'd vain Chief! unjuſtly thine;

Which

Which Heaven's great King with all his bolted Fires
Cou'd hardly wreſt, or raviſh from his Foe:
Live then, deſpairing I ſhall ever yield
To quit theſe Empires (by another Will
Idly imagin'd that I rule and hold)
Until this Arm, not lightly to be ſcorn'd
By thee and thy gay Legions, has reſign'd
Its Skill to conquer; and the Voice of War
Or Peals perhaps of Thunder ſhall decide
Whether to me or Heaven yon Realms muſt bow.

To whom the fiery Angel ſoon returns.
I know thee who thou art, the Leader vain
Of thoſe accurſt, who headlong down the Sky
For thy Revolt to low Perdition fell,
Companions of thy Pride as well as Shame:
Whatever Might or Force thy boaſted Arm
Carries in Battel, owe it to his Will
Who gave it; ill employ'd to turn thy Rage
Againſt the Giver: and thoſe Deeds of Fame
Thou haſt to boaſt, however ſeeming fair
To others, are at leaſt to us unknown.
Unleſs 'tis reckon'd in the goodly Train
Of thy Adventures, to exchange theſe Skies
For Night and Hell; aſſuring faireſt Crowns
To thy Retinue, when their Arms had won
Theſe vanquiſh'd Regions thy Ambition claim'd.
Then each a brighter Diadem had wore,
Sate on his Throne above; and thine ſupreme,
Seated aloft for Worſhip: but how well
This Boaſt and Promiſe has thy Strength fulfill'd,
To yon unhappy Hoſt, by thee drove down
From Heaven and Bliſs; by thy Perſuaſion won
To change their Myrtle Crowns for thoſe of Flame;
Each Way a Leader, foremoſt when thy Bands
To Battel move; and firſt when they retire;

Witneſs this Weapon, from whoſe Edge and Sway
Not ſoon to be forgot, even thy own Hell
Was deem'd a kind Retreat; its hotteſt Fire
A Bed of Refuge, when its Flame behind
Purſu'd thy Hoſt aſtoniſh'd and diſmay'd,
Dreading a backward Look. The Realms of Night
Look'd then more fair than Heaven; becauſe her Shades,
Too kind and friendly to thy Coward Arm,
Afforded Shelter to thy Flight and Shame,
Both loſt in Darkneſs; robbing thus our Breaſt
Of half its Joy, our Swords of half the Fame
They muſt have won, and purchas'd by thy Stay
And longer Oppoſition: if my Voice
Wants Power to let thee know whoſe matchleſs Arms
Seem thy Deriſion, to augment our Joy
Be kinder yet, and try a ſecond Field!
Select thy choiceſt Warriors from below
To lend thee Aid; ſuch Troops perhaps may ſtand
Celeſtial Anger, and be worth our Rage;
Too weak and thin theſe Numbers, tho' by thee
Led on inſpir'd to Battel, to allay
Our Thirſt of Triumph, which the fairer ſhews
From ſtrong Reſiſtance: while thy feeble Powers
Will yield us Wreaths indeed, but ſuch as they
Muſt loſe, and we acquire with equal Shame;
Your Fame tho' vanquiſh'd fair as ours, to boaſt
You fell by ſuch a Power, ſuch Force, ſuch Arms.
Go then; and glad the Legions with the Tale
Of thy new Conqueſt; of the ample Sway
Thou ſoon ſhalt bear, ſaluted ſcepter'd King
Of Hell's wide Empires, ſpacious, unconfin'd,
Knowing no Bound or Limits. There ſupreme
In regal State exalted, take the Smiles
Each Morning, which each bending Subject pays
In loweſt Worſhip, thought in Heaven thy Due;
Ador'd by Numbers which this ſcanty Ball

Wanted to give thy Merits equal Praiſe.
And if by chance thy Steps ſo long detain'd
In theſe fair Regions, ſhou'd miſguide thy Way,
Thwarting the midnight Shades that lie between
Thy new Dominions and theſe upper Skies;
Theſe Troops ſhall wait behind, and teach thy Wing
What Track to chuſe, which leads directly down
To Hell's wide Portal; for their Swords of Flame
Behind thee ſhall create a ſudden Day
Acroſs the ſolid Darkneſs, and with Fire
Thick flaſhing light thee onward to thy Throne.

He ended; and the Foe's contracted Brow
With ſilent Language gave a fierce Reply
To his Deriſion: and although he bore
The Fight of warring Paſſions in his Soul,
Yet ſmiling careleſs, throws a Veil between
His Looks and hidden Torment; while the Fate
His Conſcience dreads, his Viſage ſeems to ſcorn;
In brief diſſembling thus his raging Woe:
When thou haſt conquer'd, Cherub, then deride;
Then talk of Darkneſs, Priſons, Hell and Chains,
Which never cou'd, nor ever ſhall confine
Spiritual Eſſence! from the Deep below,
From the black Dungeon, where Heaven's vain Decree
Hop'd to have kept us chain'd, I upward flew;
Diſdaining the weak Mound, and Wall of Fire
And Barrs of Adamant contriv'd to hold
Our Legions captive! up again to Light
(Thine and thy Monarch's Arm oppos'd in vain
To ſtop my Speed) theſe heav'nly Powers I drew;
Seduc'd his Fav'rite World, and Man the prime
Of his Creation; by his Wiſdom fram'd
Immortal; by my greater left to die.
Thy Tongue indeed has nobly ſeal'd that Doom
Thy Strength is yet to finiſh! for no Words,

No Threats, no female Conflicts, but the Sound
Of horrid Battel, and the Tongue of War
Alone ſhall teach me, who I am to fear;
What Seats inhabit; to whoſe Arm reſign
The Earth's fair Empires; for what Regions change
Theſe Realms of Bliſs, to dwell in thoſe of Woe;
Seeſt thou yon Cloud? within her pregnant Womb
Encamping, Millions ready ſtand prepar'd;
All clad in Arms to give thee a Reply
Whene'er thy Voice ſhall warn us to reſign
Theſe Kingdoms, or thy Sword be bold to riſe
In dreaded Oppoſition to this Arm.
Take back thy Counſel then; nor teach theſe Bands
What Arts to uſe in Safety to maintain
Theſe Conqueſts, from thy boaſted Monarch won;
What once our Might recover'd from his Skies
We need no greater Courage ſure to hold,
Than firſt we had to vanquiſh. If a Foe
May then admoniſh, what thou haſt to fear,
Inſtead of warning us to guard our Fame,
Thy Caution leave with thoſe that want it more;
And conſcious to thy ſelf, what Powers may ſoon
Invade his Heaven, adviſe thy prudent King
The Foes he has to dread; how unſecure
If not defended well, he holds his Skies.

He ſaid, nor ſtaid; but with his ample Wings
Out-ſtretch'd for Flight, he cleaves the winnow'd Air,
That bears aloft his Stature; filling half
The Space between the Earth and nether Sky:
Each Leader parting with an angry Frown
Flew adverſe! *Satan* with his Peers to gain
The Night; the Angel Hoſt, to meet the Day.

The End of the Second Book.

THE

THE

LAST JUDGMENT.

BOOK III.

Καὶ τὰ δαιμόνια πιϛεύουσι, καὶ φρίσσουσι.

MEAN while the Doom the Angel's dreaded Voice
Awfully threaten'd, fill'd the Rebel's Ear
With Terror, which his Courage nor his Pride
Had Force to conquer; now he covers o'er
His inward Pain, and tries beneath his Scorn
To loſe his Torment; which like ſmother'd Flames
Conceal'd awhile, break out with wilder Rage,
And doubled Indignation where they burn:
Himſelf, his Stature now, his Strength and Arm,
His great *Heroick* Worth and Deeds of Fame
Surveying, ſteals from thence a Moment's Joy;
Which fading in its Birth, gives up its Bloom
Wither'd e'er fully open'd; in his Breaſt
Scarce gaining a frail Life before it dies.
One Thought, one ſingle Glance upon his Foe
Leaves him again in Sadneſs; flung from all
The ſhort-liv'd Bliſs his Boſom ſeem'd to feel,
Lent by falſe Hope; while far from every Eye
He chuſeth to retire; and all alone

Dreading his Plaint ſhou'd reach his Fellows Ears;
And with himſelf ſcarce truſting his own Shame,
In ſad but ſilent Accents thus complains:
Are theſe the Regions *then* I am to ſway,
The Empires that I promis'd to beſtow
On you, the wretched Partners of my Pain?
Haſt thou Ambition thus entic'd my Ear
To drink thy pleaſing Accents, to believe
No Glories fair enough to crown my Fame?
Oh ſay bright Phantom, whither haſt thou led
Me following the Deluſion of thy Charms,
To leave yon Seats of Bliſs I once enjoy'd
For endleſs Miſeries? Ye blooming Vales,
Ye ſilver Fountains, ye celeſtial Sounds,
Soft tun'd and warbled by the Voice and Hand
Of skilful Angels, all ye Scenes of Joy
Adieu, I leave ye all, to mourn between
Undying Horrors, Darkneſs, Night, Deſpair,
My ſole Companions! oh deceiving Hopes,
Oh fatal Love of Glory, ever known
Pernicious to the Mind, that ſtrove to ſoar
And reach forbidden Empire! to what Change
Haſt thou advis'd me? from what Height of Fame
And ſweet Fruition of the higheſt Joy
I fall by thy Allurement? whilſt I live
The low Deriſion of each Angel's Eye,
Who deem'd it once a Glory but to gain
A Smile from that dread Brow which now they ſcorn:
Ah! fond Deluſion of inviting Thrones,
Charming the Eye at diſtance, but when near
Fraught with their hidden Woes; encompaſs'd round
With dark Perplexities and ſecret Care;
Never believ'd till taſted, never ſeen
Till ſeeing nought avails us, but to ſhew
Their Numbers more amazing! Can I blame
The Scorn of others, who almoſt conſpire

My

My ſelf in thoſe Reproaches that I hear
My Fall upbraiding? while I feel within
A conſcious Shame, to wear ſo weak an Arm,
Unfaithful to my Glory; juſtly doom'd
To bear a Foe's Deriſion, while I bear
An equal Miſery in ſelf-Diſdain.
Had Heaven no other Seat among her Thrones,
No Honours fair enough to pay my Fame,
Except the Higheſt? ſaw my curious Eye
No other midſt the Crowns that blaz'd on high,
A Beauty wearing, bright enough to charm,
But the great Diadem that deckt the Brow
Of Heaven's, and my Creator? ſlighting all
The Greatneſs that he offer'd, to behold
One only greater; who cou'd farther give
Nothing, except his Godhead. Ask thy Pride,
Did any Cherub boaſt a higher Fame,
More heavenly, more reſembling in each Grace
His Maker's Image? choſen firſt to bear
Thro' his wide Empires all his great Commands
Utter'd by thee, receiving from each Eye
Second Obedience, askt perhaps thy Due;
And oh! if nothing higher thou hadſt claim'd,
Nor envied Heaven the firſt, thou yet hadſt reign'd.
Ah! had I never learnt from what I fell,
But liv'd a Stranger to my former Fame!
Could I forget my bliſsful State, and loſe
In ſweet Oblivion what was once my Joy;
'Twould ſerve a little to abate the Rage
I feel of preſent Anguiſh; But to know
Alas! to think, to mourn what once I was,
Adds to the bitter Thought of what I am;
The Torment ſtill encreaſing, to ſurmiſe,
And dread what yet I muſt be!---Had but Fate
Suppreſt at firſt, thoſe Longings in my Soul;
That Love of Majeſty, to wear SUPREME

Among my boaſted Titles; had my Birth
No Privilege beſtow'd, nor higher Fame
Than that of meaner Angels, I had held
My Station yet in Heaven; and ſtill enjoy'd
My Share of Bliſs ſecure, and call'd it great,
Becauſe I ask'd no greater. But to fall
From Glory's Top, from the fair golden Aim
Form'd by my Hopes, that bore me far above
The humble Darings of created Pride;
To view the Godlike Prize tempting my Eye,
To look, to gaze, to wonder, and deſire;
And looking, gazing, *then* to want an Arm
To help me forward, and compleat my Fame,
There, there Remorſe begins, there frets the Pain
That preys within me; there the baſe Reproach
Looks viſible, that hangs upon my Chain,
And none but I can ſuffer: for a Breaſt
That never held my Virtues, or attain'd
To equal Worth, whate'er from angry Fate
It dreads, can never feel an equal Shame;
Which grows, and ſpreads, reſembling the great Deeds
I had atchiev'd, had Heaven not dampt my Arm.
One Gift however yet our generous Foe
Has left us, boaſting that we loſt not all;
But ſuch a Gift, as ſtretches out our Pains
To infinite; immortal in our Make,
Only to live immortal in our Woe.
Oh now at laſt in ſpite of all my Scorn
Of Heaven, whate'er its angry Voice or Rage
Has utter'd of the Doom I muſt ſuſtain,
All, all, I now believe! its wonted Pride
Forſakes my Coward Heart, whene'er I turn
My Eyes to yonder Cloud, trembling to read,
How then of Might ſufficient to endure
The Length and horrid Number of my Pains,
Both endleſs, both amazing? for what Woes

And inward Horrors then have we exchang'd,
For what Remorſe, dire Stings, and hidden Shame
Our boaſted Courage? while a coward Fear
Lives cold in every Breaſt, and robs our Arm
Of all the Courage it was wont to bear
In every dreadful Danger; while inſtead
Of heavenly Vigour working in our Souls,
Impatient of Repulſe, Rebuke, and Scorn,
We bear 'em all inglorious; tamely yield
Without Reluctance to reſign the Claim
And Boaſt of antient Glory; while the Fate
Our Conqu'ror threatens, our own conſcious Fears
Help to augment; and joining with the Foe
New paint thoſe Horrors o'er, in darker Shades;
Which tho' already dreadful, yet appear
More dreaded through the Eye of our Deſpair.
Oh Conſcience! whither ſhall I turn, how fly
Thy Voice, thy fiery Sting, and cruel Sound
Of thy Upbraidings? whereſoe'er I rove,
Where wander, yet I bear thee ſtill along
Companion of my Steps and wearied Toil;
Inviſible to all, but him who feels
Turning his Eye within, thy tort'ring Wounds;
Which like a Vulture, on the guilty Mind,
(No Bribes cou'd e'er perſuade thee once to ſpare)
Thou ever doſt inflict; no Time or Place,
Or Title, guarding any from thy Pains.
In utter Darkneſs, Solitude and Shade
The Night's brown Covert, and Hell's loweſt Gloom
Where all things elſe are loſt, I thee endure,
And dread thee ſtill purſuing! nor behind
Shall ever leave thee, till my ſelf I leave;
Since thou art nothing elſe, but my own Mind
Reflecting on it ſelf, before my Eye
Placing the long Detail and Train of Woes
To which I now am ſentenc'd, and muſt bear

If thou art true, for ever. All I gain
From thee to mitigate the Smart I moan,
Is to unite in one the wide extremes
Of paſt and future Anguiſh; to behold
Within thy Mirror, faithfully ſevere,
My Guilt, and dire Reward that Guilt purſues;
Winning this Comfort from thee, that I loſe
The Edge, and bitter Senſe of preſent Pain
Beneath a Dread of greater: Goodly Joy
To ſolace thus my Torments; while I tell
My Soul there lives a Vengeance ſtill behind
I have not taſted yet, but muſt endure.
Oh! if by thinking I could loſe all Thought!
Turn wild, and in the mad and giddy Maze
Forget my ſelf, the ſure and hidden Stores
Of hoarded Wrath I dread and ſee prepar'd;
'Twere worth my Pains to think; to look within,
And nurſe Reflection. But whene'er I turn
My Thoughts upon my ſelf, they ſtill recoil
Tumultuous backward, waking in my Breaſt
Ten thouſand Paſſions, each with Fury arm'd
Mortal to all, but thoſe who live accurſt
With Immortality, and cannot die.
Oh Torment! oh Remorſe! oh laſt Deſpair!
Oh Hell! oh Guilt within me worſe than Hell,
Glowing like that, with hot and hideous Fires;
How ſhall I bear ye all, where find a Room
Within one Breaſt, tho' large as mine, to hold
Such meeting Horrors; in a dreadful round
Each treading on the Heels of each, the laſt
Ever the moſt amazing? how with all
My boaſted Courage, can my Mind ſuſtain
A Life beſet with Ills, each Way I turn,
Without, within, by Heaven, by Hell aſſail'd;
All, all, my Foes around me; but the Foe
Dreaded the moſt, my ſelf! my own ſad Mind;

Which (tho' the reſt conſented to forbear
A while their dire Reproaches) wou'd not give
One Moment's Reſt, or Reſpite from my Pains.
Oh Sleep within me, ſtil as ſilent Graves,
And dead as Midnight Treaſon! ne'er unfold,
Oh never open to my wounded Mind
The Cryſtal Doors of yonder happy Skies,
My Manſions once, nor ſhew me where I ſate
Sublime in Glory; on what radiant Throne,
Among what Millions ſeated all beneath
I dazled; throwing round me the fair Beams
And Beauties of the Morning! oh conceal
Oh rather hide me from my ſelf, and caſt
A ſolid Cloud of thickeſt Night between
Me and my ancient Glories, that my Eye
May never pierce the Darkneſs, nor behold
The Seat I held above, next Heaven's high Throne;
(Wiſhing it nearer ſtill;) each Angel's Fame
As much in Worth ſurpaſſing, as yon Sun
Blazing along the Firmament excells
The Night's dim Fires in Beauty; which reſign
And ſhed their Beams before him; never view'd
'Till he withdraws his flaming Orb below
The darken'd Heaven, and gives 'em Leave to ſhine.
Say then, dire Inmate, who without a Voice
Can'ſt ſpeak aloud and ſhake me; was yon Sky
I loſt, and loſing that, the Hell I gain'd
Sufficient neither, both much more, to fill
The Meaſure up of my extremeſt Woe;
But thou muſt yet affright me with a Sound
I dread much more than Hell's profoundeſt Flame;
Telling my guilty Soul, that when I burn
With hotteſt Fires beneath, that then I bear
Much leſs than what I ought and muſt endure?
What then can be my Refuge, when the Mind
That ſhou'd ſuſtain me, wants to be ſuſtain'd

Her ſelf with Courage? fitted Ill to lend
Me Solace, that each Moment inly moans
Oppreſt, and ſick'ning with her own deep Wounds.
Well art thou now aveng'd fair EVE to view
Thy Tempter undergo his Share of Pain;
Debar'd by me awhile of *Eden*'s Joys
Which ſoon ſhall be recover'd, and my Voice
Silenc'd in Hell, thy Virtue tempt no more.
Too dearly have I bought the mighty Fame
Of thy loſt Innocence; too dearly paid
For thy Deluſion with my own Deſpair;
A deep Remorſe, that after all my Wiles
I view thee yet immortal, and in Joy.
What if from Paradiſe a while detain'd
By my Allurements, all her flow'ry Vales
Bliſsful to ev'ry Senſe, are thine no more?
When thoſe bleſt Regions only are exchang'd
For Heav'n, and ſweeter Life above the Skies
Youthful and freſh for ever! while my Voice
My ſelf not thee deluding, helpt to raiſe
Thy happy Race, to ſhare a higher Joy
Than if they ne'er had fell, or I deceiv'd.
I only held thy Paradiſe a while,
Thou mine for ever; loſt for thee to gain;
Deluded with a Hope thy Guilt and Blame
Had doom'd thee mortal; when alas I view
Thy ſelf and all thy Sons, whom Virtue charm'd
And Love of Heaven, thronging the Seats of Bliſs
Which I reſign'd; thou joyful to behold
Thy Maker's Bounty, bind each ſacred Brow
Of thy lov'd Off-ſpring with unfading Crowns;
Changing his Smiles to Terror, as he dooms
With fierceſt Rage, me ſentenc'd to my Chains.
Where-ever then thou wander'ſt happy Shade,
Above, below, or thro' yon golden Skies,
Near what Celeſtial Springs, beneath what Groves

Flow'ring in Heaven, forget a while each Joy
To view my Anguiſh----- what my Pride endures
Will ſurely ſatisfy for what my Voice
Once robb'd thee of in *Eden*'s charming Bow'rs!
Or if it more delight thee to attend
My deep Complaining, take thy Fill of Joy
In my Confuſion; who beſet around
With Terrors, ſtruggle with no ſingle Pain;
By Heav'n, by thee, and what than either Foe
I deem more dreadful, by my ſelf accus'd.

He ſpoke, and ſigh'd; and chiding his own Fears
While yet he fear'd, makes Haſte, and ſpeeds his Way
To meet, in Council join'd, his thoughtful Peers;
Held long in dark Suſpence, to know what Cauſe
Abſent ſo long from his erected Throne
Detain'd their Leader! all believe his Arm,
Or ſurer Policy thus long employ'd,
Some great Event was pond'ring, worth his Care
And their Attention ſoon; to what new Fame
They ſhou'd anon ſucceed, what Realms ſubdu'd
Won from their Rival ſhou'd encreaſe the Bounds
Of their wide Empire, holding with Heav'ns King
More than divided Rule! But long their Breaſt
Enjoy'd not this falſe Hope, when now they ſpy
From far their Chief returning; but no Joy
Appear'd; no Gladneſs ſmiling on his Eye,
In Sign of Triumph, or ſuperior Fame
To be poſſeſt: inſtead of theſe they read
Sad Tokens he had loſt, or ſoon muſt yield
Part of that Glory back, his Wit or Arm
Had won already------nothing elſe of Pow'r
But ſuch a Dread and Jealouſy to pale
His Looks with that Confuſion which they wore
Too viſible, for deep preſaging Care
Mixt with unquiet Thoughts were ſeen to live

Beneath

Beneath his Viſage, varied with the Hue
Of varying Paſſions, Anger, Hate, Deſpair,
Conquering by turns, and conquer'd, as the Mind
Each dire Intent and Purpoſe lodg'd within
His troubled Boſom, wrote upon his Eye;
Now fierce, now mournful, as his Brow unfolds
The Shape and Image of his hidden Woes;
Working impatient outward from his Breaſt,
That ſtrove in vain to keep his Griefs conceal'd
From thoſe who ſtood around him---- On his Throne
Howe'er he ſits, with Gems and flaming Gold
Blazing aloft, and ſeated high above
The bright Pavilions that were built to hold
His Peers aſſembled to ſalute their King,
Who now prepares to ſpeak, with all the Grace
His Sorrows left him; but alas! he found
The Labour hard and painful, to aſſume
A Courage which he wanted; tortur'd ſore
Between the ſad Extremes to feign a Joy
He long had loſt; and to conceal a Pain
Then ſuffer'd; yet beneath a Brow of Scorn
Diſſembling each, he proudly thus begins-----
Princes, Dominions, faireſt Sons of Light,
Now Heirs of Darkneſs (if our boaſting Foe
Has Strength as well as Hope to work our Fall)
Or loſe thoſe Names for ever, or maintain
By ſome new Proof, ſome Deeds of nobler Fame
Than yet atchiev'd in Council or in Arms
You ſtill deſerve them; for the fatal Hour
It ſeems is now arriv'd, fixt by his Voice
Supreme in Heav'n ſaluted, for the laſt
We muſt inhabit here; or from theſe Thrones
Survey our wide Dominions ſtretch'd below;
To other Realms commanded, diſtant far
From theſe fair Regions which we now enjoy;
Reſembling theſe Abodes we are to yield

As Hell, theſe Heavens; or Darkneſs does the Day!
For know, this Moment clad in fiery Arms
I met the Prime of thoſe who oft deſcend
With Orders from above, (the chiefeſt now,
Since I have left yon Heaven, your King to reign)
To call thoſe Legions hence, who from our Arms
Were ſent to guard yon fav'rite World in vain;
Which doom'd to ruin (ſo his Word ordains,
If that alone has Force to make it Fate)
Is ſoon to end in Flames; and we decreed
Down to our ancient Hell, our Seats of Woe.
You have in brief the Meſſage----- round this Throne
Aſſembled now I meet you, to revolve
If what we won by Arms, we muſt reſign
To Threatnings; whether nobly to maintain
Our rightful Empires, and theſe bliſsful Skies;
Standing once more the Thunders of our Foe;
Or by his awful Voice, or Frown ſubdu'd
Return again to Darkneſs, chid away
From theſe Dominions, to Hell's loweſt Flame,
Theſe Numbers nought oppoſing! nothing now
No middle Way will help us, but to yield
To this reproachful Sentence; or with Arms
Encountring the great Rivals of our Fame,
Appeal to Battel, and the Chance of War
In this high Strife of Glory, which ſhall end
Our Bliſs, or Woe for ever! I reſign
Freely thoſe Titles which I ſeem to hold
By ſome Preheminence, if ought refus'd
By me in War or Peril force us yield
Theſe Seats, no longer willing to be ſtil'd
The firſt in Fame, but as that Fame I hold
By ſtanding firſt in Dangers! what this Arm
Already has atchiev'd, may teach each Breaſt
To dread no future Onſet; what remains
Of Vigour growing ſtill, and not to die,

By mortal or immortal Fury tam'd,
Shall guard us, 'till the Threatnings of a Foe
Prove ſtronger than our Swords, and can prevail
In Conflict more than our puiſſant Arms
To Heav'n and Earth amazing! Me ye know
Your Leader once from thoſe opprobrious Chains,
That Hell, the Voice of him that was our Foe
Had doom'd us to inhabit: not our Mind
Unconquer'd yet, not weighing well the Fame
And Strength of thoſe who vanquiſh'd, yet diſdain'd
To groan within thoſe Priſons, which he choſe
To hold us Captive! Witneſs ye that view'd
Ye Heav'ns once ours, and which we ſtill behold
From hence with Eyes of Sorrow; whoſe high Tow'rs
Were ſhaken by this Arm, and ill ſecur'd
By half its Warrior Angels; let them ſay
What Spear, whoſe Sword, what Dangers I declin'd
To lead you on to Glory; tho' our Foes
Degrading our high Merit ſeem'd to claim,
Not won by them, a Glory in our Fall.
What tho' we fled aſtoniſh'd? the Reproach
Of Flight abates and juſtly, to revolve
We fled and ſhrunk from no Created Arm;
Thoſe Bolts we ſhun'd and dreaded, had been thrown
In vain by any croſs the flaming Sky
But by Almighty Vengeance; by his Rage
Who hurl'd thoſe pointed Fires amidſt his Foes;
The laſt dire Arms his Anger kept in Store
To prove we cou'd not bear 'em; nor ſubdu'd
By THESE, altho' retiring; which in Fight
A prudent Valour ſtrong and unimpair'd
Oft chuſeth, and yet blameleſs! for his Voice
Still wanted Pow'r to bind us to our Chain,
Beneath thoſe Flames our Eſſence to ſecure,
To which his Wrath had doom'd us! Thoſe tall Fires
Which wall'd Hell's Manſions, and the Gulph between

This and yon nether World, were Bars too low
To ſtop my Enterprize, or cloſe in Night
Thoſe Numbers, when my Purpoſe was to ſail
Acroſs the Flames, and bring you back to Day.
I took the firſt deep Plunge into the Waves
Of yonder fiery Ocean; firſt eſſay'd
With bold advent'rous Steps to ſoard and ſound
The Depth, and Horror of its loweſt Flames;
Whence riſing ſcarce aſtoniſh'd, (for what Pow'r
Vigour like ours impriſon'd can detain)
I gave the firſt great Proof, our ſteddy Frames
In Hell were yet immortal; that his Arm
Who drove us from our Skies, yet wanted Skill
To rob us of a Prize we valued more,
Our Claim to Immortality, which now
We hold ſecure; ſince thoſe grim horrid Fires
Devouring all Things elſe, yet wanted Rage
To waſte our Eſſence, firm and nothing chang'd
Beneath their Fury, which wou'd drive away
Theſe Heavens, diſſolving with a milder Flame
Than we derided---- hence to eaſe our Pain
We won this Glory, that we cou'd endure
And ſcorn much greater Pain than what we bore,
Tho' held awhile in Darkneſs; worthy ſtill
Of the high Thrones we loſt, but loſt with Fame;
Since but to tempt, and dare Almighty Arms
Was an Ambition ſure worth all the Woes
It coſt us to enjoy it. From our Sky
We fell indeed, but in our Fall reſign'd
A ſervile Vaſſalage in Heav'n, to boaſt
Supremacy below, a nobler Name;
A richer Triumph far than to enjoy
The higheſt State above, if not ſupreme;
While thus we robb'd the Victor of his Joy;
Thus turning what he meant ſhou'd be our Shame
Into our fairer Glory; while we gain'd

A Throne, altho' in Hell, yet ſtill a Throne;
Rival to his, and ever compaſs'd round
With equal Numbers to ſalute us Kings
Of thoſe wide Realms, where if we want his Light,
He wants our Darkneſs; which he oft aſſumes
To lend a greater Rev'rence to his Skies;
Borrowing thoſe Clouds from hence, to make his Throne
Like ours ador'd and dreadful---- nothing then
Live we inferior to his State, but wear
Our equal Titles, held with Strength as high;
Our Subjects or Dominions viewing, thoſe
Without Compute, and theſe diſdaining Bounds:
Say then is Might like ours, ſuch Numbers led
By ſuch a Leader to reſign the Prize
Of Glory to the Threatnings of a Foe?
Is Empire, Title, paſt and preſent Fame
Which coſt our Arm the ſore and dang'rous Toil
Of War to merit; are theſe charming Skies,
Yon Earth as bliſsful, to be chid away
From our Poſſeſſion, with a Breath of Air,
By ſolemn Interdict; like female Foes
With Words conflicting; throwing by our Arms?
No Warriors! never 'till this Sword of Flame
Proves faithleſs; has forgot its wonted Sway
In dreadful Battel, can I tamely yield
Without Reluctance, to give up at once
Our Conqueſts and our Glory; 'till who fear
To meet in Fight, evince us, that the Voice
Of thoſe we dread, is mightier than our Arm.

He ſpoke: and loud Applauſes, ſuch as tore
The antient Theatres of *Greece* and *Rome*,
When ſome fam'd Orator harangu'd the Crowd
With Eloquence, inciting them to gain
From Rival States ſome fair and freſh Renown;
High and more high than theſe, was heard the Noiſe

Of ſhouting Multitudes, around their King;
Pour'd out beyond the Sound of meeting Waves
In Approbation of his Voice and Fame,
Extolling both; and above both his Arm
Then asking Battel, when th' Almighty bore
His Thunders to oppoſe him: But not long
To hail their Heroe's Worth his Subjects gain'd,
When riſing graceful from his ſecond Throne,
Belial, whoſe Deeds, except their Chief, in Fame
None equall'd, while his careful Viſage ſpoke
Before his Voice, thus damps their ſhort-liv'd Joy.
Warriors, and thou great LEADER, firſt to try
With vent'rous Steps the horrid Gulf, profound
Illimitable, caſt by Fate between
Hell, and theſe happy Empires which we hold,
Won from yon Heav'n by thy victorious Arm;
Think not I dread a Danger more, or bear
Leſs Hate and Oppoſition to our Foe;
(If Hate or Oppoſition and dire Rage
And Strength not infinite cou'd ought avail
To cope with him in Battel, whoſe great Arm
In Earth and Heav'n and theſe wide Regions round
Meets with no Equal) judge not that my Voice
Therefore diſſwades from War, becauſe I fear
To meet whatever may be met below
Of Dread or Peril; no; my Thoughts encline
To ſober Counſels, weighing well the Chance
Of War with Heav'n; the ſure and ſorer Fate
That muſt await us from a ſecond Foil
Receiv'd from our great Conqu'ror! though we claim
Some Eminence in Glory, yet in time
Let us reflect, that Strength without a Guide
Directing where to aim, with whom to ſtrive
(Our own well ponder'd, and our Rival's Arm)
Degenerates into Raſhneſs; and inſtead
Of leading us to Triumph, only leads

To baſe Reproach, foul Infamy and Shame;
That waits a cloſe Attendant on the Heels
Of thoughtleſs Courage, which with Dangers charm'd
Finds 'em at laſt ſuperior; and bemoans
Too late the eager Hope that puſh'd her on
To ſtrike, where Caution did not guide the Blow,
And teach her how to conquer: e'er we then
Reſolve on Battel, let our own be weigh'd
(Self Love and Pride forbid to hold the Scale)
With our Competitor's high Worth and Fame;
And if the Balance where we truſt our Pow'r
Flies upward, let its Lightneſs ſerve to kill
The falſe Eſteem we had in our weak Arms;
And count it Triumph to avoid a Foe
We cannot conquer: have we loſt the Day
(If e'er it can be loſt) when from theſe Skies
Confounded, ſpiritleſs, aſtoniſh'd, tore
By his corroding Fires, we downward flew?
And thought the Beds of Sulphur where we lay
Gaſping and all amaz'd, tho' cover'd o'er
With Hell's ſurrounding Flames, an Eaſe from Pain;
A Refuge from his Anger; where we choſe
Rather to dwell, than upward caſt our Eye,
Dreading, tho' with a Glance from thence to view
His Viſage, more conſuming than our Fires;
Both dreadful; tho' the horrid Sparks that flew
From Hell's deep Cavern ſmote us with a Rage
Leſs fierce and cruel: let theſe conſcious Wounds
Theſe Thunder Scars, too deep for Time to heal,
Bring to our Mind afreſh, what once we bore;
With whom we wou'd contend-----nay more, ſubdue:
Tho' ſure theſe during Marks of our paſt Shame
Will force us to remember what our Foe
Cou'd once inflict; nor prompt us to engage
A ſecond time to try what ſorer Pain
What deeper Gaſhes his pernicious Fires

Can

Can work within us, and almoſt ſubdue
Undying Eſſence! for altho' we fain
Wou'd loſe in long Oblivion, what we once
Loſt in the dire Debate for Rule and Fame;
Yet oh! who lives forgetful of that Day,
Whoſe Conſcience ſtill amaz'd with what we bore
But wakes Remorſe afreſh, preſents our Eye
With the fair Seats we loſt, altho' we fought
With all theſe Numbers then, how great and ſtrong
They now are deem'd, againſt one ſingle Foe?
Can we be firm in Battel? can we ſtand
Secure before the Lofty one, who dwells
Deep in Eternity? when we behold
Theſe Heav'ns, yon Earth, each fearful World around
Vaniſh and melt before him? has our Eye
Forgot his great [a] Deſcent (for oft we view
His Train deſcending) when along the Sky
He drove his fiery Chariot all enflam'd;
Terror, and Wrath and Indignation glow'd
Above, below, and ev'ry Way around
The rapid Wheels, as he their Fury guides
Along the Roads of Heav'n; beneath his Feet
The Clouds that ill ſuſtain'd the Load they bore
Grew dark awhile, 'till by his Viſage chang'd
They gain'd new Luſtre, and from off his Eye
Drew ſudden Light, and caught the living Flame
That iſſu'd from his Noſtrils; lighted now
From off his Heav'n, that burnt where-e'er he flew,
The Rocks and conſcious Mountains to and fro
That heard his Voice were ſhaken, while they bow,
Tho' rooted near the Centre, to behold
Their Lord approaching? have we not ſurvey'd
The Earth aſunder cleft, as he drew near;
The dark and hoary Secrets of the Deep
Diſcover'd all and open, as he told
His Wrath and fierce Diſpleaſure; which to ſhun

[a] Habakkuk Chap. 3. Pſal. 18.

The wide Creation trembling ſtrove to gain
New Seats of Refuge; further to retire
From off the Reach of his refulgent Eye
Conſuming all around it. Let us well
Examine then our State, and how we hold
The poor Remains of Bliſs and antient Fame,
Both once ſuperlative; nor vainly turn
Our Foe's Permiſſion only, into Fate;
Ill arguing that theſe Seats we cannot loſe,
Becauſe we long have held 'em. E'er in War
We hazard then that little we enjoy,
(Illuſtrious once, and bright as yonder Skies
From which we now are ſhut) let us demand
Oft of our ſelves, whether our Arm has Pow'r
To combat his, who with his Breath alone
Rolls round ten thouſand Worlds; each drove along
With ſpeed, our ſwifteſt Thought, much leſs our Wing
Can meaſure: ſhou'd we once again alarm,
Or ſtir his Wrath afreſh to be our Foe,
No other Arms requir'd, his Word alone
Would drive us juſt like Duſt acroſs the Air,
By Millions, far remote from theſe fair Thrones,
Deep into Darkneſs, and the horrid Shades
Of Night and Hell, burying theſe heav'nly Forms
In black Obſcurity; from whence to riſe
We then might hope, when once Finite can vie
With Infinite; when meaſur'd Strength has Pow'r
To cope with him in Fight, who yet has liv'd
Thro' Heav'n and Earth unbounded and alone
Dreading no Rival---- where alas! we now
Vainly deliberate, hoping this thick Shade
This Cloud that now ſurrounds us, may conceal
And hide our Counſels, his all-ſeeing Eye
Pierces with Eaſe, to whom the gloom of Night
Looks Orient, wears the Luſtre of the Morn.
Oh let us rather then conſent to bear

Tho'

Tho' hard, our wretched Lot of future Pain
Doom'd by our Conqueror, rather than awake
Once more his Anger; which aſleep and calm
Looks dreadful. Think we then, how well our Arm
Can ſtrive with him in Battel, whom our Eye
Tho' diſtant far from hence can ſcarce behold
Without a dire Amazement. If his Name
Juſt utter'd, thus can pale each Cheek with Fear,
Drain ev'ry Boſom of its Strength and Flame
And Vigour, jealous what a direful Change
May ſoon await us, only from a View
Of him we ſtrive to conquer; ſhall our Sword
Have Force in Conflict boldly to oppoſe
His Might and Anger preſent, who remov'd
And abſent now ſo far, has yet a Pow'r
Without his Bolts, his Thunders, and his Flames,
Vain Inſtruments of War, to damp our Pride?
Chuſing beſide his Breath no other Arms
To drive us hence----- for that alone ſubdues.
You have my Voice----- but of what Moment, thoſe
(Who ſeem to hear aſtoniſh'd, what they hear)
Can beſt decide; how juſt, and well deſign'd
To guard againſt the worſt of that ſad Fate
Our Foe has threaten'd, thoſe who ſeem to ſcorn
His Force in Battel, now have Leave to ſay.

He ſpoke and ſate; and left in ev'ry Breaſt
A Perturbation, which each mournful Eye
Told viſible! for deep the Dread deſcends
In ev'ry Boſom of that Sword and Arm,
Which once they felt before, from which they flew,
And rather choſe to bear the cruel Pains
Of loweſt Hell, or worſe, than to endure
Once more in Fight the Sparks and direful Flame
Conſuming what it met, whereon it fell,
Shot with pernicious Rage from off the Eye

Of their dread Foe, which Way ſoe'er he turns.
But what can tame th' obdurate Heart? Diſdain
To view ſuch Grief, and Numbers in Deſpair,
Excited one, (who ſate the next in Fame
To *Satan*, and above him in the Scorn
Of juſt Submiſſion tho' to Heav'n) to calm
Their Dread awhile; and with a Look that ſpoke
Defiance, and ſtern Hate of ev'ry Foe,
Diſdaining Dangers, with a haughty Smile
Preluding, thus attempts to give 'em Joy!
Rulers of Hell! or if you rather chuſe
Titles more laudable and full of Fame,
Terrors, and Foes of Heav'n, for ſuch we ſtand
And ſuch ſhall ever live, in Spite of all
Our Tyrant threatens, or his Hand, tho' fill'd
With hotteſt Thunders or with reddeſt Flames
Can mingle to affright us; never call
Your ſelves the Heirs of Light, or Heav'nly born,
And wear that Paleneſs, which upbraids your Birth
With baſe Original from Duſt and Clay,
Earth's loweſt Off-ſpring----- nay you hold Compare
Scarcely with ſuch, who more than once have ſcorn'd
With mortal Strength alone, immortal Ire;
Accuſing our baſe Fear, who with an Arm
Superior, hide a Spirit far beneath
Their Courage, born this Hour, the next to die.
Are theſe our Clouds? have we at our Command
The paſſive Elements? can we embroil
The Air with hideous Ruin, with the Sound
Of Thunder, and the Lightning's ſloping Flame?
Can we ſtir up the Winds, and bid 'em fly
Acroſs the Continent and foaming Main,
To rend the Foreſt; cleave a dreadful Way
Along the frighted Deep, and lift the Sea
High in the Clouds; lodging its airy Waves
Above the Firmament, where once they hung?

Can we excite the Whirlwind? drive along
The angry Storm before us, make a Hell
Of theſe fair Heavens, commanding War to riſe
'Twixt Contraries, and mingle Floods with Flame?
Have we ſtill left a Voice, to arm what e'er
We view around, the Earth, the Seas, the Air,
For our Defence in Battel, and thus arm'd
Do we refuſe inglorious to maintain
This Station, and theſe Seats, which yet to hold
With more Security we can ſurround
With Walls of thicker Darkneſs, Clouds, or Fire?
Does he that wou'd deprive us of our Thrones
Boaſt of his Thunders? have we lodg'd beneath
Our dark infernal Mounts no ſecret Stores
Of Sulphur, moulded by our Art to throw
Againſt his Lightnings----- croſſing Flame with Flame!
Encountring in dire Conflict, when they join
Outragious, heav'nly with infernal Fire?
What has our Foe (whoſe Voice wou'd fain remove
And drive us from our happy Seats, each Morn
Scented with Incenſe, and encompaſs'd round
With Millions, that deride his Name and Sky)
What Engines, what dire Arts and cruel Arms
Can he invent, nor we at once oppoſe
As dire and cruel, to expel their Rage
And his Intent againſt us? can we view,
Or ſit we idly here, and hence behold
His Fires deſcending, ſpouted from the Sky
To whelm us under Ruin, nor eſſay
With joint Revenge to ſlack the driving Storm
Levell'd againſt us? rather let us try
To turn theſe Clouds and Vapours into Floods,
Thoſe Floods to Seas; and if their Waters fail
To check the dreadful Progreſs of his Flames,
Let us with doubled Rage from hence deſcend
Beneath the angry Deep, and from below

Fling

Fling half the Ocean up againſt his Skies
To ſave our Earth from Ruin; with loud Noiſe
Where Seas amidſt the Air encount'ring Flame,
Shall meet in Fight; and if our World beneath
Begins to tremble, yet ſhall we expoſe
His Heav'n to equal Danger, as they join.

He ſpoke; and into angry Terror chang'd
His Viſage dark as Night; when loud Acclaim
And ſudden Shouts from all the riſing Throng
Of Cherubim, applauding his great Fame
Flew round him; juſt as nitrous Duſt when fir'd
Wide in a Moment propagates the Flame;
That when the Eye beholds the Light begun
It views it ended! But his raviſh'd Ear
Long had not drunk the Joy of his own Praiſe,
When riſing from his Throne a *Demon* arm'd
With dire Reluctance againſt Heav'n, and Scorn
Ever to yield, thus ſeconded his Voice
With proud Demeanour----- Pow'rs, eternal Names!
(For what Records, or Annals of the Sky
Witneſs the Time, or when, or whence we drew
Our Birth and great Beginning) let the Fate
Be Hell, or worſe, our Conqueror's Will decrees
Againſt us, never let us wrong our Fame,
Impeach and ſtain our Godhead with a Deed
Unworthy our Deſcent, and theſe fair Thrones
We fill with ſo much Glory! if the Pains
And Fate our Foe has threaten'd muſt be bore
(And theſe bright Helms, theſe Swords and dreadful Arms
Waving aloft, are wore to ſhine in vain)
Let us ſubmit to all, and more than all
His Wrath has yet denounc'd, rather than own
We 'ſcap'd our Hell, our Torments, and our Chains
His Voice forgiving! ſhall we baſely owe
Our Empire to the Smiles of him we ſcorn?

Wou'd

Wou'd conquer, nay that very Moment hate,
While we beſeech him: ſooner let us ſtrive
From our own ſelves to draw a nobler Cure
To heal our preſent Smart, than once repine
And leave our Foe leſs Labour to ſubdue
Our Forces, weaken'd with their own Deſpair.
Rather like Spirits ſprung from yonder Sky,
Let us confirm our Race by Deeds as fair
And eminent, to Wrath and great Diſdain
Turn our unworthy Sorrows, baſe in all,
In us the loweſt Frailty: what we waſte
In our ignoble Fears, wou'd better tend
Well manag'd to foment and to inſpire
Far nobler Paſſions, and ſuffice to give
Our Foes that very Torment which for want
Of learning our own Worth, we all conſpire
To give each other! never let our Voice
Miſcall our State unhappy, while we claim
What each of heavenly Birth ſhall ever hold,
Fore-knowledge, Immortality, a Mind
Not to be tam'd and broken, by whate'er
The Will and Sentence of our cruel Foe
Can yet inflict; and which with the ſame Eaſe
He threatens, we at once can bear, and ſcorn.
Let us our ſelves awhile and State ſurvey,
And take the Meaſure of our future Fame
From our paſt Glories: have we reign'd thus long
On Earth in ſpite of Heav'n? and held in Thrall
Tenfold the Numbers that adore yon Sky;
Paying us Worſhip, while its Temples round
Riſe unfrequented? do we feel impair'd
Or waſting ought that Vigour, Force and Flame
That dwelt within us once, and ſtill ſhall dwell
Unhurt, unfading; give us to deride
The ſtrongeſt Rival, and the proudeſt Arm?
And feeling the ſame Spirit, do we fear

To combat the ſame Dangers, which before
We both have met, and conquer'd. Cou'd our Foe
When we loſt Heav'n, or rather when we chang'd
Our Thraldom for Dominion; cou'd his Rage,
Tho' highly then incens'd, perſuade our Stay
Beneath that Hell he vainly had decreed
To be our Lot and Portion? had he Power
To bind and chain us to thoſe horrid Fires
In which we were to reſt, and tamely dwell
Ages of Sorrow, 'til his Vengeance cloy'd
With our dire Sufferings, wou'd vouchſafe to change
Our Manſions, and releaſe us from our Chains?
No: Millions now around us felt and ſcorn'd
Th' ignoble Bondage; ſoon convinc'd our Foe,
How vain his Hope, to caſt a feeble Mound
Of Sulphur, boyling Seas, and Gulphs of Flame
About our Eſſence, which had ever Pow'r
Thro' Bars more ſtrong and ſolid to get free,
And wind its Way reſiſtleſs! Call to Mind
With what Alacrity and Eaſe we ſprung
Above thoſe Mountains, and red Walls of Fire
Built deep and high, on purpoſe to confine
Theſe Pow'rs impriſon'd: think what little Pains
The Voyage coſt us, when our daring Wing
A Paſſage clove acroſs the madding Sea
Of Sulphur, boyling like its Founder's Rage;
But flinging round in vain its ruddy Wave,
Its Foam, and Sparkles, and outragious Flame
To thwart our Purpoſe, or one Moment ſtay
Our Flight from Darkneſs; let us then diſdain
Th' ignoble Dread of what we may endure
Or feel hereafter, only from a View
Of what has been already, and again
May be ſubdu'd by our victorious Power,
Turning our Dread into a noble Scorn
And brave Defiance of that Fate we hear

Threaten'd,

Threaten'd, but while ſuch Numbers ſtand in Arms
Sure ne'er to be accompliſh'd----Who adviſe
Submiſſion (a low Name we ſhou'd diſdain)
Shou'd number firſt what Millions ſtand around,
What Troops now glitter in refulgent Arms,
Smiling, tho' dreadful; who already fam'd
Wait now impatient only for Command
To purchaſe further Glories! let the View
Of Armies ſuch as theſe, drive far away
The Dread of Battel with the fierceſt Foe,
And bury there our Fear, where now we loſe
With Shame thoſe Titles which we ever bore
Ador'd by Earth and Hell, and what we prize
Much more, oft fear'd by Heav'n---- Say, is our own
Of late grown weaker, or our Rival's Arm
Inſpir'd with freſher Might? were thoſe dire Caves
He form'd to hold us, but the firſt Eſſays
Of his Revenge? or can he build more ſtrong;
Lay the Foundation of another Hell
More deep, or fence it with a broader Flame
Than what we once have croſt; and ſhall again
(If yet again he wou'd our Force eſſay)
Tho' twice tenfold in Circuit the mad Sea
Of Sulphur burning round us, and deſign'd
By our Tormentor vainly to encloſe
The Hell he ſeems to threaten --- who prefer
Bondage to Freedom, to Dominion Chains,
Let him refuſe to follow where I wave
Theſe Enſigns; ---- but let all intent on Fame
Liſten to what your Leader's Voice, now mine
Invites you; who our ſelves will lead the Way
To ev'ry horrid Danger firſt, to Death
We cannot, Fate forbiding us to die;
Elſe in this Cauſe we gladly cou'd reſign
A Life, or what is deem'd than Life more dear.

He ſpoke. And echoing Sounds like thoſe that fill'd
The Plains of Battel when their Troops purſu'd
Grecian or *Roman* oft, the flying Foe,
Were heard thro' all the Hoſt; 'till from his Throne
A Chief, the next in Worth and Regal Fame
Sagely deliberate, who with deepeſt Thought
Ponder'd Events, and weigh'd with preſent Care
Each future Danger, roſe, and bending low
Begins thus ſolemn! Princes, Regents, Thrones!
Titles once ours, when Heirs of Light we ſhone
Above, and quite outſhone the riſing Morn
With our ſuperior Glories, now to loſe
Our Bliſs at once and Fame in one ſad Doom,
Unleſs we can ſubdue the Ills we fear
By other Means, than yet what any Voice
Has purpos'd to ſecure us! did we ſtrive
With mortal Force, with leſs than him who reigns
Supreme, altho' Immortal; we might gain
A Hope tho' not to conquer, yet to ſhun,
What wou'd be more than Conqueſt now, thoſe Ills
Some feign we yet may combate: let us then
Manage with Caution the ſhort Space that lyes
Too ſhort alas and dreadful now between
Us and Perdition, nor with boaſtful Arms
Provoke our greater Foe, and madly turn
Diſpleaſure into Vengeance; prompt his Rage
To point his Thunders with a keener Flame;
Which ſhall deſcend, in ſpite of theſe weak Shields
And Helms, and whatſoever elſe we hold
Aloft to skreen us from the forked Fire,
Whene'er his Breath, the only Weapon us'd
To work our Downfall, ſhall ordain our Stay
Under the Gulphs of Hell; our certain Doom,
Unleſs we fly (which yet we are to gain
Not by oppoſing) that opprobrious Shame
That Seat of Woe, from which our own frail Arm

How

How highly priz'd of late, and greatly fam'd,
Wants Strength to free us, if his Will ordains
Our Lot beneath yon Darkneſs! Is the Day,
Or the fierce Pains forgot, remember'd well
When firſt we bore 'em, to believe or feign
We yet ſhall carry with us, if we fall
Once more into our Hell and all its Flames,
Something within us ſerving to allay
And ſlack their Fury? while we vainly turn
Thoſe Gifts into our Fame, our wiſer Foe
Contrives, alas! but to ſupport our Pain;
Miſcalling that our Glory, which he gives
But to augment our Torments.---Thus we boaſt
Our ſelves to be immortal---wretched Joy!
Too cruel Bounty! purpos'd to prolong
And build our Eſſence firm for endleſs Shame;
Strengthen'd with Immortality to bear
A Wrath as laſting; ſtrongly to endure
That Anguiſh, which a Being not endued
With Immortality cou'd ne'er ſuſtain.
Oh let us ſtrive to loſe this hapleſs Joy;
Reſign the dreadful Glory which we gain
From this ſad Privilege---*we cannot die.*
A Gift indeed, but oh on purpoſe lent
To pleaſe the Giver, not our ſelves; our Moan
Now ceaſeleſs, and enduring like his Rage,
Rejoicing at the Accents we ſhall pour
To vent our Paſſions, tho' not give our Pain
One Moment's Relaxation! fatal Fame!
Unkindeſt Mercy! Love deriv'd from Scorn!
Curſing us thus with Life, but to extend
Our Miſeries; while thus we boaſt a Prize
Much better wanted! for well knew our Foe,
A ſhorter Date allotted to our Shame
Had robb'd his angry Eye of half the Joy
It feels in our Remorſe, and ſtill muſt feel;

No leſs Duration able to ſuffice
Undying Vengeance, but undying Pain!
Oh let us then believe the Life we claim,
The Glory ne'er to ceaſe, and not to die,
Is lent us by our Foe alone to feed
And cheriſh endleſs Torments. Did his Eye
The ſame Delight participate to view
Our utter Diſſolution as our Woe;
With the ſame Eaſe he cou'd undo theſe Frames,
Sever and diſſipate that now we call
Immortal, as his Preſence drives away
Yon Hills before him; who with conſcious Fear
No longer firm, bend their aſtoniſh'd Brow;
While his fierce Anger like the Whirlwind's Voice
Cleaves through each Mountain's Top a dreadful Wound
Shewing the Center naked. Shall our Arms,
Tho' match'd with nothing mortal, then contend
With him in Deeds of Glory, when we view
Theſe Heavens, yon Earth, each trembling where he turns
His awful Steps, nor able to endure
The Preſence of their Lord with Terrors arm'd?
Cou'd we conceal our ſelves within a Shade
Tenfold the Depth of that which now ſurrounds
Theſe ſecret Manſions; from his piercing Eye
One ſingle Glance wou'd cut the horrid Gloom,
And leave a Day, where now the ſable Brow
Of Night obſcures us, with her friendly Veil.
Tho' Darkneſs now may hide us, tho' we hear
No burſting Sound from yonder peaceful Sky;
Yet ſhou'd he bare his Arm, and to each Eye
Reveal his Fires, juſt o'er theſe regal Thrones,
Speaking his Wrath in Thunders, while he throws
His Arrows round us, who wou'd then deride
Heaven's Terrors, who excite theſe Troops to arm?
Whoſe Courage then wou'd tempt him to aſcend
And lead theſe Armies up to yonder Skies,

Blazing with hideous Light; what Hero's Arm
Who boaſted late his Might beyond Compare,
Equal to every Danger, and each Foe;
Who, when he hears the Sounds, and views the Flames
That burſt and glare aloft, ſhall yet be bold
To call theſe Troops to Battel, or inſpire
Others with Hopes of Triumph, when he feels
Himſelf confounded with his own Deſpair?

He ſaid, nor err'd---for e'er his Words had reach'd
The furtheſt Ranks, rebounding thro' the Sky
Ten thouſand Thunders echo'd; while the Clouds
Shot down amidſt their Bands a Shower of Flame,
That dampt at once their Spirit, and reveal'd
Thro' the dread Chaſm, that now let in the Day
To Heaven, their horrid Council: dire Diſmay
And deep Aſtoniſhment a while detain'd
Their Horror ſpeechleſs; on the other's Brow
Each reads a dying Paleneſs, by the Flame
The glaring Lightnings left amidſt the Shade,
That ſtrove in vain to hide 'em, or repell
The rapid Force of Heaven's deſcending Fires,
That gave a Light to Darkneſs, and the Cloud
Encloſing round their Legions, turn'd to Day.
Down drop their uſeleſs Arms; the Voice of War,
The Boaſt of Fame and Triumph rings no more,
Among the Rebel Hoſt; no Shouts are heard
From their great Leader's Throne, to bid 'em arm
For Battel; all alone in ſad Deſpair
He views, and ſighs to view the upper Skies
Wide open thrown; and what afflicts his Mind
With ſoreſt Anguiſh and with ſaddeſt Pain,
Beholds the Seat above, which once ſuſtain'd
Himſelf and Glories, till Ambition loſt
Both that and Heaven---how deep his Woe to find
The armed Plains above with Legions throng'd,

Soon to deſcend, and ſmiling to behold
Himſelf and Powers confounded! Thrice he ſtrove
And thrice th' Apoſtate ſtrove to raiſe in vain
His fall'n Companions, loſt beneath the Flames
Flung from above, and working horrid Pain;
While the ſame Sorrow liv'd upon his Brow
Too viſible, he ſeem'd to chide away
From off his Fellow's Cheek! with ghaſtly Eye
Each glar'd at each, and ſhot a horrid Gloom
Acroſs the Darkneſs, which the Lightning's Ray
Deep pierc'd, but could not conquer, while the Night
Doubles its Shade, looks blacker as they frown.
Too near the Verge of Light, they now reſolve
A ſecond Council, which their diſtant Foe
With Flames nor Thunders ſhou'd moleſt, and chuſe
Rather the Shame of Flight, than longer ſtay
To hear each Voice on high upbraid their Arm
With Want of Courage: at their Leader's Call
They leave the Clouds, their Signal to remove
His Shield high waving; whoſe huge Orb returns
The Lightnings backward to th' affrighted Sky.
Behind its Shadow, which aloft was bore,
Half his aſtoniſh'd Legions march'd ſecure
From Dread or Danger: on the ſcurfy Top
Of *Ætna* firſt they lighted, from whoſe Brow
Down to the Center leads a fiery Way;
Thither th' affrighted Hoſt with eager Wing
Precipitate, and plunge into the Flame,
Which checks their Speed awhile, and would oppoſe
Their Fall to Darkneſs: here at laſt they found
Extended far and wide a gloomy Cave
Far from the Light of Day, whoſe Shade they choſe
To hide their late Reproach, and number o'er
The diſmal Scars that Heaven's corroding Fires
Had left on every Viſage, where they fell
Fixing obdurate Pain, and Grief, and Woe:

Here

Here round their Monarch's ſable Throne are pour'd
(For ſoon they built below a gorgeous Throne)
His fainting Legions: from whoſe haughty Arm
Some Hopes they yet conceive, once more to gain
Their loſt Dominions; 'til their conſcious Thought
Once more preſents 'em with the angry Foe
They firſt muſt conquer; ſtrait the ſhadowy Scene
Of Triumph fades away, and leaves each Breaſt
Again diſconſolate beneath its Pain;
Wiſhing the Convex Earth's ſurrounding Frame
Of double Depth to guard 'em from Heaven's Fires;
Trembling, and near the Center ſcarce ſecure.

The End of the Third Book.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

BOOK IV.

Communis mundo ſupereſt Rogus oſſibus aſtra
Miſturus—— Lucan.
——— Cum compage ſoluta
Secula tot mundi ſuprema coegerit hora,
Antiquum repetent iterum Chaos omnia; miſtis
Sidera ſideribus concurrent; ignea pontum
Aſtra petent: tellus extendere littora nolet,
Excutietque fretum—— &c. Ibid.

HAIL ſacred Light! whoſe fair and beauteous Beam
More gladly I reviſit, wandring long
Beneath the nether Shades, without thy Ray
To guide my Steps along the lonely Gloom
And Paths of Darkneſs; by thy Aid I gain
Once more theſe upper Regions; and with Joy
Behold thy Birth juſt iſſuing from the Morn:
By thee aſſiſted I adore yon Sky
And Seaſon's ſweet Return: what Hill or Plain,
What Scenes the higher Mount, or humble Vale
Preſent the Eye, are owing to thy Beam,
That we ſurvey delighted every Charm
Of Nature op'ning round us: with ſuch Joy
The World beheld thee firſt, when thron'd on high
Thy golden Lamp was hung; whoſe Light ſubdu'd
The flying Darkneſs, which ſo long conceal'd
The Earth's freſh Beauties, without Beauty, ere
The Day appear'd, and bid the raviſh'd Eye
Look round and wonder! What yon Skies unfold
Within their ample Circuit, or whate'er

This

This nether World, with Gladneſs to inſpire
Or cheer the Heart of Man, in vain we try
To gaze at, 'til thy roſy Hand throws wide
The golden Gate, and from the eaſtern Sky
Lets forth the Morning---- to each Flower its Hue,
The various Offspring of the Field and Grove,
Myrtle, or Violet; to the Virgin's Cheek
Its Bluſh and Roſes, by the Night conceal'd,
Thou kindly doſt unveil, and giv'ſt each Charm
To ev'ry Object, which alas bemoans
Its Beauties unavailing to beſtow
Delight to human Eye, before the Day
Opens the ample Scene with Glories ſtor'd,
Each above each tranſporting, and with Joy
Bleſſing each Senſe they courted! Say belov'd,
By Heaven, its faireſt Offspring, (for in thee
The Happy dwell, for ever compaſs'd round
With Light above, and with inceſſant Day)
Say! ſhall the Morning e'er approach, when thou
From off thy Throne aloft ſhalt caſt thy Eye
Upon this hapleſs Earth, and thence behold
Her Temples, faireſt Seats, and proudeſt Domes
As thy great Chariot flames along the Air,
All loſt in Ruin? ſhalt thou ever moan,
One of thoſe various Worlds thy Beams inſpir'd
The faireſt vaniſh'd? and where once ſhe roll'd
Her Orb in State above, and flung each Morn
Forth from her ſmelling Boſom round thy Skies
A thouſand ſweeteſt Odours, canſt thou view
Without a Sigh the Place ſhe once enjoy'd
Among her Siſter Stars, holding no more
That guilty Orb tho' fair, whoſe fruitful Glebe
Like a great Parent with thy genial Fires
Thou often haſt impreſt; with thy fond Ray
Begetting on each Flood and fertile Plain
A thouſand Births at once? how can thy Eye

Look down from off thy Throne, and where with Charms
Bedeck'd, and Verdure once her Sphere was turn'd,
See nothing but a Blot, the dead Remains
And Relicks of a broken World o'erthrown,
Conceal'd beneath in Aſhes: thy own Fate
Perhaps may next enſue, and Progreſs end,
When rolling on thy glorious Way, no Voice
Survives below to bleſs thy cheerful Ray;
Thy kindly Heat, no Branch, or Herb, or Flow'r
Asking at Spring's Return;---- and he who gave
Thy Virtues, gave 'em not to waſte in vain!

Now had the great Archangel, undiſmay'd
At *Satan*'s Threatnings, led along the Sky
(Following th' Imperial Colours where they wav'd)
His warlike Legions! many a League they flew
Direct or winding, as their doubtful Way
Lay ſtrait, or thwarted by the Orbs or Light
Of interpoſing Stars, whoſe Circles round
They oft with Labour traverſe, to regain
The nether Path that guides aright their Wing
Down to the Earth's fair Globe! a Star ſhe ſeems
At Diſtance, with a thouſand Stars enclos'd,
Shedding their Lights around, and, as ſhe flies,
Waiting her eaſtern Flight; while now ſhe meets,
Now from the Sun retires; and from his Beams
Borrows a ſweet Exchange of Night and Day;
Near to her Verge, and now alas too near
The leading Cherub ſtands; and o'er thoſe Plains
His Eye had oft before beheld with Joy
He throws a mournful Look, and ſcarce with-holds
A Tear, that ſtrove to fall, while thus his Voice
Reveals the Pain within him! Angels, Thrones,
Earth's Guardians once, while ſhe deſerv'd your Care;
See yet ſhe ſmiles, unconſcious that her Doom
Has paſt his Lips, who never ſhall recall

The Sound that bid her periſh; can ye view
And not with Sorrow view, how yet her Spring
Sends forth each op'ning Bud? how bloom her Groves
With *Myrrh* and *Caſſia*; and their Incenſe pour
Forth from their ſpicy Branches as they waye
Fan'd with odorous Winds, that move more ſlow
With the ſweet Load they carry? ſome with care
Still prop the loaded Vine, in hopes her Bough
With cheerful Cups and Mirth wou'd ſoon repay
Their pleaſing Labour; ſome to Evening Bowers
Bind the ſweet Jeſs'min; under whoſe cool Shade
The Youth retiring whiſpers [a] Tales of Love
To the coy Virgin, who with Bluſhes hears
The tender Paſſion, and her Beauties prais'd;
Heedleſs alas, while each on each beſtows
Kind Looks of fondeſt Purpoſe, that the Hour
Mark'd for their Bliſs, ſhou'd haſten on their Doom;
Conſuming, but beneath far other Flames
Than Beauty kindles; in the nuptial Bower
By Heaven's avenging Fires too ſoon deſtroy'd:

He ſpoke, and ſigh'd; and turning off his Eye
From the ſad Scene beneath, too long detain'd
In viewing, what awak'd his Grief to view;
Zephon, a Spirit next in State and Fame,
And Deeds deſerving Triumph, fixing ſad
His heavenly Looks upon the Earth below,
Giving his Pain an Utterance, thus returns.
Is yon the happy World ſo ſung by Fame,
So oft in Heaven the Theme of Angels praiſe?
Whoſe Glories, when unfolded almoſt ſeem'd
To caſt a ſhade upon our heavenly Bowers,
And robb'd 'em of their Sweetneſs! Great to us,
Has been our Maker's Bounty, that we live
For ever bleſt, ſo near his ſacred Throne;
Reaping Delights above, and ev'ry Joy

[a] *St.* Luke 17. 27.

His Smiles and Preſence ever throw around
Our happy Manſions: yet ſuperior far
Has been his Care of Man; that we tho' born
In Heaven, præheminent in Worth and Fame,
Shou'd hence ſo oft deſcend, by his Command;
Leaving theſe Regions where emboſom'd dwells
Soft Peace, to watch around yon earthly Plains;
To turn away thoſe Shafts that always fly
Bolder thro' Darkneſs and the Midnight Shade;
Our ſelves for ever waking, while we give
Unbroken Slumbers to each other Eye;
Which knows not who in Pity hover'd round
The downy Couch, and ſeal'd her Lids till Morn.
Say then, can they who tread thoſe happy Vales
With every Bleſſing ſtor'd; for whom the Eye
Of Heav'n ne'er cloſes; and the Lamp of Day
Rolls on unwearied but to yield 'em Light,
To warm Earth's Glebe, and wake each ſmiling Flower
Upon her Boſom; yet enjoying all
This kind Profuſion, from the bounteous Sky,
Can Man ſurvey this Heaven, his Earth, the Air,
(Centring on him their Influence all) contend,
Which on his Head the kindeſt Gift ſhall pour,
To pleaſe and nouriſh Life; and yet deny
Obedience in Return, and Homage due
To his high Will who gives him all; with Grief
Viewing his Griefs, or ſmiling in his Joy?
If he can joy in ought, beſide a View
Of his own Bliſs and Glories, both ſupreme.
Oh teach us then, ſince thou by Heaven's Command
Thy Wing haſt oftner ſtoopt from hence to bear
To Earth's great Kings ſome Meſſage to ſecure
Or end their Empires, while our Task above
And eaſier Labour was with Songs to praiſe
Or Hymns of Worſhip to extoll the Throne
And Seat of Godhead, oh do thou unfold,

Before

Before the Day approaches, mingling all
Yon World's wide Regions in one common Flame,
Where riſe thoſe cities long in Fame renown'd?
Where ſhine the Temples, which each Morning pour
Such ſweet and loud *Hoſannah's* to the Sky;
That often wake our Harps, and teach their Strings
A ſofter Harmony? ſay on what Shore
(For half her Globe I view embrac'd with Seas)
Bordering, the Realms of late or paſt Renown
Now flouriſh, hoping each to grace their Arms
With Triumphs fairer than they yet have gain'd.
Where ſtretch the *Aſian* Plains? or roar the Waves
That compaſs *Africk* Sands? beneath what Skies
Breath thoſe odorous Vales, that Eve and Morn
Blow from each *India*'s Coaſt their Incenſe round
Grateful to Earth and Heaven? what Regions hold
Europe's great Monarchs, Rivals ſtill in Arms
Gallick or *Auſtrian*? and before the Flame
Defaces all her Glories, guide our Eye,
Oh teach us how to find, or where to view,
While yet ſhe may be ſeen, the happy Iſle
Which with the pureſt and the braveſt Shades
Peoples our heavenly Manſions? clos'd ſhe lies
Within ſome circling Ocean, wide diffus'd
Around her guarded Empires; once the Thrones
Of thoſe bright Forms, who now above the Skies
Are clad with Beauties, fair as thoſe which ſmile
Around each Angel's Cheek, where long renown'd
ELIZA! long belov'd MARIA reign'd.

To whom the Warrior Angel ---- Or behold
This Hour what yon terreſtrial Heaven enjoys
Of Luſtre yet unfaded, or bemoan,
When next your Eyes are bent beneath, each Charm
Vaniſh'd or loſt for ever---- Yonder Hills
Which bear their Heads aloft with Cedars crown'd

Hermon and *Sion*, ſacred Mounts enclos'd
Once that *Imperial City*, rais'd on high;
Where *Salem*'s lofty Towers, the Boaſt and Pride
Of antient *Hebrew* Kings, defy'd the Arms
Of leaguing Monarchs, who begirt her round
In vain with all their War; while Heaven deſcends
To guard his fav'rite Tribes, and lay in Duſt
Each Foe that ſtrove to conquer, what his Voice
Til he ordain'd, had ſwore ſhou'd never fall.
Behold thoſe ſpacious Plains that ſtretch around
Her yet majeſtick Ruins---- there the Tents
Of *Syria* once were rear'd, which cover'd o'er
For many a League, with Chariots, Steeds and Arms
Sad *Judah*'s mournful Vales, and promis'd Fame
To their great Monarch; waiting the Return
In *Nineve*, of his victorious Bands;
Dragging behind their Wheels, o'erſpead with Woe
Ten thouſand fetter'd Captives---- but the Morn
That was to view the Triumph, roſe and view'd
'(Twas this victorious Arm that dy'd the Plain)
The mighty Hoſt all breathleſs; and the Field
Red with [a] *Aſſyrian* Slaughter! there behold
The Spot, where awful once the Structure roſe,
Which chuſing for a while to dwell below
The dreadful [b] Glory of the Higheſt fill'd,
Dazling between two Cherubim, who hide
Their Eyes beneath their Wings, nor dare behold
The fearful Light that flaſh'd for ever round
The heavenly Preſence: nor far off remov'd
The Temple's Height, (the Scene you cannot view
Untouch'd with kindeſt Anguiſh) ſee ariſe
The Mountain, mournful yet, and ſad her Brow,
Where ſtream'd the Blood, and ſtretch'd the ſacred Arms,
And op'ned by the Spear the wounded Side
Bled of the great *Meſſiah*! ſtaining round
The Tree, and Soil, with Drops of hallow'd Gore;

That

[a] 2 King 19. 35. [b] Exodus 25. 19. 20.

That Hour beſtowing Life upon the Foe
Who ſaw his Woes, nor pity'd; tho' the Earth
Conſpir'd with Heaven to moan their Lord's Deſpair;
One blotting out the Day, one op'ning wide
Her frantick Boſom, reſolute to bear
Her Share of Sorrows, while his Heart endur'd
Now burſting for Mankind its Load of Pain;
Conveying Life to thoſe, his Paſſion view
Unſorrowing, unrelenting, as he dies.
See o'er yon hallow'd Rock, three Days his Grave,
An humble Structure riſe; whoſe Marble Eye
Weeps o'er his Tomb, and tells how ſmall a Space
Once held him Captive, whoſe commanding Power
From Darkneſs rais'd this World's unbounded Frame;
While now the Earth, the Air and ample Skies
Want room for half his Glories! Near that Stream
Where *Tygris* eaſtward joins his headlong Wave
With wide *Euphrates'* Current, ſee the Brow
Soaring aloft of that high [a]Mount, which bore
The wearied Bark, which ſav'd the thin Remains
Once of all human Race; the reſt beneath
The wide and roaring Deluge all deſtroy'd.
Southward, and nearer yet yon Ocean's Shore,
Your Eye might once have gaz'd, where ſtood the [b]Throne
Of proud *Aſſyria*'s Monarchs; whoſe high Walls
So often held in Bondage the ſad Race
Of *Iſrael*'s Sons; their ſilent Harps who hung
Near yonder Trees, and ſigh'd for *Sion*'s Shades;
While to their Minds *Euphrates'* murm'ring Waves
Recall the flow'ry Banks of *Jordan*'s Stream,
Where once they ſat delighted; and allur'd
The wandring Flood to hearken to their Song,
Sweet with their Country's Praiſe, and *Zion*'s Fame.
Thoſe [c]Hills that riſe aloft, and in the Clouds
Loſe their aſpiring Heads, have oft ſecur'd
The Southern *Perſian* from the *Tartar*'s Arms;

[a] *Araret.* [b] *Babylon.* [c] *Taurus, Imaus.*

That roves unbounded near the ſpacious Plains
Of *Oxus*, and *Jaxartes*, *Scythian* Streams.
More diſtant yet, and far beyond the Waves
Of *Indus*, and of *Ganges*, you ſurvey
The rich *Sinæan* Kingdoms; and the laſt
Of *Aſia*'s fertile Regions; ſave what lie
What happy [a] Iſlands ſmile beyond the Shore
That bounds her various Empires! ſee how fair
And fraught with every Scene, that may beſtow
On human or celeſtial Senſe a Joy,
Each happy Iſle appears! how flower and bloom
Their Trees of ſweeteſt Scent! how wide diffuſe
Their coſtly Incenſe round the Earth and Sky,
Bore hither, nor ungrateful! how their Heads
Riſe fair and green above the Ocean Wave;
Sending each Year to *Europe*'s diſtant Kings
Their Gifts of richeſt Worth; which the warm Sky
Twice ripens yearly in the fruitful Soil;
Not waiting the Return of Spring to crown
Their Groves with Verdure, which for ever hung
With Fruits and Bloſſoms, know no Seaſon's change,
Paying what yet they promiſe. Can your Eye
Behold yon beauteous Scene on *India*'s Shore,
Her verdant Woods, green Hills, and ſpicy Vales,
Nor grieve to know, what Gifts her Boſom holds
Pleaſing to Earth and Heaven, muſt ſoon expire?
Her Odours all be loſt beneath the Flame,
Waſting the laſt rich Incenſe they can give
On the World's burning Altar. From yon Clime
Of *Ophir*, he who built at Heaven's Command,
The gorgeous Temple worthy to enthrone
The Deity, his Fleets enrich'd with Gold;
Now held by Pagan Kings; from [b] *Zamo*'s Sands
Down to *Sumatra* Southward, who profane
With impious Rites their Worſhip! on thoſe Plains
From ſteep *Niphates*, and the *Caſpian* Wave

To

[a] *Java*, *Borneo*, the *Philippine* Iſlands, &c. [b] A vaſt Deſart in *Aſia*; parting the Empire of *China*, from ſeveral other Oriental Kingdoms.

To *Ormus* South, the warlike *Perſian* ſway'd
A thouſand Cities of ſuperior Fame;
Till wreſted from his Empire by the Arm
Of great *Arſaces* they no more obey'd
Their antient Lord, ſubdu'd by *Parthian* Powers!
See there, tho' wanting now her antient Name,
Great *Suſa*, on *Choaſpes'* Banks ariſe
The Seat of Eaſtern Kings; nor far remov'd
Perſepolis, built near *Araxis'* Wave;
Spar'd by the [a]Conqueror, till a Woman's Voice
Perſuading whom ſhe lov'd, the *Greek* ſubdued
In all its Pride to yield it to the Flames.
Weſtward, and fair, beſide the rapid Stream
Of *Tygris*, view upon his Borders blaze
Great *Cteſiphon*; nor far beneath the Shade
Of high *Orontes*, *Ecbatana*'s Towers;
But doom'd alas to ſend another Flame
Soon to their Clouds, than what they now diſplay
From off their gilded Tops array'd in Gold:
That Stream behold, where rich *Arbella* view'd
Once her aſpiring Structures; there the Fall
Of *Cyrus*, gave the *Greek* his laſt Renown;
And left him (ſighing for a braver Foe)
Nothing ſo brave to conquer. What your Eye
Turn'd Weſtward can ſurvey between the Seas
Or *Caſpian*, or *Ægean*, [b]Empires once
By *Greece*, and after ſway'd by haughty *Rome*,
Now own their *Sultan* Lord; whoſe regal Throne
On yonder Strait that joins the *Euxine* Wave
With the *Propontis*, in *Bizance* is rear'd;
Scorning what Limits bounded *Rome*'s proud Sway
Shou'd circumſcribe his Empire. Whatſoe'er
City or Realm, of late, or ancient Fame
Europe, or *Aſia* boaſt; what *Ninus* rul'd
In wide *Aſſyria* once; what happy Plains
In each *Arabia* ſmile, confin'd between

The

a *Alexander* the Great.

b Kingdoms chiefly of the Leſſer *Aſia*.

The *Perſian* Gulph, and *Erythræan* Wave;
What *Paleſtine* once held, the bliſsful Seat
Of *Iſrael*'s choſen Race; or *Ægypt*'s Soil,
Where proud *Seſoſtris* drag'd beneath his Wheels
Reluctant Monarchs, drove from *Syria*'s Throne
Or *Colcis*, vanquiſh'd by his potent Arm;
All theſe, and Empires ſtretch'd beyond the Sands
Of *Libya*, and *Cyrené*, to the Soil
Of ſcorch'd *Numidia*, and the burning Plains
Of *Mauritania*, cool'd by *Atlas*' Shade
The *Soldan* Monarch ſways; and where the Power
Of *Rome* was oft repuls'd along the Shore
Of *Iſter*, by the *Scythian*'s warlike Arms,
Or *Thrace*'s hardy Troops, his Sword prevails
Victorious, ſhaking oft with dire Alarms
The diſtant *Perſick*, and the *Auſtrian* Throne.
His Rival next in Empire and in Sway
The *Ruſſian* Rules---- his Capitol hence view
On *Volga*'s ſpacious Flood; whoſe Waters pour
Each Day an Ocean in the *Caſpian* Main;
And rolling down, a hundred Realms ſurveys
Upon his Banks, each paying Homage due
To their great Monarch; who with Pride beholds
His Empires, part conceal'd beneath the Snows
Of *Zembla*, and the freezing *Arctic* Sky;
Part flaming under Southern Suns; while he
Supreme in All, from bleak *Petſora*'s Soil
Extends to *Aſtracan* his wide Domain.
Nor can your Eye, tho' diſtant far, not view
From hence the *Baltick* Sound, whoſe Waves divide
The *Swede* and *Dane*, ſtill Rivals, and in Arms;
Beyond whoſe icy Shores (who yet would pine
Under a milder Heaven) whole Nations live
Diſconſolate; nor bleſs the Spring's Return,
Or Summer's kind Approaches; while the Sun
Leaves 'em, retiring to his Southern Throne.

Awhile benighted, and without a Day;
Nor in his higheſt Sphere, ere caſts a Flame
Of Force to give a Birth to Plant or Flow'r
In thoſe cold Regions; which, when born beneath
More kindly Heavens, their Scent and Beauties owe
To his Inſpiring Heat, and Genial Fire.
How great will be the Blaze the Earth ſhall pour
From all her glowing Regions, when the Eye
(Tho' clearly hence ye view each Empire's Bound
From *Java* Eaſtward, to th' *Atlantick* Shore)
Has yet not half the Number counted o'er
Of thoſe devoted Kingdoms that ſhall ſpread
The Ruin wide, and aid her as ſhe burns!
For ſee! how fair and manifold beneath
Theſe happy Skies we tread, Earth's ſmiling Plains
Strive to delight, o'er which your mournful Eyes
Have ſhed no Sorrows yet; but ſoon ſhall claim
Each Angel's ſofteſt Pity, in their Doom:
Oh ſee beyond yon *Alps*, which tow'ring riſe
Among the Clouds, what happy Regions ſmile!
How many Empires, ſeated all beneath
The moſt indulgent Heavens, with Bliſs abound;
Which all, who never view'd our Seats of Joy
Beholding hence, might envy. Near the Main
Stretch'd out in Amplitude and Circuit wide,
From *Belgia* Northward to *Maſſilia*'s Waves,
Varied with Field and Grove fair *Gallia*'s Plains
Look verdant hence; while all her Hills and Vales,
With Springs, and winding Rivers intervein'd,
Allure each Eye to wonder: how the Sides
Of each rich Mountain hung with Cluſters round
Nouriſh the ſwelling Grape; which wand'ring climbs
To gain ſome kind Support whereon to eaſe
Her wearied Boughs, too tender to ſuſtain
The Burthen that adorns 'em: ſee how fair
Her Cities ſoar aloft! and ſeem deſign'd

Each for a Seat of Empire; fit to hold
(So blaze their Beauties round) the awful Throne
Of ſome Imperial Monarch, juſt return'd
From proſp'rous Battel, to receive the Prize
Due to the Heroe's Fame, and Warrior's Arm:
See on the *Seyn*'s green flow'ry Bank, is rear'd
Her great Metropolis; than which the Day
Nothing more fair beholds; except its Eye
Croſſes the Ocean with more Joy to view
The Light that opens from *Auguſta*'s Spires,
Shadowing the *Gallick* Tow'rs; nor e'er to yield
Preheminence, before one common Flame
Decides the Strife of Glory; how elate,
Tho' humbled more than once by *Britiſh* Arms,
Her Sons appear! boaſting a Race of Kings
Succeſſive, and with Regal Virtues crown'd
To *Bourbon*, down from their great *Charlemain*:
But not her Line of Kings, or Heroes fam'd
For Deeds of high Attempt; nor yet her Tow'rs,
From ev'ry Stream reflecting to the Sky
Their own fair Luſtre; nor the Vines that ſhade
Luxuriant ev'ry Mountain, ſhall avail
To add one Moment longer to her Fame;
When his great Voice, whoſe ſolemn Breath decrees
Each Empire's Period ended, ſhall ordain
(And has alas ordain'd) ſhe muſt expire!
Nor can thy Charms, fair Region, ſerve to gain
A Mitigation of thy mournful Doom!
Although thy ſmiling Fields and golden Plains
Send up each Morn an Incenſe to the Sky,
Too ſweet for any but ſome hallow'd Flame;
And almoſt bribe the Heavens that had decreed
Thy Empires too muſt periſh, to recal
The fatal Threat, and ſay----- *Thou ſhalt not burn.*
See how her Arches proudly riſe, adorn'd
With *Latian* Titles and her Heroe's Praiſe;

Who added to her Empire's Length; the Stone
Swelling with Battels fought, and Trophies gain'd
From the World's captiv'd Monarchs, once ſubdu'd
By their ſuperior Might and matchleſs Arm.
In vain, Imperial *Rome*, thy *Scipio*'s Fame,
In vain thy *Cæſars*, ſtretching thy Command
From *Gades* Weſtward, to *Euphrates*' ſhore,
Grace thy bright Annals; while thy Warrior's Names
And Triumphs, where they fought, and what they won,
All their long Boaſt of Glories wrote ſo fair
On thy aſpiring Columns, proud to bear
The Victor's Deeds inſcrib'd, muſt ſink beneath
Nature's ſad Ruins; and alas! conſpire
With yon tall *Pyramids* on *Ægypt*'s Plains
To tell how weak and frail and ſoon obſcur'd
Is ev'ry earthly Structure; which if Time
Spares for awhile, muſt with the World decay.
Ah! who can view relentleſs yonder [a]Stream,
That riſing from the *Alpine* Mountain pours
Into the *Euxine* his redundant Wave,
Europe's ſuperior Flood; whoſe widening Shore
Swell'd with a thouſand Rivers, proudly views
What Cities crowd his Banks; [b]one choſe the Head
And Seat of Empire: boaſting the high Throne
Of *Auſtrian* Monarchs, who ſucceſſive draw
Their ancient Lineage from great *Cæſar*'s Fame
And *Rome*'s Imperial Founders. Has your Eye,
That *Aſia*'s ſpicy Climates late admir'd,
And traverſt *Europe*'s Kingdoms, e'er beheld
A Scene more beauteous than the *Danube*'s Shoar
Sends to theſe Clouds; while Temples and rich Domes
Crowning his Banks, their Image each ſurvey
Proudly reflected from his nether Tide,
Rolling along majeſtick, 'till he gains
And ſwells the Ocean. Southward of whoſe Flood
You next behold that State ſo long renown'd

For

[a] *The* Danube. [b] *Vienna.*

For civil Arts, for Eloquence and Arms,
Fair *Greece*, that once her potent Foes defy'd
Perſick or *Roman*; now beneath the Yoke
Sore preſs'd, and groaning under the hard Chain
Of the great *Sultan*. Hence with Eaſe your Eye
Croſſes the Ocean, and ſurveys below
Africk's wide Realms, with Seas encompaſs'd round;
Save where that [a] *Iſthmus*, joins *Arabia*'s Vales
To her *Ægyptian* Empires! yonder Main
That ſeems to bluſh beneath us, clove her Waves
At *Moſes*' great Command, to yield a Way
For *Iſrael*'s Sons to fly their *Memphian* Foe;
Who following cloſe, (not dreading yet the Arm
Of Heav'n, that late had waſted half his Pow'r)
Plung'd in the Gulph with all his Chariots, fir'd
With Hopes of ſpeedy Triumph! but the Voice
That open'd firſt the Billows to make Way
For the glad Tribes the further Bank to gain,
Now gives a new Command;----- when loe! the Waves
Returning back, tumultuous join, and foam
Above the drowned Hoſt; while whelm'd beneath
The wond'rous Ocean, lay at once o'erthrown
Chariots and Riders, Arms and Warriors roll'd
In one ſad Ruin who in vain contend
To ſtem th' indignant Tide, and win the Shore.
Nor far remov'd from hence, the Banks you view
Of *Nile*; ſo call that Stream which draws his Waves
From *Ethiopian* [b] Lakes, beyond the Line,
Seat of *Abaſſian* Kings: ſee his great Flood
Crowded with Nations, both in Arts and Hue,
Manners and Language various; nor reveal'd
To *Greek* or *Roman* Sages, where his Springs
Lay ſecret; whether from the Earth or Sky
He borrow'd to repleniſh his great Urn.
Behold thoſe fruitful Vales, which bord'ring ſmile

Along

a *The* Iſthmus *of* Suez *parting the* Mediterranean, *and the* Red Sea.
b *Zaire* and *Zambre*.

Along his Current; each its Richneſs owes
And plenteous Harveſts to th' o'erflowing Stream;
Bleſſing each happy Vale whereon he pours
His fertile Waters; which fermenting round
The Earth's warm Boſom, from her Lap retire
Obſequious; while the pregnant Glebe conceives
A thouſand Births, and wants no more his Waves.
That Mountain *Atlas*! whoſe aſpiring Brow
Props up th' incumbent Heavens; and views beneath
The Tempeſt ſcouling; while his Top all fair
Enjoys above a calm and clearer Sky:
A hundred Realms, within his ample Shade
Which reaches yonder Ocean, all prophane
Their Shrines with horrid Worſhip; while the Air,
The Earth, and Sky, and Waters, all are ſtor'd
With Deities, to whom yon Nations pay
Homage Idolatrous --- There vaſt and wide
Spread the *Numidian* Deſarts; whoſe deep Sands
The Whirlwind bears aloft; and underneath
Whelms the unwary Traveller, who bends
His Journey Eaſtward, from the *Mooriſh* Shore
To *Memphis*, or [a] *Canopus*. No freſh Gales
E'er blow acroſs theſe ſultry Regions, fir'd
With the Sun's hotteſt Beam; which to allay
No Spring, or ſhading Grove, or cooling Stream
The Native finds, expos'd to all his Flame.
There burns the *Libyan* Soil; within whoſe Caves
Are lodg'd a thouſand Monſters, which the Shade
Calls forth at Evening to purſue their Prey
Along the Dale or Mountain: with what ſpeed
The Pard and Tyger ſtung with Hunger, roam
Acroſs the Night; while ſlower, his fierce Eye
Glaring with Rage, the Lion o'er the Plain
Paces Majeſtick; and his dreadful Voice
Echoing around, leaves all the neighb'ring Vales

[a] *Standing on the Mouth of one of the Arms of* Nile. *Now call'd* Bochira.

Of all their Herds forſaken as he roars.
Nor have you yet beheld, what Horrors reign
O'er yonder Regions; on whoſe fiery Glebe
The Serpent Race inhabit, whoſe red Eyes
Dart Death, and ſend the Sun again his Flame.
While ſome in Troops acroſs her pois'nous Streams
Draw their enormous Length, and ſport beneath
The black envenom'd Waters: others fly
With Wings like Sails aloft, rich Scales of Gold
Burniſhing fair their Creſt, which as they bear
Proudly above in Flight, ſeem not from hence
Unlovely! ſome beneath her torrid Sands
Long ſleep; 'till waken'd but in evil Hour
By ſome unweeting Traveller, who meets
Death unawares, from whence the lurking Foe
Shoots forth, and tho' unſeen inflicts the Wound.
Hence when your Eye has reach'd yon Ocean's Shore,
Where *Carthage* Rival of imperial *Rome*
(At *Cannæ* found ſuperior) rais'd her Fame;
Over *Getulia*'s Deſart, to the Stream
Of *Niger* pouring in th' *Atlantick* Wave
Her ſultry Waters, view what Nations throng,
Scarce known to Fame, wide *Africk*'s Weſtern Sands
Beyond the Sun's bright Journey to the [a]Cape
The fartheſt South; round which the Merchant ſteers
Doubling, to reach fair *India*'s ſpicy Plains.
All theſe, and yet another World, that lies
Deep in yon Weſtern Ocean, which the Shade
The Earth projects forbids us hence to view,
Are doom'd alas to Ruin; and theſe Hands
So often fraught with Bleſſings, now muſt bear
Another Burthen; each of us array'd
With horrid Arms, and Heaven's amazing Fire,
Hence to be thrown anon; and yonder Plains
We now behold with Sorrow, we muſt view,
And kindled by our ſelves, all hid in Flames.

He

[a] *Cape of* Good Hope.

He ended: and on ev'ry Cheek his Voice
A Paleneſs left, which witneſs'd inward Pain
For Man's Diſtreſs; the more, becauſe their Arm
Muſt haſten his ſad Fate; and Looks aſſume
A Terror, who before were wont in Smiles
To gaze around his Empires, by their Care
So long protected: ſtill acroſs the Vales
Stretch'd far and wide beneath, the heav'nly Bands
Caſt Looks of ſofteſt Sorrow; while each Eye
Wanders diſconſolate from Hill to Dale;
Along her Rivers, Seas, and ambient Shores,
Circling a thouſand Iſles within their Arms;
With faireſt Beauties cloath'd, and ah! too fair
To periſh, which when blooming gave a Joy
Each to the Senſe of Angels;---- but their Grief
Awhile was interrupted, as their Ear
Attends his Voice, while *Zephon* thus beſpoke
The leading Cherub. Well haſt thou diſplay'd
The World's unnumber'd Empires from the Shore
Of *India* Eaſtward, to th' *Atlantick* Main;
Their Glories, paſt Renown, and preſent Fame;
Whoſe Heroes, and heroick Deeds, our Sky
Tho' diſtant far from thence has often prais'd,
Nor undelighted! ſay, muſt we unfold
No more yon cryſtal Doors; nor pleas'd admire
From off the Verge of Heav'n that Orb below?
No more ſweet Intercourſe maintain, between
This and yon nether Paradiſe, exchang'd
Not without Bliſs ſometimes for what we hold;
Rivers, and cooling Springs, and fragrant Groves
Flow'ring beneath, with boſom'd Sweets to cloſe
Our Limbs each dewy Evening? Muſt our Ear
Leſs pleas'd with our own Muſick to attend
Her Harmony, no more enjoy the Sound
Pour'd from her hallow'd Choirs each Eve and Morn,
Grateful to us and Heaven? while ev'ry Lay

The Voice or Organ utter'd, bore the Praiſe
Aloft of her great Maker, which was heard
With Joy above, reaching its ſacred Throne.
Does Nature boaſt another World in all
This wond'rous Space around us, which ſhall e'er
Rival thoſe earthly Proſpects, that are doom'd
Too ſoon to vaniſh? tho' we hence ſurvey
Moving around us, Orbs both great and fair,
Each large enough to ſpeak their Maker's Arm
Omnipotent, yet oh when we bemoan
Yon Earth in Aſhes, which of all the Train
Of Worlds that ſhine about us, ſhall we chuſe
From hence to viſit? in what cooling Shades,
In what delightful Evening Bowers, repoſe
Each Night our Wings, deſcending from theſe Skies?
What if ſome other glorious Spheres may glow
With Brightneſs, fairer than the Earth enjoys,
Radiant beyond her Globe? yet we who dwell
In Light for ever pour'd from Heaven's great Throne,
Participate more Bliſs, when we behold
Objects that vary, tho' from Light to Shade;
Their Darkneſs not ungrateful to thoſe Eyes
Wearied almoſt above with too much Day
Which ever breaks around us. Tho' we view
That Planet which enlightens theſe wide Skies
Blazing with Luſtre---- does his Circle hold
Clear Fountains, ſhaded Springs or ſilver Stream;
Varied with changing Scenes of Hill and Vale,
Of Land and Ocean? does he boaſt thoſe Flowers
His Beams awaken on yon happy Plains?
Thoſe Groves, that Incenſe, which the Winds convey
Up to theſe heavenly Regions, tho' remov'd
So far from hence; yet cheriſh'd with the Steams
Blown from her Virgin Boſom, upward bore
By Gales that bruſh *Arabia*'s ſweeteſt Plains,
Or *India*'s fragrant Empires:---- but oh ſay

(For ſure thy Voice in Pity has conceal'd
The Fate ſhe too muſt ſuffer) near what Shore
That happy Iſland, clos'd with Seas around,
Britain, ſo dear to Heav'n, and ſung by Fame
Stretches her ample Rule? within the Waves
Of ſome ſurrounding Ocean is enclos'd
Her Sea-girt Empire; beyond which her Praiſe
To diſtant Realms, and often up theſe Skies
Arrives, of Nations by her greater Arm
Subdu'd or reſcu'd; to her high Command
(The firſt and Nobleſt Iſle the Ocean holds)
Paying due Homage: does thy Boſom ſwell
With Sorrow to relate her hapleſs Doom?
Or has her Virtue been of Force to ſave
Her Realms from Ruin, when each other State
And the World's Kingdoms elſe muſt all expire?

To whom the penſive Angel: Fain my Voice
Wou'd have conceal'd one Kingdom which your Eye,
When known, muſt wander o'er with kindeſt Pain;
Each ſigh, to learn that Heav'n's ſevere Decree
Has fixt her Glory's Period.---See ſhe lies
Hence Weſtward, o'er the *Danube*'s ſounding Shore
Beyond yon *Alpine* Hills, and thoſe green Plains
Smiling and water'd each with *Gallick* Streams;
There view, emboſom'd in her Guardian Main,
How ſhe erects her lofty Head! how ſmall
Compar'd with other Empires ſeem her Bounds;
In Circuit leſs than *Europe*'s Realms, that lye
Stretch'd wide beneath us.---But her ample Fame
Not meaſur'd by her Compaſs, proudly flows
Beyond the Ocean; whoſe ſurrounding Arms
Cloſing her Limits, wants a Power to hold
Her Glories, breaking o'er its higheſt Wave.
Behold yon Plains beneath, where once were rear'd
The ſacred Towers of *Solyma*, but held

In baſe Subjection by her *Paynim* Foes;
Thither *Britannia*'s Heroes oft have led
Their banner'd Legions ſhining in dire Arms,
Far from their Native Soil; til *Aſia*'s Plains
Were dy'd with horrid Slaughter, and the Steel
Of *Albion*'s Warriors red with hoſtile Gore
Conflicting in fierce Battel: Titles, Fame
And faireſt Laurels nurſt in *Sion*'s Shade
Have crown'd her pious Monarchs, for their Toil
In deſp'rate War, and Trophies often gain'd
From *Pagan* Leaders: for where-e'er ſhe leads
Her Sons to Battel, whether to ſecure
Nations ally'd, or win her ſelf Renown,
Her Troops, ne'er miſſing Triumph, war behind
The Orb of this bright Shield, whoſe ample Shade
Guards 'em from ev'ry Danger. Has your Eye
Not oft beheld deſcending from above,
From yonder Cryſtal Heav'n, whole Legions arm'd?
Thither they flew, by Night to watch around
The Hero's Tent, by Day to give him Fire
And arm his Soul with Valour, when he join'd
In the dread Hour of Battel. Tho' unſeen,
Angelick Guards from hence, for ever fly
Around Heaven's Fav'rite Empires, who at Eve
Cloſe ev'ry Eye in Slumbers; while the Shades
(Parents of Danger often) by their Care
Sooth ev'ry Breaſt with Peace and Reſt and Joy;
Waking each Morn with balmy Sleep repair'd
Freſh to their early Labours---Say, for ſoon
The mournful Tryal haſtens, can your Hand
Without Reluctance launch the living Flame
Acroſs yon beauteous Empires, which in Smiles
Rejoice, and hope a thouſand Springs ſhall bloom
Yet o'er their flowry Vales, which ſtill with Joy
Wait for the Sun's Approach, to crown each Field
With Summer's Pride, and Autumn's rich Return

To

To bleſs the Peaſant's Labour? Sure our Eye
Turn'd weeping backward from thoſe wretched Plains,
Can ne'er behold the Havock of our Arm;
When forc'd with Lightnings flung from hence, to hide
All her deſpairing Realms, we nothing view
Under theſe Clouds, but Flame exceeding Flame;
Each riſing above each, til lifted now
Above her talleſt Mountains they ſubdue
Whate'er their Rage oppoſes. If our Ear
With Pain attends the leaſt of human Woes,
How ſhall we hear from thouſand Voices pour'd
Laments, and diſmal Groans, and loud Deſpair,
All ſad, but ſure the ſaddeſt thoſe that flow
From yonder hapleſs Iſland, where we eas'd
So oft our wearied Wings, beneath whoſe Shades
Retiring, to our Ear her morning Songs
Tun'd with ſoft Melody, and ſweeteſt Strains
Arriv'd, to pay our Love, and pious Care?
And can we then with Wrath our Boſoms arm?
Then graſp the horrid Thunder, when we hear
Her Sons that Moment bleſs us; crave our Aid
'Gainſt other Foes, unconſcious that we live
Our ſelves her greateſt? Hark, while yet we moan
What ſhe too ſoon muſt ſuffer, how theſe Skies
Reſound with Muſick from her ſacred Choirs;
Breathing their great Creator's Love and Fame
And Bounty; never ceaſing to be pour'd
From Earth to Heaven in Hymns of loudeſt Praiſe.
But e'er we lower ſtoop, from Earth to call
Her guardian Angel, let us nearer view,
While ev'ry Glory yet is unimpair'd,
Yonder devoted Empire; to our Eye
Her Beauties now confus'd, will fairer ſhew
Each after each beheld; when from theſe Skies
We gaze, and juſt beneath us, all her Charms,
While her fair Cities, Hills, and golden Vales

By turns delight us, and inſpire a Joy,
Mixt with ſome Sadneſs we ſo ſoon muſt loſe
That Joy for ever. Saying thus, he leads
His penſive Legions from the Eaſtern Sky
O'er many an ample Realm, Sea, Hill, and Dale
Europe's extended Regions; til beneath
The Cloud on which they reſted, they behold
Auguſta's Tow'rs, which view themſelves diſplay'd
In the fair Stream below, o'er which they riſe;
When thus the great Arch-Angel---- What by Fame
Has oft been ſung above, you now behold
Britannia's Iſle! that City ſtretch'd beneath,
Her great *Metropolis*; from which are pour'd
Numbers each Morning large enough to fill
And people other Empires: how with Throngs
Her Streets are crowded; drawn from foreign Shores
With Wonder, to ſurvey her Wealth and Fame
Beyond Report magnificent. Thoſe Seas
Kindly embracing like a watry Zone
Her Empires, ſee what Fleets and Navies ſhade,
From either *India*; bearing as they ſail
Their choiceſt Treaſures; Spices, Gems and Gold;
And richly floating up each *Britiſh* Stream
Unlade the World's Abundance on their Shores.
That ſolemn [a] Pile beneath, which hence we view
Not without Rev'rence, keeps the Duſt enclos'd
Of all her awful Monarchs: there they reſt
Free from the Toils of Life; nor feel the Cares
Of painful Greatneſs; while the ſacred Dome
That gives 'em Crowns at firſt, preſents her Tombs
Where ſleeps the Duſt of Kings---- ſo near the Grave
Dwells ev'ry human Glory; and whene'er
It takes its Birth, that Moment views its End.
Have we not oft beheld with Crowns array'd
And Beams of pureſt Light, which far excell'd
Each other Form above, two beauteous Shades?

High

[a] *Weſtminſter* Abby.

High on ſuperior Thrones they ſit, in Grace
And Dignity preheminent, their Brows
Fair with reſembling Light, and kindred Charms:
Here once they rul'd belov'd, and ſway'd her Pow'r,
Britannia's Siſter [a]Queens! how good, how fam'd
In Life and Death their Virtues! deep beneath
Yon marbled Sepulchers, unmixt and pure
Their Royal Aſhes ſleep, and wait the Call
Of Heaven's awaking Trumpet, which ſhall build
Once more their beauteous Fabricks, and beſtow
Upon the kindling Duſt new Life and Flame;
When Each beholding Each, with Looks of Joy
Shall hail their ſecond Glories, not afraid
To part again, or dread a ſecond Doom;
While one her happy Race to Empire born,
But not to earthly Empire, ſhall enjoy
And meet in ſweet Embraces; bending low
Each to the Parent Queen, who ſmiles to view
Her Sons ſnatch'd blooming from her widow'd Arms
Now wearing Crowns, whoſe Luſtre ſhall endure
Like that which her own Regal Temples binds
Radiant and fair for ever. See what Trains
Various in Habit, State, and Hue, attend
Round yonder Palace; ſent from foreign Kings
In Embaſſy, the *Auſtrian*, *Swede* or *Moor*,
Requeſting Peace; or bribing *Britain*'s Arms
Wearied with Toils of Death to ſhine no more,
But reſt awhile from Slaughter. How they fall
Low to her Monarch? Hope by turns or Fear
Varying their Viſage, 'till his Word ordains
The Fate they ſoon muſt ſuffer; while his Smiles
Bids theſe rejoice, his Anger thoſe deſpair!
Ah can our Eyes not ſoft with Sorrows view
Yonder devoted Temples, whoſe bright Spires
Reflect a Light to Heav'n which ſoon muſt die;
When not their golden Turrets, nor the Sounds

[a] *Queen* Mary *and Queen* Ann.

Breath'd from their Altars, which each Morn arrive
More grateful than *Sabæan* Incenſe pour'd
From ſweeteſt Gums, ſhall ought avail to ſave
Their hallow'd Beauties, which muſt ſend no more
A Harmony, which Angels might attend
Gladly, and value leſs their heav'nly Lyres
Rival'd by mortal Strains----'tis thence we hear,
From thoſe bleſt Multitudes, the Hymns of Praiſe
Which warbled near the Shade of ſome cool Bow'r
Blooming above, delight us, and make ſweet
Our nightly Slumbers; pleas'd to have our Choirs
Silent before, awaken'd with ſoft Airs
From Earth; immortal thus and mortal join'd
In one loud Song and Simphony, to raiſe
The great Creator high in holy Fame.
Nor can we yet forſake theſe Clouds, detain'd
So long by *Albion*'s Beauties, til our Eye
Shall view (if not forbid by Grief to view)
Yonder two rival Structures! ſee they riſe
On *Cham* and *Iſis*' Banks; the faireſt Streams
Wat'ring the faireſt Manſions! thoſe pure Minds
The firſt in Heav'n, and ſeated high in Bliſs,
On rich Pavilions ſhining, dwelt below
Once in thoſe Shades: from whence the Godlike Train
Of Saints, and Martyrs, peopling our bleſt Skies
Their Faith and Courage drew, wherewith to ſcorn
The Dread and Pains of Death, which each ſubdu'd
Nothing aſtoniſh'd: hither pious Kings,
Their State awhile and Crowns forgot, repair;
And from thoſe ſacred Stores of Learning draw
Fit Wiſdom; with what Arts their Realms to ſway;
To temper Majeſty with winning Grace,
And ſmooth the Royal Brow with heav'nly Smiles,
Bleſſing, while yet they awe each Eye they harm;
Juſt Emblems of that Heav'n from whence they claim
Their high Preheminence. Oh ſee how low

And humbled, Multitudes at ev'ry Shrine
Proſtrate themſelves, nor wait th' Approach of Morn
To wake their Souls to Virtue, ſtill inflam'd
Both Day and Night, with Heaven's eternal Praiſe:
Whoſe ſilent Hours they chuſe and ſolemn Shades
More meet for ſtill Devotion to aſpire;
To breathe their Souls in Rapture, and allow
None but his Eye that cleaves the midnight Gloom
To view their ſecret Love, and Zeal unfeign'd.
Yet not thoſe Temples which by Day or Night
Are never ſilent; nor thoſe Shades and Bow'rs
Along the flow'ry Banks of either Stream
Sacred to Wiſdom, and her Seat, ſhall boaſt
Their Beauties longer; when Heaven's Voice commands
The proud and humble Structure both to fall;
When Monuments of Kings ſhall mix their Duſt
With vulgar Sheds; nor by the curious Eye
Diſtinguiſh'd Each from Each, in Nature's Doom;
All one huge Ruin ---- then yon ſumptuous Piles
By [a] *Fox*, by [a] *Eaglesfield*, and [a] *Wickam* rais'd,
Shall boaſt in vain their Founder's Worth and Fame;
What Heroes once they nurſt; how many Shades,
On Earth with Heaven converſing, dwelt beneath
Their learn'd Retirements; ere their Virtues won
Thoſe Crowns and Seats of Bliſs they now enjoy.

Thus, *Zephon*, thy Requeſt my Voice tho' ſad
Has anſwer'd; guiding thine, and ev'ry Eye
Not overwhelm'd with Sorrow, where to find
The Earth's divided Regions; which enclos'd
With wideſt Seas, in ſpite of all their Waves,
Kindling themſelves at laſt, too ſoon muſt burn.

He ſpoke! and bending now his downward Wing,
Prone to the Earth he ſtoops, from thence to call

(As

[a] *The Founders of* Corpus Chriſti, *of* Queen's, *and New Colledge in* Oxford.

(As Heaven had giv'n Command) the watchful Bands
Of Angels from thoſe Empires, which their Arm
So oft had ſav'd from Dangers: them he views
Aſſembled in full Choir below to ſing
Their great Creator: to the ſacred Song
Awhile the Cherub liſtens, pleas'd to join
His own with ſweet Celeſtial Strains below
Soft warbled; which awhile his haſty Flight
Retard, and in mid Air ſuſpend his Wing!

The End of the Fourth Book.

THE

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

BOOK V.

Ἐι ἔγνως ἢ σὺ, καὶ γε ἐν τῇ ἡμέρᾳ σου ταύτῃ, τὰ πρὸς εἰρήνην σου· νυῦ δὲ ἐκρύβη ἀπὸ ὀφθαλμῶν σου.

O H Thou who ſit'ſt above yon Heav'n, enthron'd
In Bliſs and higheſt Glory, round whoſe Eye
A thouſand reſtleſs Worlds are roll'd, and pay
A ſolemn Adoration as they roll!
If yet thy Ear, ſtill charm'd with heav'nly Sounds
Warbled above by Lute or Voice, ſhall deign
Attention while I breathe in mortal Strains,
Oh liſten! nor regard how low the Song,
But from what Heart it flows! It wou'd aſcend
Up to thy Throne more grateful, did I feel
Thoſe Raptures, which thy Spirit does infuſe
Oft in the pious Breaſt; by Thee inſpir'd
With Thoughts tho' earthly, high enough to praiſe
Thee Infinite: for who without thy Aid
Shall ſoar above yon Sky; thy Wonders ſing
Thro' Heav'n and Earth, and wide Creation fam'd?
Number the various Orbs, at thy Command
That finiſh their great Circles; in thy Smiles
Rejoicing, but erroneous from their Sphere
Whene'er thy dreadful Voice above is heard

Aloud in Thunders, ſpeaking to each Ear
Thy Wrath aloud, which lives in each dire Sound.
Oh ſee how weak and trembling but to view
Much more to ſing thy Glories, I unfold
My Boſom, panting for thy heav'nly Ray;
That opens wide the Darkneſs, and reveals
A thouſand Beauties, each than each more fair
Blazing above, and in the Midſt thy Throne,
With pureſt Light, or elſe with ſolemn Shade
Encompaſs'd, as thou chuſeſt to conceal
In each thy awful Godhead! See! how low
I bend, from thee invoking Strength to ſoar
With no ignoble Flight above yon Skies,
Thy bright Pavilion; where too ſtrong a Day,
Light conqu'ring Light, forbids each mortal Eye
To gaze at thy dread Glories, not beheld
By any, til aſcending from the Grave
They dare approach Thee, not afraid to die.

Now o'er the Earth's green Convex were arriv'd
The Heav'nly Hoſt, with Orders thence to call
Her watchful Guardians; them they ſoon behold
Not ſeparate, but in Aſſemblies join'd
With ſweeteſt Hymns, and Voices tun'd with Praiſe
Waking the Morning! From the golden Sky
Awhile the Cherub leant, and bow'd his Ear
Sadly delighted with the ſacred Strains
Breath'd ſoftly up the Air, which bore the Sound
Floating along the Clouds, whereon he lay
Diſconſolate; til Voices from below
Tun'd with Celeſtial Muſick, eaſe awhile
His Sadneſs, their delightful Song, and laſt,
Thus utter'd----Hail, thou beauteous riſing Morn,
Fair with the faireſt Gift of Heav'n! thy Light,
To all tho' pleaſing, is to us more dear;
Waking our Souls to Adorations due

And holy Raptures; while thy early Beams
Diſcover wide this Earth, and yon fair Sky
Bluſhing with Glories, as thy Orient Ray
Aſcends above the Ocean, and diſtains
Each Cloud and Vapour with rich Skirts of Gold.
How can we view from Darkneſs, and the Shades
Of Night unveil'd, theſe Scenes of Beauty pour'd
From Heaven, from Earth, from all the wond'rous Frame
Of Nature ſmiling round us, nor admire
His Voice, and awful Might, and Godlike Arm
That rais'd theſe various Worlds, from nothing rais'd,
Partaking each his Bounty; thoſe above
Glittering with ſtarry Lights, and Gems adorn'd
Magnificent, as nearer to his Throne;
Nor ſparing, while his Hand with Beauty fills
And Ornament, for Uſe more meet, and view
Theſe nether Seats; where Rivers, Wood, and Shade,
Vary the Proſpect; to the raviſh'd Eye
Of Men, and wond'ring Angels not unfair!
Join then in Praiſes all, whoe'er receive
From him your Life, of Life each pleaſing Joy;
Ye Angels firſt, who clad in pureſt Rays
Day without Night encloſe his ſacred Throne
Rejoicing; thro' the wide Creation fair
Above each Creature elſe, in Songs proclaim
His Bounty, whence ye drew your Birth and Fame
And Brightneſs, rivall'd thro' the ample Sky
With nothing brighter; ye the firſt in Pow'r
Extol his Love, and be the firſt in Praiſe.
Ye next who o'er this Earth, as he ordains,
Dominion hold, and view by his Command
Your Subjects, whatſoever ſwims or flies
Or treads its ſpacious Surface, never ceaſe
(To you his Bounty varying Eve and Morn)
In due Return to vary his high Praiſe.
Break Silence all ye heav'nly Fires, tho' mute

Yet find a Voice for Praiſe, as on ye roll
Light after Light unnumber'd o'er the Sky:
Thou loudeſt, whoſe great Orb ſurpaſſes all
In Flame and matchleſs Glory; from whoſe Eye
Darting Effulgence round, each leſſer Star
Its Circle fills, and moving near thy Beams
Drinks deep of Light from thy o'erflowing Urn.
And thou fair Regent of the Night, whoſe Ray
Kindles the Darkneſs, from thy ſilver Throne
Riſing, and when thy Orb declines, proclaim
His Glory, who adorns with milder Flame
Thy Sphere, ſurrounded with a thouſand Fires;
Waiting thy Flight attendant, from the Eaſt,
To where thy Beams are quench'd in weſtern Waves:
Ye Vapours, as ye upward climb, exhal'd
By the Sun's thirſty Orb, where-e'er ye fly
Painted or dusk, both as ye riſe and fall
Exalt him; by his Word to Hail, or Snow
Condens'd, in downy Flakes, or rattling Show'rs
Ye now deſcend; til melting, up the Sky
Ye ſoar in Exhalations: breathe his Praiſe
Ye Winds, from whatſoever Clime ye blow
Peaceful or loud, to bruſh the Earth or Main;
Now ſmooth the Surface, til by his Command
Your Fury drives along the tumbling Wave;
And from the deep Abyſs below upheaves
The madding Inundation to the Skies.
Ye Flow'rs that cloath the Earth, and in your Bloom
Vary her Face with ev'ry pleaſing Hue,
Be mindful of his bounteous Hand who gave
Your Beauty and your Odours; nor deny
As from your op'ning Budds you throw each Morn
Your Incenſe, with your Sweets to join his Praiſe.
Nor can you Silence keep, ye ſilver Streams
Wand'ring thro' flow'ry Banks along each Vale,
To pay him Worſhip, from whoſe Heav'n your Urns

Are ſtill repleniſh'd, weeping oft in Showers
To fill your Empty Channels; as ye glide
In ſofter Rills, or roll thro' louder Shores,
Both as ye glide, and as ye roll, proclaim
His Praiſe, and bear it on each grateful Wave.
His Glory as ye part the burſting Sky
Ye Tempeſts celebrate; whether the Main
Ye open, and its Channels deep below
Reveal to human Eye; or as ye rage
Drive down the Foreſt from the Mountain Brow;
Where-e'er your Fury lives, at his Command
Be ſilent, ſave where Silence yields to Praiſe.
Nor can ye want wherewith to ſpeak his Fame,
Ye Thunders, dreadful whereſoe'er ye ſound;
Whether ye ſhake the Heavens, or as ye roll
In Echoing Vollies, bid the Earth deſpair;
Yet trembling when he ſpeaks, be calm, and own
His Voice the louder. Nor can ye refrain
From Adoration and Obedience due,
Ye Mountains, lifting up your lofty Brow
Neareſt to Heaven! whatever Load ye bear,
Cedar, or branching Oak, or ſhading Pine,
Bend low your Heads, in Sign of Worſhip bend
To your Creator; who above the Vales
Spread deep beneath, and ſcarce within your View
Rears high your Tops to yield a lenth'ned Shade
Cooling to nether Plains, and Worlds below.
Nor thou who viſit'ſt firſt the early Ray
Shot from the Eaſt, and waking with the Dawn;
If yet upon thy graſſie Bed, or bore
Aloft upon the Wings thro' Fields of Air,
Oh be not laſt in Praiſe, but in thy Flight
Up the fair Roads of Heaven, or down the Sky,
Sinking or riſing, where thy Voice reſounds
Oh make each Region ſweet with grateful Layes!
How wondrous (Lord) are all thy Works, how great!

Thy Self how great and wondrous then, to view
Each by thy Word created and ſuſtain'd;
Confeſſing each thy Godhead, which is ſeen
And viſible, not without Tranſport ſeen,
In whatſoe'er, the Earth, the Air, the Sky
Surrounding both, encloſeth in its Arms.
Oh ſtill continue bounteous; nor deny
To this thy favourite World the bliſful Change
Of Light and ſilent Darkneſs; Eve and Morn;
This to awake her, that to cloſe each Eye,
(But ours that know no Slumbers) and repair
With Reſt the Body, fitted to endure,
Refreſh'd with Sleep, the Labours of the Day!
Beheld by all with Gladneſs! with its Beams
Returning, feeling too their Strength return'd.
Oh let thy Heav'ns ſhower down on this fair World
Ev'ry ſelected Bleſſing; nor reſtrain
Ought of their Bounty, whether with Delights
To charm theſe happy Regions; or beſtow
More uſeful Gifts, on thoſe thy Love has fram'd;
Life, and each Comfort which to Life belongs
Thy giving; ſtill may yonder Lamp of Day
Glorious upon his Axle turn, and guide
The Year, the circling Months, and Days, and Hours;
Waiting his Courſe, and with a nearer Beam
Or diſtant Light, the various Seaſons change,
By Change more Bliſful; let the Spring unfold
The Budd and ſleeping Flower; the Summer crown
Each Field with golden Harveſt, to repay
The Toil, and Peaſants Labour, joy'd to view
Thee Bleſſing, what his Hand wou'd ſtrive in vain
Without thy Smiles to cheriſh: yet thy Care
Why do we thus invoke? ſince what thy Word
Creates, thy kinder Love does ſtill ſuſtain;
No Creature thou haſt fram'd, how mean, how low,
By Man unheeded, but thy Pity owns;

The Worm, and Inſect feeding; both by thee
Regarded, whom each other Eye wou'd ſcorn.
See! thro' each Mountain, Wilderneſs and Vale,
What Multitudes of ev'ry Shape implore
Thy heavenly Bounty! reaching to each Kind
Unſparing, what their various Needs require;
Forſaken by their Parents, not by thee
The Univerſal Parent left forlorn;
Conſcious of thy Omnipotence, they throw
Their Eyes to Heaven; directed where to pray
For Nouriſhment; when loe! at thy Command
The barren Waſte becomes a fruitful Vale,
Springing with ſudden Herbage, green and fair,
For Paſture: while along the ſcorching Sands,
Before unmoiſtned or with Dew or Stream,
The Fountain draws along its cooling Wave,
Wat'ring the Wilderneſs; acroſs whoſe Plains
The ſavage Nations roaring ſeek their Prey;
Nor ſeek in vain; for them thy Hand prepares
A Table in the Deſart, there to feed
And ſlack their Hunger, til with reeking Gore
And Slaughter red, thee praiſing, they return
Back to their Den, well ſated ev'ry Morn.
Be ever thus indulgent; and whate'er
Threatens to interrupt the blisful State
Of this delightful World, oh turn away
Propitious, while with never-ceaſing Care
We watch around her Empires, as thy Voice
Commands---- To do whoſe Will is all our Joy!

They ended! when above the Clouds they view
Another Light juſt breaking with the Day
From out the Eaſtern Doors of Heaven, now fair
With double Luſtre; for awhile Surprize
Mixt with ſome Terror, held their Voice and Eye
Amaz'd and ſpeechleſs, wond'ring to behold

The

The Sun already riſen, half the Sky
Bright and refulgent with a ſecond Morn,
The firſt ſurpaſs'd in Glory---but its Joy
Each Boſom ſoon recover'd, to admire
The Light approaching nearer, and unfold
Bending their Flight to Earth a heavenly Train;
But not in Number, Carriage and Array
Reſembling thoſe, who us'd from Heaven to bear
Its Meſſages to Man; for peaceful Smiles
Sadneſs, or what than Sadneſs leſs becomes
An Angel's Cheek, fierce Paſſions, Grief or Scorn
They read in ev'ry Viſage, ſoft before
With Beauty, Grace, and ev'ry winning Charm.
Their Leader now appears! him ſoon they know
Michael, the prime of thoſe high Spirits, nam'd
By Heaven, to wait for ever round its Throne;
Deep Thought within his Breaſt, and weighty Care
Seem to inhabit; while his Eye reveals
Nothing of friendly purpoſe, as with Shield,
With Sword, with Helm, his Brow, his Hand, his Arm
Shone terrible; his Mien and Looks ſevere
Seem'd not, as Friend to Friend, but rather Foe
In readineſs, on ſome appointed Field
To combat with his Rival, met in Arms
Trying their hardy Valour!---but his Voice
More gentle than his Looks, with Words replete
With Love and kindeſt Amity, began:

Angels! (but Guardians now (alas) no more
I call ye; theſe unhappy Regions doom'd
To ſudden Darkneſs ask no more your Care)
Your Morning Hymns, and ſweeter Songs at Eve,
Kind Interceſſors each around the Throne
Of Heaven, to guard this Earth from ev'ry Woe,
Muſt ceaſe for ever.----Gaze not that we wear
Each on his Looks this Sadneſs; ſuited well

With

With the ſad Meſſage which too ſoon ſhall wound
With Pain each anxious Boſom! can your Eye
Behold theſe happy, ſoon unhappy Plains,
Now clad with ev'ry Glory and each Charm,
Fading and loſt beneath unſparing Flames,
That from yon Heaven above and raining Skies
Shall pour anon, the Torrent by our Hand
Directed, how to reach theſe hapleſs Vales:
Oh! is your Arm prepar'd to be a Foe?
Can it uplift the Bolt at Heaven's Command
Wide flaming? nor with-held by Pity throw
The lighted Torch from yonder arching Sky
Down on theſe Seats; while guided by your Arm
From Vale to Vale the angry Deluge rolls
Victorious far and wide; til boiling o'er
Its Banks (nor longer Banks, themſelves a Fire)
It gains the Mountain's Top, whoſe trembling Brow
Sinks found'ring, levell'd with the loweſt Plains?
Oh ſee at laſt your Tears, (which well excuſe
Theſe Sorrows which we ſhed in rival Streams)
Witneſs with what Regret and conſcious Pain
Ye leave theſe Regions; once the Seats of Joy,
How ſoon with all their Joys to diſappear
In ſudden Shade and Night,----ſo his great Voice
Ordains, which utter'd once, is always Fate.
Haſte then! leaſt rolling down yon wrathful Skies
The falling Torrent interrupt your Way
From hence to Bliſs---- few Moments ſleep between
Our Flight from Earth, and thoſe that ſhall devour
Her Orb, all hid beneath one fiery Wave,
Light by his Anger, at whoſe Word we bend
Our downward Wing, from hence to call away
Your Legions, nothing dreading ſuch a Doom;
Leſt not in Time prevented, unawares
The wreck of Nature, all alike confound.

He ſpoke! the Angels ſighing as they hear,
Up to the Heaven of Heavens, where ſits enthron'd
Above all height the Godhead, wing their way
In Sadneſs---- til beneath their Feet they view
Stretch'd out in ample Longitude the Plains
Of Earth extended wide: each Hill they know,
Each happy Vale from thence, and chryſtal Stream
Of ſwift or gentle Current, from the Shore
Of *Indus* Eaſt, to where the *Tagus* rolls
Along *Iberian* Vales, o'er Sands of Gold
To meet the Ocean: each his Empire views
O'er which he watch'd ſo late, where once he held
Dominion, to ſecure from rival Arms
His favourite Realm; whether on *Aſian* Plains
Extended, or on *Europe*'s happier Shores,
Or where it ſelf a World, the Weſtern Iſle
Waſh'd by *Atlantick* Waters ſtretches wide
From North to South; by Heaven's and Angels Care
Not wholly left forſaken! As they turn
Sorrowing their Eyes, to where they dwelt below,
Not without Bliſs inhabiting thoſe Plains
Soon to be loſt, to yield no more a Shade
At noontide Hours, nor Incenſe at the Morn,
Grateful to them and Heaven, their Voice no more
They can reſtrain, from ſoft and kindeſt Moan,
Which (each lamenting the lov'd Realm he ſway'd)
They thus attempt to utter---- Faireſt World,
Muſt we forſake thee then, for ever leave
Thy bliſsful Regions, Rivers, Hills and Dales;
And Boſom deck'd with Flowers of richeſt Hue
And ſweeteſt Odours, ev'ry Eve and Morn
Blown from thy ſpicy Groves up theſe bleſt Skies,
Delighted with their Incenſe? can we arm
Our ſelves with Lightnings, which we turn'd away
Oft with theſe Shields from thy devoted Plains;
Theſe Hands be firſt to drive the horrid Flame

Down to thy Orb, conſenting to conſume
Thoſe Manſions, which we can no longer ſave;
What if amidſt theſe golden Skies are hung
Glittering, a thouſand other Worlds as fair
To Sight, and ample? boaſt they as they roll
Along their radiant Circles, equal Charms
With thoſe (unhappy Orb) thou art to moan
Alas too ſoon for ever? Our next Care
Perhaps by Heaven's Command may be to dwell
Upon ſome other Earth with Creatures ſtor'd
Their Guardians! (for theſe ſhining Globes around
Of breadth and depth Immenſe, have ſure to boaſt
Inhabitants; too large their Circuits turn'd
And glorious, for Mankind alone to view.)
But oh! what other Earth, however fram'd,
Where ſeated, in what happy Region pois'd,
Tho' nearer Heaven, can vie in ev'ry Joy
With thy unrivall'd Beauties, tho' beneath?
What if thoſe Orbs that deck the ſpacious Sky
Each above each reſplendent, glow with Light
To thine ſuperior? boaſt they thy cool Shades?
Have they to wait 'em duly as they fly
A Sun, a Moon, like thee, and ſtarry Train?
Breaks forth the Morning o'er their Eaſtern Hills
With purple Bluſhes? does their Day decline
Down the ſteep Verge of Heaven, and falling throw
An Evening Shade acroſs the humid Vales?
Have they their Rivers, Fountains, Hills and Groves,
The Spring's Return, and Seaſon's ſweet exchange?
And Day, with Noon, with Evening, and with Morn
Gratefully varied? drops the dewy Sky
Upon their Flowers a Moiſture, which it draws
Up to the Clouds again in ſweeter Steams,
More fragrant from Earth's Lap, with Incenſe ſtor'd
Aſcending, which they wanted when they fell?
Oh cooling Bowers; oh Scenes for ever fair,

Where,

Where, in what other World ſhall we enjoy
Like Manſions? near what Spring or arching Shade
Henceforth ſhall we aſſemble, and with Praiſe,
With warbled Praiſe, due to yon golden Sky,
And him that dwells within, awake the Morn;
Which pleas'd, and haſting with a ſwift Carreer
Up the ſteep Roads of Heaven, with quicker Pace
Unbars the Doors of Light, to hear our Songs!

They ceas'd! and taking now a laſt Adieu,
And yet a laſt, with Eyes ſtill fixt beneath
On the lov'd Orb they left, direct their way
Up Heaven's eternal Regions; many a Realm
And ample Province, wide as this Terrene
Tenfold they paſs; till underneath their Wing
Like Drops of golden Light the Stars are ſeen
Scarce viſible; while thy all-glorious Beam,
Great Eye of Heaven, around thee pouring Day
Look'd pale, or dimly ſhone! ſo high they flew
Above thy height, and where thy Flames are thrown.
For tho' yon Azure ſeems aloft to bound
The Walls of Heaven, and in one height appear
The Stars, as ſown in the ſame chryſtal Plain;
Yet far beyond what checks the wearied View,
A thouſand Globes of Light ſtill blaze, and ſhine
Within the frightful Spaces of the Sky,
Each rolling beyond each; the mighty Void
Uncircumſcrib'd, nor croſs'd by any Wing
But that of Angels.---- This at length in Flight
They paſs, nor wearied; and anon behold
Above their Eye, high rais'd the gorgeous Towers
Of Heaven wide flaming; and each World beneath
Tho' bright, now loſt in Darkneſs, and obſcur'd
With that ſuperior Glory that was thrown
Each way around 'em. As they ſpeed along
The everlaſting Doors above gave way,

Op'ning ſpontaneous; while with ſweet Surprize,
So long detain'd on Earth, they now admire
Heaven's Regions, blooming freſh with ev'ry Joy;
And gazing its bright Glories, learn to moan
The Shades they loſt below, with leſſer Pain.
Before the Hill of God, which ever ſtands
Above unſhaken, bearing his high Throne,
Their Leader now preſents from Earth return'd
The faithful Legions: the rich Pavement ſhone
With Wreaths and Crowns, which from their radiant Brows
Each took in ſign of Worſhip, and lay'd low
Upon the glittering Floor, all ſtrew'd with Gold:
When ſoon from off his Seat that flam'd above
With fierce tranſcendent Light, and pureſt Day,
The Godhead ſeeing all around unſeen
Thus broke his awful Silence.----- Angel Powers!
Well have ye done, well acted my Commands
On yonder Earth, whoe'er appear'd your Foe;
Too long from theſe Abodes to dwell beneath
Has been your Lot, to want what theſe bleſt Skies
Of Peace and Reſt and pureſt Pleaſures yield,
Enjoy'd here only! for altho' I fill
All Space around me, in no Bounds confin'd,
Yet in this ſacred Dwelling, where I hold
My high Supremacy, I chuſe to pour
My brighteſt, faireſt Glories; which to view
Is yours, and ſhall be ev'ry Creature's Joy,
By Love, by Virtue, and Obedience rais'd
Up to theſe happy Seats; wherein I build
Beyond all Time to laſt my Regal Throne:
One Meſſage more I chuſe you yet to bear
To yon ungrateful World, and then to live
With me for ever bleſt above theſe Skies
In Bliſs unchang'd; a Recompence you claim
For loſing long theſe Heavens, to dwell below
With Man, requiting ill our mutual Care;

Your Love, and my abundant Goodneſs ſcorn'd
Which has at laſt an End--- for in their turn
Each Attribute ſhall to my Worth and Fame
Contribute; and that Glory which I chuſe
Rather to gain from Mercy, that deſpis'd,
From Vengeance and this angry Arm I gain.

He ſpoke, and round the Mount were ſeen to roll
Preſaging Wrath awak'd, tumultuous Flames;
Which for awhile forbid each Angel's Eye
Acceſs, til ſeated near his golden Throne
(Compaſſion on his Cheek, and Grace divine
Viſibly ſhining) He in Heaven who bears
Impreſt his Father's Image, from his Seat
Of equal Glory utter'd thus his Love.

And has thy Wrath at laſt decreed the Doom
Of yonder World, redeeming which I choſe
To leave thy Boſom once and theſe fair Skies?
Loſt for awhile from thee, with thee to reign
Anon more glorious, when in either Hand
Aſcending up theſe Heavens I captive bore
Both Sin, and after Death; by Death deſtroy'd
My Suffering;---Once his Saviour, now I bow
His Interceſſor, at thy Throne, to gain
Reſpite for Man (if nothing more I gain)
From that Decree and Sentence, which thy Voice
Denounc'd ſo late; and he alas muſt bear
Unpityed, if no Mediation ſweet
Can intervene, entreating thee to ſtay
Awhile thy Anger; juſt for him to feel
And thee inflict, did not thy Mercy joy
To triumph over Juſtice, and thy Eye
Delight in ſparing, more than to behold
Theſe Heavens, yon Earth, and what on Earth ſhall dare
Diſpute thy Power, before thy Wrath retire.

Behold

Behold me then his Advocate! that Doom
Pleading not to reverſe, but to delay,
Which now thy Word has threaten'd; if forewarn'd
Perhaps from Heaven by one of theſe once more,
(Still fond, thy Miniſters from hence to bear
Glad Tidings) all the Nations may return
Of Earth to thy Obedience; pay thee all
Due Worſhip, and in fellowſhip of Praiſe
And ſweet Communion, with one Voice adore
Thy Godhead; thee invoking hence, thy Name
Above each Name in Earth, or thro' the Sky
Thy wide Dominions, hallow'd; that whene'er
Thy Word ſhall whelm beneath her funeral Flame
Yon World, each Region may attend the Sound
Without Deſpair; while each by Virtue rais'd
With my great Merit join'd, theſe Seats ſhall claim
Their juſt Reward; and all be Heirs of Joy.

He ſpoke! *Hoſannah's* and the ſound of Praiſe
Ran thro' the heavenly Hoſt, with Bliſs inſpir'd
And Rapture, hearing from his Regal Throne
The Son his Merits pleading to appeaſe
Awhile his Father's Anger: them he hears
Nothing diſpleas'd; revolving what he bore
On Earth: his Life, his Death, each ſcene of Woe
Riſe to his Thoughts, beholding freſh the Stream
Pour'd from his Breaſt, with ſacred Gore diſtain'd;
Still conſcious of thoſe laſt, thoſe dying Sounds
Pour'd out in Sadneſs, almoſt in Deſpair;----
" My God! why in my Soul's extreameſt Pain,
" This Hour of Anguiſh, doeſt thou turn away,
" When wanted moſt, thy Pity? where forlorn
" Oh where, by all forſaken, can I fly
" But to thy Arms for Succour? all my Foes
" Around me, wilt thou too become my Foe?
" My Father! yet deſerting him he calls

" His

" His Son, and moſt belov'd, juſt when he bows
" Expiring, when the Guilt of all Mankind
" To me by Heaven imputed, weighs me down
" Beneath the Load, with Godhead ſcarce ſuſtain'd----
Theſe, and whatever elſe of Pain or Woe
Endur'd on Earth for Man, he now recalls;
Numb'ring his frequent Sighs, and cruel Wounds
Seeming to ſtream afreſh: while now with Looks
Of kind Compaſſion, and Paternal Joy,
With Pity mixt, he thus his Love unfolds;

Begotten Son; in whom expreſt I view
My Image, all my ſelf in thee diſclos'd;
Not undelighted I attend to hear
Thy Voice, thy gracious Voice implore this Throne,
Man's Interceſſor, to keep back his Doom
Long due, had not thy Merits ſtood between
Him and offended Wrath, thus long delay'd.
What thou haſt done and ſuffer'd, ev'ry Tear
Thou e'er haſt ſhed, each Sigh thou e'er haſt pour'd,
I keep recorded, plain and written fair
In my Remembrance; that whene'er I view
Man's Diſobedience, ſtrait my Eyes I turn
On thee his great Redeemer, and reſtrain
That Vengeance, his by Merit, which thy Love
Tho' undeſerv'd, knows only how to calm.
Witneſs theſe Heavens! and ye that round me dwell
In theſe bleſt Seats, how many Proofs, how dear
Of fond Compaſſion (when incens'd to Ire)
I gave to yon lov'd World! a Father's Name
Striving to merit, with a Parent's Care;
Then pitying, when awaken'd with the Sound
Of impious Tongues, blaſpheming this high Throne,
My Might and Godhead and eternal Arm
Were ſet at nought, my Altars all profan'd
With Sacrifice to beſtial Idols pay'd;

Our Names forgot; or, what is worſe, diſdain'd!
Shall then Compaſſion waiting long to gain
Th' obdurate Heart, for ever wait? I ſtrive
With Man for ever? purpos'd to repay
The utmoſt Mercy, with the utmoſt Scorn?
Hopes he from Heaven ſome Other to redeem?
A ſecond Saviour? or wilt thou deſcend,
My Boſom leave once more and this bleſt Sky,
To pay a ſecond Ranſom for thy Foe,
My Wrath appeaſing; and again repeat
Thy cruel Death, to be again diſdain'd?
No! never from this Seat, and radiant Throne
Of equal Glory God with God ſupreme,
I view thee abſent more, ſave when I ſend
Thee forth anon, to drive our impious Foes
To Hell and loweſt Darkneſs; whence return'd,
For ever here in Bliſs and endleſs Joy
Thou dwelleſt, dying once to dye no more;
No Interceſſor elſe thro' Earth or Heaven
Found equal---- whom I ſave, by THEE I ſave!

To whom the Filial Godhead:---- Ever good
And juſt are all thy Ways; for who ſhall dare
With the leaſt Ill to ſtain, or Shade of Blame,
Thy perfect Juſtice? yet forbear awhile
Thy Anger, as this one, perhaps this laſt
Kind Interceſſion I renew, to ſtay
Thy Purpoſe, much too ſtrong, I dread, to change.
View then again my Wounds; theſe Hands, this Side;
Which bleeding once nor Heaven nor Earth cou'd view,
Hiding their Eyes aſtoniſh'd, as I pay'd
An Offering, then of Power to calm thy Ire.
Oh! read with ſome Compaſſion in thy Eye
My Agony and Sweat! each Drop I pour'd
On yonder Earth, her Saviour; when behind
Theſe Clouds wherein we ſit, thou didſt retire;

A Father, too indulgent to behold
My Griefs, or view thy Son in Sorrow die!
Theſe Heavens were all aſtoniſh'd, wond'ring all,
Cherub and *Seraph*, how I left this Throne
Thy deareſt Boſom, to endure below
In human Form a Life of Woe and Pain
Inglorious; each deſpairing to unfold
The wond'rous Myſtery, how Godhead join'd
With Manhood, Infinite with what was Born,
Uniting in one Nature, cou'd appeaſe
Thy Juſtice, which demanded as its Due
Mankind a Sacrifice, who muſt have fell
If I as Man for Man had not endur'd
The Fullneſs of thy Wrath awhile, to ſave
A World with all her Sons from Death; by Death,
My Choice and Suffering; each below theſe Skies
And yet above, unable to redeem
That Race to Juſtice forfeit, had my Love
Not pity'd, whom no other Love cou'd ſave!
From thy right Hand of Glory, from thoſe Joys
Thy Looks and heavenly Preſence ever pour
Thro' theſe bleſt Regions, long I choſe to dwell,
By thee, by all forſaken; all my Foes
Around, the greateſt He for whom I dy'd;
Drinking that Cup, that fearful bitter Draught
Thy Fury mingled, and thy Wrath prepar'd
With all its deepeſt Dreggs, with all its Woes
Direful and numberleſs ---- the laſt too ſtrong
For mere Humanity, altho' ally'd
To Godhead, but to taſte, and not to die.
Nor didſt thou view me yet beneath the Grave
Reſcu'd from all my Sorrows; deeper ſtill
Deſcending, the dark Gloom and Shades below
Of Hell I choſe my Manſions; far from thee
Too far remov'd, this Light and ev'ry Joy;
Wand'ring in utter Darkneſs, till I gain'd

A Triumph, leading Death and Hell in Chains
My Captives thro' the Sky, and each diſarm'd.
Nor cou'd'ſt thou view me hence, as up I bore
Numbers without compute, of my redeem'd,
My Trophies, and the Pledge of Death deſtroy'd,
Nor joy to view me riſing! Well I bear
Still in Remembrance, how theſe wond'ring Skies
Rung with *Hoſannah's*, as I up return'd
Victorious over Death, without a Cloud
Thy Face, and ſmiling; where were ſeen to dwell
Soft Peace and Reconcilement, and entire
Good-will to Man, now ranſom'd, once thy Foe;
By Death to Life reſtor'd, with us to ſhare
Glories to know no Limit, Bounds, or End.
Oh chuſe once more thoſe Looks, that Grace divine
Which ſmiling fills theſe bleſt Abodes with Joy
Ineffable; that Aſpect meek and kind
Again aſſume; nor to my Sighs refuſe
That Mercy, which theſe flowing Veins procur'd
Once to yon guilty Earth---- behold me bow
Again her Interceſſor at thy Throne;
Once more thy Anger ſtriving to appeaſe
Tho' living; ſince by Death I can atone
No more for Man, forbid again to die.
What other World, (tho' each that moves around
Pays thee a Tribute of inceſſant Praiſe)
Yet which of all thoſe glorious Orbs that turns
About this Heaven, each bright with endleſs Day,
Throws up theſe Skies each Eve and golden Morn
A purer Incenſe; is with Voices ſtor'd
Tho' Mortal, breathing in more heavenly Strains
Thy Godhead and thy Glory? Theſe I bear
By Right, preſenting to thy Regal Throne
Gladly a Sacrifice to thee moſt dear,
And dearer while I offer; ſo thy Voice
Has utter'd, ſo thy Smiles have often own'd:

Oh canſt thou view, from this All-glorious Throne,
Thy Works and yonder fair Creation round
With Worlds repleniſh'd, nor at once bemoan
One of their Numbers vaniſh'd? canſt thou hence
Look down, and where the Earth in Glory roll'd,
See nothing but a Blank, a dreadful Void
Thro' all the gloomy Space, which once was cheer'd
With Light and Luſtre and alternate Day?
Oh hark! while yet I plead to hold thy Arm
Celeſtial Muſick breaks from ev'ry Choir
And hallow'd Temple! thee, thy Love, and Care
They celebrate; this Moment ſing thy Fame,
In Sounds from loud harmonious Voices pour'd
Once grateful, and to theſe fair Manſions bore
More ſweet and pleaſing, than what Odours riſe
From Gums or Incenſe, or the richeſt Fumes
Breathing on holy Altars: can thy Voice
Be then ſevere, while yet thy Ear is charm'd?
Or when delighted with her Songs, then pour
Thy Thunders round yon Earth, and overturn
Her Empires; ſtop each Breath while yet employ'd
In Praiſes, and beſeeching thee to ſpare?

He ſpoke! to whom the Father half appeas'd
Thus mildly anſwers: Son, in whom my Love
Shines viſible! on whom I chuſe to pour,
Without a Cloud expreſs, in thee reveal'd
My own eternal Godhead; thee I hear
Nothing diſpleas'd, (indulgent to reſtrain
My Anger, and my Purpoſe, late diſclos'd)
Well pleas'd I hear thy Voice from off this Throne
Pleading for yonder Earth; with Joy attend
Thy Interceſſion, which has often calm'd
The Fierceneſs of my Wrath, about to throw
Havock from hence, and Deſolation round
Her guilty Empires, long to Juſtice due;

Hadſt thou been ſilent, nor with-held my Arm
Oft lifted, to compleat, and ſeal her Doom.
Witneſs this Heaven, for ever blazing round
Ten thouſand Worlds, and each beneath my Care;
Thou Sun, ye Planets, and yon ſilver Train
Of Stars, with Light from hence and endleſs Flames
Burning, and ſtill repleniſh'd, as they burn,
Say has my Hand created, what my Love
Was tardy, when created, to ſuſtain?
Theſe Eyes for ever waking to behold
The wide Creation, and my bounteous Hand
Still open'd, ſhow'ring Bleſſings down below
On ev'ry Creature, lifting to this Throne
Their Eyes, tho' ſilent, yet of Force to call
Each Joy from hence, and Comfort, fit to cheer
Or nouriſh Life; too ample far the ſcore
For any other Hand, that was not fill'd
With infinite Abundance, to ſupply!
Oh ſay thou Earth! (for thou above the reſt
Of all my glorious Works below, haſt ſhar'd
More of thy Maker's Bounty) how my Arm
Cou'd build thee fairer; place thee where to roll
More ſtately and magnificent around
Thy Axle, and theſe Heavens; along the Sky
Journeying from Weſt to Eaſt, in full Career
To finiſh thy great Circle ere the Morn.
Say, did my Voice, ſince firſt it bid thee riſe
From Darkneſs, once with-hold or check the Day
From giving Light, and waking with its Beams
Each Plant in Seaſon o'er the Field or Grove,
Smiling on thee, on Heaven; from each their Bloom
Partaking, and to each their Sweets diſclos'd?
Have Light and Shade ſucceſſive, in their turns
E'er ceas'd around thee, with alternate Sway
To hold Dominion? did the golden Morn
Ever forget her Progreſs up the Sky,

Or to deſcend, the Eve, beneath the Waves
Veiling her beauteous Light, and ſinking Beam?
When did the Clouds (for they at my Command
Obedient, give or ſtop the fruitful Shower)
Yet when did theſe keep back their friendly Dews,
Moiſtning thy Glebe, and o'er a thouſand Plains
Spreading a thouſand Verdures, to the Eye
Of Heaven when viewing not beheld unfair?
Say laſt, did yonder Planet flaming round
Theſe Heavens, e'er wander or miſtake his Way
Acroſs the Firmament, tho' vaſt and wide
And almoſt Infinite? yet ſtill he holds
The ſame bright Progreſs thro' the trackleſs Sky
Or Annual or Diurnal; ſloping now
To Southern Regions his refulgent Ray,
Til back recall'd, he wheels with oblique Speed
To adverſe Regions, Life to all and Joy
Freely imparting, while his genial Beam
Now wakes the Spring, or with a ſtronger Flame
Ripens the golden Fields, and bids o'erflow
With kindly Juice the cheerful Autumn Vine
To glad the Heart of Man: yet oh for whom
Theſe heavenly Joys on Earth have I prepar'd
In kind Profuſion? who has taſted all
Th' abundance of my Love, from Youth to Age?
But he who with a thankleſs Hand receives
My various Gifts; ſcorning the more I give,
The more the Giver, and with haughty Brow
The God, the Father, all I am, diſdains.
Shall I with-hold my Purpoſe then and Arm
From its juſt Wrath, leſt theſe forgotten Skies
Shou'd want Adorers, Voices want, to raiſe
In Songs, our Godhead, and this Regal Throne?
Why ſtand theſe Millions then and winged Powers
For ever waitng round us; but with Lays
Sweet and inceſſant, ever to proclaim

Our

Our Glories, tho' by Man, not Angels ſcorn'd?
What if I loſe a World? I only loſe
A ſpot of my Creation, blazing round
With thouſands, each as ample and as fair;
Well ſpar'd from numbers, which no other Eye
But his who thro' Infinity ſurveys
Can ſerve to count! for who like me that view'd
Yon boundleſs Space, thick crouded with a Train
Of Worlds exceeding Worlds, wou'd ſay that one,
One only loſt, and periſhing from all
The endleſs Multitudes, wou'd ought impair
My Empire, or yon beauteous Scene below?
Not leſs Magnificent this Throne, to want
The Adoration of one Orb, fullfill'd
As well by others, in their golden Spheres
Nor Voice nor Muſick wanting, to proclaim
Their Maker's various Bounty; who obtain'd
No Fame or further Glory, when his Love
Rais'd yonder Earth from Darkneſs; and who fears
No Diminution, when ſhe is deſtroy'd.

So ſpoke the Father; when with Viſage mild
And full of Grace, winning on all who view'd
His heavenly Aſpect, thus the Son return'd:
Juſt are thy Ways, for ever (Sire ſupreme)
Thy Doings always juſt; yet oh forbear
Once more thy Anger, with Submiſſion due
As to thy Throne a ſecond time I bend,
Thy Son, in whom thy Voice has often own'd
Thy ſelf delighted: let not then thy Ear
Refuſe Attention, while I claim, if due,
That Promiſe, by thy Prophets long foretold
With kind Intent, that to reward my Toil,
My Life and Death, and Abſence from theſe Skies
From thee and Heaven, thou wou'dſt at laſt ſubdue
My Foes on Earth; and give me there to reign

In Triumph with my Choſen and Redeem'd;
Scepter, and Empire from thy Hand, their King
By Right receiving, where in Union ſweet
And ſweeteſt Fellowſhip of Love and Joy
Thee praiſing, all might join, and dread no more
Thy Anger; till in ſacred Virtue train'd
And Adoration duly to this Throne
Acknowledg'd, all rejoicing might aſcend
With me, my Purchaſe up theſe Heavens; all Rule
While I to thee give up, needed no more,
Each Foe ſubdued; when thou ſhalt ever reign
Henceforth unrival'd, and be all in all.
Has then, what kindly once thy Word foretold,
Thy Love accompliſh'd? haſt thou given my Arm
Dominion? or I ſtretch'd my wide Command
Over yon Earth, obedient to my Sway;
Owning me Lord, thy Promiſe once;--- fullfill'd
How juſtly, if thy Wrath ſhall doom to Flames
Her Empires, where I hop'd a King to reign?

Thus ſpoke the Son; while he whoſe Preſence fills
All Nature's wide circumference, in Smiles
Thus mildly anſwers: Have I then decreed
Thy Kingdom on yon Earth, and ſhall I fail
Accompliſhing what once my Word ordain'd?
Rule then; my Promiſe I abſolve, and give
That World thy future Empire, where to dwell
With all thy choſen Race and Saints below
A thouſand Years---- but firſt her Orb muſt burn;
Not promis'd, as ill fitted to receive
Thy ſelf or Subjects, ere I drive away
All Sin, and each Pollution, which the Fire
Shall throughly purge; and leave the hallow'd Frame
Free of all Spot, and blameleſs, as ſhe roſe
At firſt by me created, and no more
An Earth, but as theſe Seats, unſtain'd and pure;

Then ſhall theſe Skies unfolded oft reveal
To human Eye my Glories, not beheld
At once, but as the Senſe inur'd to bear
(Riſing by ſlow Degrees, and gradual View)
From Light to Light ſhall wander, till it gain
The higheſt Pitch at laſt, and dares behold
My ſelf and Godhead, and this ſacred Throne
Blazing around theſe Heavens, and each adore
Unterrify'd:---- and while thou haſt to reign
Below with thy Redeem'd, I wipe away
[a]Sorrow from ev'ry Eye; the Voice of Woe
Pining no more; no Sigh, no Tear, no Pain
Or felt or heard in thoſe Abodes, my Arm
Creates anew, and fills with ev'ry Joy,
Where nothing more ſhall hurt; the Lamb ſhall play
Cloſe by the Lion's Talons; in one Fold
The Ox and Leopard feed, the Infant ſport
Near to the Serpent's Den, and not afraid:
All Wrath, and Emnity which long has reign'd
On Earth 'twixt ev'ry Creature, ſhall be turn'd
To Friendſhip, Each no more to Each a Foe,
Nor yet to Man; while theſe celeſtial Skies
With Clouds no longer dark, or louring Storm,
Shall ſmile, with cheerful Beauties ever ſtor'd,
Bleſſing yon Regions, which henceforth ſhall bloom
With Verdure, nor the Year her Seaſons change;
Which ſhall be ever crown'd with Fruit or Flower
Each after Each, nor dread the Blaſt to moan
Of Winter, varying ſtill from fair to fair.
Diſcord ſhall be away, nor War reſound
Once in thy happy Kingdom; where ſhall dwell
Peace without End, and without Meaſure Joy;
Each Heart with me delighted, and my Praiſe,
My Heaven, and Godhead; while I chuſe to ſend
More frequent to converſe with Man below
My holy Angels, not unpleas'd to dwell

a Rev. 21.

Awhile, as with their fellow-Creature join'd;
Whoſe Mind from Earth, and earthly Objects rais'd
To higher Wiſdom, ſhall aſpire to know
My Ways more perfect, which I now conceal
From human Search; til leaving now the Path
That us'd to lead to Knowledge, they become
Intuitive; nor Reaſon, but with Rays
From hence enlighten'd, do in them behold
Without their former Guide, whate'er they know,
From Men to Angels riſing; til they join
Both Men and Angels in one Song and Choir,
This Heaven and Earth but one, in loudeſt Praiſe,
Thee, and thy holy Acts, and glorious Reign
Extolling, mine united with thy Fame,
Both endleſs and unrivall'd ---- This below
Thy Saints employ; til long in Virtue train'd
And virtuous Emulation, which ſhall ſhine
Neareſt to us, when they aſcend theſe Skies,
With Jubilee at laſt thou ſhalt arrive
Up to the Heaven of Heavens, with all the Hoſt
Of thy Redeem'd; now fitted to behold
With purer Eyes, my Preſence, and to bear
Without a Pain, the Luſtre of this Throne.
Thou then, thy Reign below and Regal Power
Accompliſh'd, both with yonder Earth to end,
Rule and Dominion ſhalt lay by, when near
Thy Foot, and burning Footſtool, ev'ry Foe
Lies vanquiſh'd, Death thy Captive, and the Grave;
And Hell it ſelf in Chains, to burſt no more
Its brazen Doors, henceforth for ever clos'd.
Mean time, that nothing may obſtruct the Joy
And Peace of that new World I ſoon ſhall frame,
I ſend you forth, ye Angels, from theſe Skies
To find, in deepeſt Darkneſs now conceal'd
Our haughty Rival, who prepares to ſave
Yon Earth his boaſted Empire from the Flames;

This Heaven, with all that dwell on theſe bleſt Thrones
Next threaten'd: call to mind with whom ye ſtrive,
Whether ye view his Numbers, or his Arm,
Or Reſolution, with no common Foe,
Left to the Chance of Battel, if my Might
Refuſe to interpoſe! Yet tho' ye join
With equal Force, ye meet to merit Fame
By different Arguments, while you my Voice
To Glory prompts, and him his own Deſpair:
Each then once more aſſume that Might, which threw
Him and his Rebel Legions down theſe Skies,
Drove far beyond the Cope of Night, to Shades
Of loweſt Hell; the greater Strength awhile
I lend his Arm; but 'tis for you to gain
More Glory in his Flight, if not his Fall,
Perhaps another's Triumph! Yet to ſhew
How needful now your Sword, and all your Arms,
If not my Thunders to aſſiſt, look down
From hence, while thus I part the opening Skies;
And tho' enclos'd in midnight Shades, reveal
The horrid Foe beneath us! Scarce his Voice
Had finiſh'd, when the Sound aſunder tore,
Letting in hateful Light and ſudden Day,
The Earth's divided Surface;--- deep below
Satan and all his Hoſt appear in View
As in Debate and Council; for awhile
Heaven look'd on Hell aſtoniſh'd; ſuch Amaze
Seiz'd the Celeſtial Powers tho' near the Throne,
And Seat of Godhead, to behold in Arms
Millions, and each immortal: long they gaze
Unſeen, the black Abyſs, with Numbers throng'd
As met for ſpeedy War, til from on high
Heaven now begins to flaſh with thicker Flames,
Startling Hell's gloomy Synod: from his Throne
Th' Arch-Fiend who firſt beheld the blazing Ray
Firſt ſtarted; Horror mingled with dire Shame

Sadden'd his Viſage, which almoſt ſubdued
Heaven's Light, the Frown and Darkneſs of his Brow
Still ſhadowing half his Legions; up he throws
His baleful Eyes aloft, and by the Flame
Directed to the Gates of Bliſs, beholds
With Sadneſs the high Seat from whence he fell,
With Millions round it, ſhining all in Arms
And girt for ſudden Battel! Scorn awhile
Liv'd in his troubled Look, til that ſubdu'd
Gave Way at laſt to Sorrow and Deſpair,
Reading his Doom in Heaven---While he beneath
Trembled with all his Legions, they above
Smil'd cheerful, to behold the Rebel's Fear.

The End of the Fifth Book.

THE

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

BOOK VI.

——in faucibus Orci
Luctus & ultrices poſuere cubilia Curæ,
Pallenteſque habitant Morbi, triſtiſque Senectus,
Et Metus, & maleſuada Fames, ac turpis Egeſtas;
Terribiles viſu formæ; Lethumque, Laboſque:
Tum conſanguineus Lethi Sopor, & mala mentis
Gaudia,—— Virg. Æn. 6.

OH Thou, whoſe great All-ſeeing Eye deſcends
Deep into Darkneſs, and yon Vales below,
Aſſiſt me, while once more with vent'rous Wing,
Not without THEE, I meditate to try
A Flight acroſs Hell's loweſt, blackeſt Shades,
Preſent to Thee and viſible, tho' thron'd
Aloft in higheſt Glory! who ſhall dare
If mortal, and not guided by a Pow'r
Like THEE Immortal, only to behold
Thoſe horrid Scenes beneath, and Seats of Woe,
Their Dwelling, who in Bliſs above thy Skies
Shone once illuſtrious, reaping ev'ry Joy
Above, thy Heav'n, thy Preſence, and thy Smiles
Pour ever round THEE; now conſtrain'd to hear
Than what were breath'd aloft, far other Sounds,
Diſcord, and dire Lament, and raging Moan
Tearing th' infernal Regions----- Who ſhall throw
His Eye into the black Abyſs, to view
Hell's Terrors, not deſpairing as he views;

Not feeling half its Tortures, if he gains
From Thee no Strength or Courage to endure
The diſmal Proſpects of eternal Woe
Opening beneath; ---- yet if Thou deign'ſt to guide
My Steps along the nether dreadful Plains
Down to the Shades of Night, by thee led on,
Thee following, nothing doubtful I deſcend.

Now had the Rebel cover'd with Amaze
Ponder'd his Danger; and tho' girt around
With Millions, more than Millions in one Arm
Dreads of his angry Foe, prepar'd to riſe
In Fury, and that Fury to ſubdue
His Pride, or finding any to oppoſe
Thro' Hell or Earth, conſuming where it burns.
Aloft he views the Balance now was hung
Weighing each great Event below, which held
One Side his own, and one his Rival's Pow'r;
The laſt too pond'rous, tho' at once he threw
Himſelf and all his Hell into the Scale
To poiſe the adverſe Weight; yet with ſome Joy
His Hoſt he ſtill beholds, which ſerves awhile
To calm his Anguiſh; with ſuch Numbers round,
Such Multitudes in Arms about his Throne
Deeming it Shame to tremble; but his Fears
Not well allay'd, awake more fierce, and pain
His Breaſt with double Sorrow, as he turns
His Eye to Heaven, and ſighing numbers o'er
Battalions ſhining all in golden Arms
His inward Dread; tho' to his Fellow's Ear,
Heaven's Wrath and ev'ry Foe he ſeems to ſcorn;
His Heart that Torment feeling, which his Eye
And Looks, tho' ill diſſembling, dare not own:
Within a Cloud he now retires, and throws
A Veil of thickeſt Night and tenfold Shade
Around him; while remov'd from ev'ry Ear
That might bear witneſs to his Plight and Shame,

And Sorrows, to himſelf he thus complains.
At laſt, how ſore conſtrain'd! I own thy Arm
Great Foe ſuperior! ev'ry other Pain
I well have bore, thy fierceſt Rage e'er try'd
To prove me un-immortal; but to view
The Gates of Bliſs unfolded, and my Eye
Raviſh'd with faireſt Glories, with the Throne
Once mine by Birth and Merit, while I lye
O'erwhelm'd and hid in guilty Shades below,
There, there begins thy Triumph; from this Hour
I give thy Arm Preheminence, and yield
My ſelf, before thy Equal, now thy Thrall.
Was not the Firmneſs of my Soul well try'd,
Bearing Hell's Torments with a brave Diſdain,
But thou muſt yet afflict me with a View
Of Heaven, a worſer Hell, if not enjoy'd?
Oh thou haſt found at laſt a dreadful way
To reach my Soul; to try if what I boaſt
Of Immortality be yet ſincere;
Well boaſted, if at once I can endure
From Hell a Sight of Heaven; whoſe Joys and Woes
Alike torment me, each alike my Pain,
The Bliſs of Heaven the greater. Can I view,
Thy Captive, held beneath in ſtrongeſt Chains,
Yon Skies wide open thrown, to tempt my Eye
To look, and wander o'er their happy Vales;
And looking, longing, wond'ring, to deſpair
Fruition of each Good I there behold,
Each loſt to me for ever; while I bear
My own ſad Torment, and at once endure
The fiercer Anguiſh of another's Joy?
Shut then thy Gates above! I can ſuſtain
Each other Terror; that the worſt and laſt
Thou canſt inflict, to ſhew my mournful Eye
The Beauties of thy Heaven, thy Saints array'd
With pureſt Glories, once my Lot to wear

In yonder happy Regions, where by Thee
Rais'd to that Eminence, I long cou'd boaſt
A Luſtre, match'd above by only thine?
What if my former Pride forgot, I throw
My ſelf a Suppliant at thy Feet, and kneel
Before thy Throne adoring? ſhall I gain
Thy Smiles or Pardon, who have drawn away
Millions from thy Obedience, each deſign'd
To ſhare a Bliſs with thee above the Skies
Immortal?----- Shame in me, and juſt Deſpair
Buries the firſt; and thy undying Hate
Forbids my Hopes the latter;----- Yet thy Grace
Say I cou'd purchaſe with repentant Tears
And Sorrow ſadly utter'd; how cou'd I,
Who firſt from Heaven's Subjection drew the Prime
Of Cherubs to revolt, be firſt to crave
Forgiveneſs, bending humbly to my Foe
For Pity, and perhaps receive thy Scorn?
Juſt Recompence for him who long diſdain'd
And dreads at laſt thy Anger---- I deride
Thy Pity then; a Virtue for thy Slaves
To celebrate, but not for one who weighs
Thy Smiles alike and Anger; and recall
That coward Thought, which prompted me to own
(But oh how baſely?) thy ſuperior Arm;
And rather chuſe, thy Rival, to endure
Thy utmoſt Rage, and Hell's extremeſt Pain,
Than with a baſe Submiſſion to impair
My ancient Glory, knowing yet no Stain.

He ſpoke! and like a Veſſel roll'd between
Two warring Seas, that bears no ſteddy Sail,
Now this way drove; till a rebounding Wave
Aſſaults, and drives her to the adverſe Shore:
Thus SATAN fluctuates; his Mind now rais'd
By Hope, depreſs'd anon with ſad Deſpair;

Liſt'ning to each by turns, as he compares
His former Glories with his preſent Shame;
Now ſcornful, trembling now at what he ſcorn'd;
To either Paſſion yielding, as it rules
His wild unquiet Boſom. From the Shade
Where long he ſate unſeen, he now retires,
As Light from Darkneſs breaking, and thro' all
The Crowd of his Adorers paſs'd along,
Not without Regal Port and haughty Brow,
To reach prepar'd aloft his Kingly Throne,
Wide blazing with refulgent Gemms, and near
The Center, throwing round the Beams of Day.
His Seat he now aſcends; and with a Shew
Of Peerleſs Majeſty his State unfolds,
Beneath a gorgeous Canopy, which ſhone
With rich and coſtly Luſtre; from his Eye
And ſcornful Viſage now he throws away
The Shape of ev'ry Fear, which elſe might pale
His Looks with Sadneſs; and his Troops around
Widening in Length and Depth, about his Throne,
As nothing ſcar'd with Danger, from above
His Thoughts thus proudly utters----- Regents, Pow'rs,
Princes of Light (if yet by Right ye hold
That Title, drove to Darkneſs and theſe Shades
Of deepeſt Horror, ſought in vain to hide
Our Armies or our Councils from the Eye
Of him that ſits above) ſay, ſhall we chuſe
Longer theſe dire Abodes to be the Scorn
Of Heaven, now ſmiling as from thence he views
Baſe Fugitives retiring from his Arm,
Theſe Troops, in juſt Deriſion held by all
His ſportful Angels; while we throw away
Our Hopes of further Fame, and in Deſpair
Of future Triumph ſeek this Den of Shame
To hide us from his Anger? but how vain
Our Hopes of Safety hid beneath this Gloom,

Our late Remorſe, alas, and dire Amaze
Can witneſs; when in Council, nought afraid
Of Interruption from our hated Foe,
A ſudden Brightneſs ſhot from yonder Throne
Reveal'd us all to Heav'n; each Breaſt can tell
Its own Affright too well, and cold Diſmay,
When thought ſecure in Night, a ſudden Morn
Broke horrible acroſs theſe frighted Plains;
Before enlighten'd with no other Beams
But what this Preſence, and infernal Throne
Supply'd to theſe dark Regions: Since our Shades
Are then to him as bright as is the Day;
Since not our Diſtance from his Heavens, nor Space
Tho' almoſt Infinite, nor yet the Train
Of ſolid Worlds between us, can avail
Or promiſe Shelter from his ſearching Eye;
Why ſit we here aſtoniſh'd? why in Arms
Refuſe to ſhine above? and if the Night
Afford no Umbrage, 'tis with leſſer Shame
If vanquiſh'd, ſhould we covet yonder Plains,
Full in the Face of our avenging Foe
To hazard one great Battel, and the laſt
We e'er ſhall try, to yield us Chains, or Fame.
Give us but Light, ye friendly Heavens, and arm
Your loudeſt Thunders with a louder Sound,
They burſt in vain to ſcare us! If we fall
Be it above, and where our Foes may view
How hard and how reluctant we reſign
Our Seats and loſt Dominion; while thoſe Skies
Bear witneſs, we were worthy ſtill to hold
Their higheſt Thrones, if Fate had not o'ercome
Our Virtues, nothing darken'd tho' ſubdu'd.
If Time has fix'd a Period to our Reign,
And ſtops our Race of Glory, let it end,
But not unſeemly; let not thoſe who bore,
And no inglorious Rivals, thro' yon Plains

Once

Once their dread Arms, now own themſelves afraid
Refuſing Battel; while we yield the Foe
An eaſie Triumph, won with our dire Shame,
Without our Oppoſition; ---- for his Hand
No Sword ſhall need or Shield, much leſs to try
His Monarch's Thunders, (ready when his Arm
Shall elſe deſpair of Conqueſt) who to view
Degen'rate Fear and pale Diſtruſt confound
Our Legions, as afraid to meet the Day,
Confronting War with War, and Shield with Shield,
Shall want no other Weapon, but our Fears
To give him Hopes of Vict'ry; while with Chains
Prepar'd above, each binds his Captive Foe
Nothing reluctant, as his Neck endures
The ſervile Thraldom. Let us then aſcend
From theſe opprobrious Dwellings, leſt we moan
Our Armies, when perhaps too late, enclos'd
And ſhut within theſe Priſons; for the Foe
Taking Advantage of our Plight, may roll
Upon the Mouth of this infernal Cave
Ten thouſand Mountains, whoſe obſtructing Shade
May hold us here in Bondage, and deny
Thus barr'd from Light our Paſſage up to Day;
Making theſe Seats our Hell, with ev'ry Woe
Surrounded, wanting nothing but its Flames
To match the hideous Shape and dreaded Hue
Of all its blackeſt Horrors ----- If my Mind
Or Counſel thus declar'd, ſhall fail to win
Conſent and Approbation, from this Throne
I liſten gladly, to whate'er the Voice
Of others purpoſe to ſecure our Fame;
Or render vain, whate'er our haughty Foe
Projects to ſpoil us of, by Guile or Arms-----
Our Glory, and juſt Right to yonder Skies.

He ſpoke and ſate; and waiting long to hear
The ſhouting Hoſt with Acclamation ſound

His high Applauſe, re-echo'd thro' the Dome;
Silence inſtead, and Groans, and conſcious Shame
Were all, that in return his Ear and Eye
Met from the trembling Synod,---- ſuch Amaze
Still held 'em ſpeechleſs, ſince Heaven's Light diſclos'd
Beneath, their horrid Council. Long he looks,
(As one aſtoniſh'd, pond'ring in his Thought
Some future Danger) who ſhou'd riſe t' oppoſe
Or ſecond his Intention, when behold
A Shape once heav'nly, and who yet was fair
With fading Light, and Beauties half decay'd,
Cut thro' with ſwifteſt Wing the parting Shade,
To reach the great Pavilion where was thron'd
Hell's awful Monarch----- Him he views, and pays
His Throne due Rev'rence; while at once conſpire
His Looks, his Voice, and Geſture to unfold
Th' intent which thus he utters,----- Have ye choſe
Theſe Manſions then, inſtead of yon fair Skies
Your Seat of Empire, boaſting that you gain
This Darkneſs, an Addition to your Fame?
Or dwell ye rather here to ſhun the Day
(Scar'd with its Beam) or ſome ſuperior Foe,
Unſafe in Sight? whatever Cauſe detains
This Hoſt, impriſon'd in theſe loathſome Shades
And Thee at once their Leader, holds no more
Such Numbers Captive! If your Birth and State
And conſcious Senſe of Godhead, fail to wake
And lift you hence, nor yet unſeemly Shame
Upbraiding each with Coward Sloth, I bring
Thoſe Tidings, that ſhall raiſe theſe Troops again
To take Poſſeſſion of their ancient Thrones
On yonder Earth; from which tho' oft expell'd
By Heav'n, you now ſhall gain, to leave no more:
For know, whether deſpairing to enjoy
Its Empires longer; or with Man diſpleas'd
Refuſing him Allegiance, to adore

And own our Godhead; whatſoe'er perſuades
Our Foe to that Reſolve, we all ſhall praiſe,
His Voice has ſummon'd from each Realm, to leave
Their Stations, thoſe who long have held our Arms
From Triumph, ſtill oppoſing our great Fame,
Now fully yielded,---- if we yet can boaſt
A Courage to poſſeſs the World they yield.
Why gaze ye thus aſtoniſh'd? Why with Arms
Thus idly folded, as afraid to bear
Their Swords aloft? Why, as in dire Amaze,
Sink down thoſe Eyes that ſhould be fill'd with Flame,
Scorning this Den of Horror, where ye lye
Entranc'd?--- To take Poſſeſſion of your Thrones
Ariſe, aſcend; or in theſe ſhameful Shades
Of horrid Darkneſs, be for ever clos'd.

To whom the Monarch anſwer'd, half-diſpleas'd;
Take back thy Meſſage then, if yet thy Voice
Has ended, bringing nothing more of Joy;
Ill promis'd, if thou know'ſt not to reveal
Some better Solace: 'Tis not that we ſeek
This Covert, to avoid the fierceſt Flame
Cherub above or *Seraph* ever threw
To pierce us; not their Chief, nor all their Hoſt
Joining in Battel, ſhou'd have drove us down,
Without Heaven's Thunders added----Think thy Voice
Defames our Glories then, and gives us Shame
(Ill merited, tho' ſunk and fall'n thus low)
Surmiſing that we fled to ſhun the Arm
Of Angels, we have learnt ſo long to ſcorn.
Nor haſt thou lent our Hopes a kinder View
Of Triumph or Succeſs, to be attain'd
On Earth with ſo much Eaſe, without the Pain
Or Toil of Conflict; This had been a Joy
Worthy our beſt Attention, wou'd but all
Yon World's wide Empires own our Regal Sway,

Which more than once they did: but oh we meet
In Council now, not caſting how to gain
New Conqueſts, but conſulting how to hold
Our ſelves and ancient Triumphs both ſecure;
In Danger each, if what our Foe has doom'd
Our Valour cannot check, and turn the Fate
His Wrath has lately utter'd---- To the Sky
What tho' from Earth her Guardians are return'd
(In ſpite of whoſe weak Arm my greater drew
Millions, from Heav'n revolted, at my Throne
To pay Obedience?) yet thoſe happy Plains
They leave, and Regions thou art fond to give
Theſe Numbers to poſſeſs, are ſoon to burn.
Thoſe Armies thy miſtaken Eye beheld
Bore upward, leaving naked to our Arms
(Thou judging) this fair World, were only call'd
Away, far off the reach of that dire Flame
Which muſt conſume her Orb, with all we hold
Above by ſtrongeſt Right and ancient Claim;
Our ſelves the next in Danger, if his Voice
Who threatens, can effect above the Arm
And Boldneſs of theſe Numbers, who in Heav'n
And Earth, not miſſing Triumph have engag'd.
Your Voices then I ask, in Council join'd
To weigh both what we hope, and what we fear
In this Diſtreſs; our own and Heaven's great Fame
Thrown into even Scales, to learn whoſe Might
Sinks deeper: other Thoughts perhaps may win
Attention ſooner, and may better pleaſe
Than what by me and off this Regal Throne
Has yet been purpos'd.---- Saying this once more
He humbled his high State, and ſate beneath
The Shade a Royal Canopy diffus'd
Awful around him. But his Looks o'erſpread
With Paleneſs, ſeem'd to argue ſome Amaze
Unquiet ſtill within him; which his Pride,

Tho'

Tho' vainly, ſtrove to cover from the Eye
Of his Aſſociates, who the dire Diſmay
Read viſible, tho' inward, which obſcur'd
With Shade his outward Luſtre. But not long
He ſate confus'd, when from his Seat uproſe
A Spirit far renown'd for Worth and Fame,
Azazel, who with Words that proudly ſcorn'd
Both Heav'n and ev'ry Foe, his Leader's Voice
Thus ſeconds :----- If thou yet art he, who drew
Theſe Godlike Armies once along the Sky
Not without Fame, tho' vanquiſh'd, to oppoſe
Our haughty Tyrant, why behold we chang'd
Thy Viſage? why from that Ambition fall'n,
That glorious Pride of owning none Supreme
None higher, or with Titles grac'd, thy Arm
In Conflict with Heaven's Chiefeſt, has not claim'd?
For oh! howe'er thy Words may ſeem to ſcorn
All Danger, and heroick Courage raiſe
In theſe afflicted Troops, thy Viſage owns
A Dread of ſome dire Change from what we are
To worſe, and ſoon approaching: If we weigh
And ponder well our preſent Fate, there ſeems
No need of long Debate----'Tis but to know
Whether 'tis worthier to defame our Arms
Shunning the Sight of Heav'n, and with theſe Shades
Covering our Legions, thus to live the Scorn
And juſt Reproach of our inſulting Foe;
Or filling each his Hand with dreadful Flame,
Our Soul with fiercer, to aſcend and try
In glorious Battel who deſerves to fall
Thus low; to whom belong by juſter Claim
Yon Heavens; yet doubtful who they are to hold,
Our ſelves, or who poſſeſſing 'em enjoy
By our baſe Cowardiſe their boaſted Thrones.
What gain we then beneath theſe ſhameful Shades,
Rather within this nether Light, (for ſuch

We

We lately view'd it) but to draw the Eye
Of each inſulting Cherub to behold
And ſlight theſe Troops, perhaps out-numb'ring all,
To whom we live, and ah too juſt, a Scorn?
Have we that Safety found, which to our Fears
We promis'd, when from yonder raining Skies
We fled aſtoniſh'd? Flaſh not Heaven's thick Flames
As dreadful and amazing round this Gloom,
As thoſe above; which on our fiery Shields
Lighting, have been reflected from their Gold,
And fill'd the Firmament that ſhot the Blaze
With double Luſtre? Will our Foe abate
Ought of his Anger, while we dwell below
Whelm'd under dire Confuſion? will his Rage
Not rather chuſe this Seaſon, when we lye
Scarce leſs than Captives, to augment the Voice
Of his deep Engines; and a hoarſer Sound
Lend to his Thunders, filling ev'ry Ear
With Terrors, as they roll from Cave to Cave
Along theſe hollow Vaults; on Purpoſe fram'd
To echo round Heaven's Wrath with louder Noiſe?
If then a Senſe of Glory wants the Pow'r
To lift us from this Deep; a Dread of Shame
Shou'd give us Wings once more, in glitt'ring Arms
And vengeful, to aſſert our native Thrones,
And guard our Earth from Flames; a Seat, if loſt,
Not to be match'd again with ought ſo fair.
Ye have my Voice! and if beſide my Arm
Is wanted, ſee it lifted to fulfill
The Purpoſe which muſt ſave us!----- Saying thus
He ſate; while faint Applauſes round him roſe;
Not loud enough, as were his Hopes, to praiſe
Enough his Merit; ſince but few wou'd dare
Extol his Counſel, who were yet afraid
To follow what it purpos'd.----- But not long
The Fiend had ſate, ere one who well had weigh'd

And calmly the Event of War, his Thought
Reveals thus mildly----- Cou'd I view, oh Peers!
The ſmalleſt Glimpſe of Hope we e'er ſhou'd win
Yon Heavens, our fair Poſſeſſion once, (no more
Alas to yield us Reſt, or any Joy)
Shame wou'd forbid me to diſſuade your Arm
From Battel, from a quick Aſcent, to try
Once more in glorious Conflict to regain
Thoſe Seats our Guilt has loſt us; but that Hope
Soon dying, leaves us open to Deſpair,
Reflecting with what Foe we are to join,
And whom, alas! to conquer, e'er we win
Thoſe Heights to which Ambition bids us ſoar:
Had we not felt by fatal Proof his Arm
We firſt muſt weaken, ere our own can gain
Succeſs or Triumph; had we not before
Been ſadly conſcious, what it is to dwell
With doleful Sorrows, and converſe with Groans;
We might conceive ſome Hopes, and dare provoke
Our Foe's leſs-dreaded Thunders: but to know
The ſad and bitter Lot we once have bore,
Muſt warn us how we raſhly tempt again
His Anger, or the Edge of that keen Flame
That pierc'd us, flying to the Deep amaz'd,
Angel on Angel rolling! Has our Eye
Yet loſt the diſmal Proſpect, when we flew
Drove from yon Clouds in Multitudes, to ſhun
The Show'r and Tempeſt of outragious Fire
Shot from a thouſand Engines? when beneath
Heav'n opening wide Hell's blazing Doors, reveal'd
Each ſtill ſurpaſſing each a World of Woes
Painful to view, but oh much ſorer Pain
Inflicting, when to ſhun the fiercer Rage
Of Heav'n we choſe much rather to endure
The Smart and cruel Torture of Hell's Flame
Glowing beneath, and heated to receive

Our vanquiſh'd Legions? Who alas can loſe
The dreadful Hour, or from his conſcious Soul
Drive that Amaze and Dread, which ſeiz'd on all,
When the red Surface of the boiling Deep
Was hid, and cover'd o'er with Shields and Arms
Of vanquiſh'd Angels? they themſelves below
Plung'd many a League; til by the Fury bore
Of the mad Sea aloft, they upward roſe,
Toſt to and fro from Wave to cruel Wave;
Sad Change of Torment, but alas the whole
They knew of Comfort, to be loſt beneath
The loweſt, or ſwim upon Hell's upper Fires.
What was OUR Anguiſh then, when *He* who bears
Preheminence in Might, and boaſts to do
And ſuffer far above his Fellows' Pow'r,
When our great Leader lay himſelf awhile
With all his Might confounded on the Waves
Of that infernal Ocean; and with Pain
And dire Reluctance hardly bore his Brow
Above the Brim of thoſe corroding Flames,
O'erwhelming his high Stature. What if then
This World is loſt? 'tis better that were loſt,
Than loſe our ſelves; provoking our great Foe
To Battel; who incens'd no more, may ſpare
Perhaps his further Vengeance, nor deny
(If we retire from hence to ſhun his Arm)
Some other Seats, where we may build and found
New Empires, large perhaps as thoſe we yield.
Nor deem it Shame, but Caution, to retire
From him we cannot conquer: thus we hold
At once our Safety, and preſerve our Fame;
Which wears no Blemiſh from a Flight, the Praiſe
Claiming of Foreſight rather, thus to ſave
Theſe Godlike Numbers; who in time may gain
Perhaps new Seats, Dominions fair and wide
And ample, as the World they now reſign.

What

What if expell'd and Exiles from the Sky
We taſte no more its Bliſs; the neareſt Good
To that Fruition, is to feel no Pain:
This then is Joy, when other Joys are loſt,
When baniſh'd from our Heav'n, to know we dread
No Hell,---- except the Hell we chuſe to make
In our own Boſom each, by numb'ring o'er
Our firſt and faded Glories; pleas'd to grieve
Our anxious Fancies rather with a View
Of what we loſt, than cheriſh our ſad Minds
With the great Hopes of what we yet may gain;
Sufficient, if Ambition ſtirs no more
In our unquiet Thoughts, to leave us ſtill
The envied Lords poſſeſt of Rule and Fame;
Each high, tho' not the higheſt! All but One
Cut from that Hope, which none but one can hold.

He ſpoke and pleas'd awhile; each chuſing more
Empire and Triumph and the Boaſt of Fame,
Their paſt and preſent Glories to reſign;
Than hoping future Conqueſt, to contend
With Heav'n once more in Battel. But their Joy
Soon met with Interruption, from each Brow
Soon vaniſh'd, when from off his Seat aroſe
Rimmon, with deepeſt Thought and publick Care
His Looks o'erſhaded; and with Words that won
From all Attention, gravely thus began.
Sad are the Terms propos'd us, that we yield
Unarguing, without Strife unto our Foe
Our Realms above; nought left us to ſecure
Our ſelves but baſe Retreat; while thus we owe
Our future Safety to our preſent Shame;
But harder much our Lot, if oh! we find
To yield or to oppoſe, our Flight or Arms,
Retreat or Oppoſition ſerve alike
To guard us from thoſe Dangers, which we here

Are met, conſulting Means if not to ſhun
At leaſt to mitigate. By Arms to ſtand
We then may hope, when Weakneſs can confound
Strength more than Infinite; by Flight to ſave
Our ſelves deſpairing, til we chance to gain
Some Room in Nature ſo obſcure, the Eye
Of our All-great, All-wiſe, All-ſeeing Foe
Wants Force to penetrate. Where ſhall we find
A Space beneath, or yet above yon Skies
His Preſence does not fill, and He behold
Nothing impervious, tho' beyond the Bounds
Of Sight, where Darkneſs dwells and horrid Shade;
Made clear and radiant each, whene'er he turns
His Eye acroſs th' Abyſs, and leaves the Gloom
Tranſparent, and illuſtrious as the Day:
What if we ſtretch our Wings, and gain the Throne
Where ſits the Morn, whence ſhoots the golden Ray
Chaſing the Darkneſs? there we ſtand reveal'd
More fully to our Foe, who chuſes Light
To be his fair Pavilion: Or above
Suppoſe our Seat unſafe, and that we call
The Ocean to o'erwhelm us with its Wave,
Chuſing the deep Profundities beneath
Our dreadful Dwelling? there alas we view
Him following, ſtill a Witneſs to our Shame;
Throwing around the Deep, from off his Throne
A Noon-day Brightneſs, conqu'ring ev'ry Shade:
Where-e'er we wander then, whatever Climes
Invite us, with their Diſtance or their Gloom
To hide theſe wretched Legions, tho' they ſoar
Beyond where Light, beyond where Darkneſs reigns;
All, all, alas! is fruitleſs, til the Mind
Is well convinc'd, that he who built this Frame
Of Nature, knows not his Creation's Bounds;
Which whereſoever ſtretch'd, howe'er disjoin'd
His Eye can reach;----- and where his Eye, his Arm.

He ſpoke; and left on all th' Aſſembly round
Upon each Cheek, a deep and dying Pale,
Damping each Joy and Hope; til from his Throne
Beholding their Diſtreſs, great *Mammon* tries
(A Spirit baſe and low, and on the Earth
His Thoughts ſtill fixing) to reſtore again
Thus their loſt Comfort,---To what certain Woes
Has Fate decreed us, if to ſtand or fly
Yields us no Hopes of Safety? nothing more
In Reaſon ſeeming left, whereby to free
Our ſelves and theſe loſt Numbers from the Pains
Our Foe denounces. Yet one wretched Cure
Perhaps is left us ſtill, which Shame in ſome,
In others more diſdainful, Pride and Scorn
May prompt 'em to reject--- What if at laſt
Judging our ſelves aright, we throw away
Each other fruitleſs Hope, too weak and vain
To lend us Eaſe, nor longer in our Arms
Confiding, give up all the Fame we hold,
(By Sufferance held thus long) and try to win
By low Entreaties at the Victor's Throne
Compaſſion, each relenting? Tho' with Pain
Each heavenly Ear admits the bitter Sound
Of mean Submiſſion, yet if cruel Fate
Conſtrains us, and we know no better Way,
The worſt is beſt, if nothing elſe avails
To raiſe us to new Hopes, and lift us, fall'n
From Bliſs, once more to Glory: or if we fail
Of Heaven, perhaps no longer his high Will
Oppoſing, we at leaſt may gain to fly
That Hell he threats; and ſure thus much to gain
By thoſe, who ever felt its dreadful Flames,
Muſt yet be own'd a Triumph!---But who knows
If humbling thus our ſelves, the Victor's Rage
May ſlacken, or his cruel Purpoſe change
From fierce to milder? That we ſhall be ſafe

Submitting, may be doubtful; that we ne'er
Shall be without Submiſſion, is more ſure.
This gives us then a Chance; each other Way
We purpoſe, either to aſcend our Skies
Or ſhun the Hell we dread, will ſoon be found
To kill our Hopes; however now they ſwell
Each Breaſt with Thoughts of Triumph: and tho' low
We are our ſelves to humble, yonder Hell
Will ne'er be ſhun'd, til lower yet we bend.
Scorn then theſe wretched Wreaths, poor Emblems left
Of faded Majeſty; and oh! beheld
With Smiles, and juſt Deriſion by our Foe,
Wore by his Captives, trembling to unfold
Their Light before his Heaven, or near the Day
To open their hid Luſtre! goodly Crowns!
Fair Circles theſe! and worthyeſt Enſigns form'd
Of Royalty! no other Space allow'd
For theſe rich Gemms, around us to diſplay
Their great Effulgent Light, but this obſcure
And frightful Darkneſs---- But for us who reign
As Kings, to ſue before our Rival's Throne
For Pardon, and beſeeching him to ſpare,
May ſeem not worthy our Deſcent, and ſtain
Our high Prerogative! But oh! to bow
Or elſe be loſt for ever, when the Strife
Lies only 'twixt Perdition and our Fame;
Who loves ſo well his Glory, to endure
Undying Torment, and unceaſing Pain
Both without Hope or End, only to boaſt
His Glory, in the midſt of Hell unſtain'd,
And free from Blemiſh? Will the pureſt Fame
Slack the remorſeleſs Power of thoſe grim Fires,
Twiſting for ever round him; or allay
The Tumult, and Reproaches of Deſpair;
In that ſad Hour of Sorrow, when the Rage
Of our Tormentor ſhall transfix his Soul

With

With every Woe and endleſs; when his Chains
Shall bind him to the bottom of the Deep
The Sport of Whirlwinds, and of racking Flames;
Now boyling underneath, anon in Show'rs
Pour'd from Above, with ſad and cruel Change,
Smote from each Region? wond'rous then the Joy
He needs muſt feel, rememb'ring that he threw
Defiance once to Heaven, and bore his Arm
Once high in Oppoſition; when he lies
Abject, and low in Hell, the publick Scorn
Of all his Foes above; who ſmile to view
Their great Competitors in Worth drove down
To Seats of blackeſt Night, and loweſt Shame;
Nothing alas abated, numbring o'er
Their former Glories, vaniſh'd all beneath
The Smart and Gnawings of their preſent Pain.
Is this then Fame we ſeem ſo much to prize
Beyond our Safety? dearly bought, if all
We gain by our Reluctance, is to moan
Ages of Woe unpity'd; and bereav'd
Of ev'ry Comfort, ſave of that which flows
From being NOBLY wretched! when our Foe
Perhaps might be appeas'd; and yet our Fame
Preſerv'd unhurt, ſubmitting to a Power
So much our worthyer ---- Cou'd we our high Pride
At laſt ſubmit to humble, the ſole Means
Given us, (if e'er we are again to riſe)
To lift us from this abject State and fall'n
To the Fruition of our former Joy;
Not vainly we might hope once more to gain
Our Bliſs long loſt ---- for yet to me appears,
Tho' dark, ſome dawning Hope, our Tears may find
Our Foe ſtill placable --- for if he bore
Our Pride ſo long, uſurping his high Fame;
Drawing to pay us Worſhip at our Shrines
Half his Adorers; if he then his Rage

With-held,

With-held, and thought on Mercy, when we call'd
His Arm with all its Thunders to aſſail
His Enemies; Defiance to his Throne,
Himſelf, his Vengeance, from each hoſtile Tongue
Utter'd, and yet forgotten! ſhall his Eye
Not rather pity, and be fond to ſhew
Compaſſion, when he views theſe Numbers fall'n
Low on the Ground; each penſive, each with Groans
And Sorrows ſadly breath'd, before his Sky
Proſtrate, and humbly craving from his Throne
Acceptance, and Attention to their Woes,
Melting his Boſom, who delights to heal
Th' afflicted Heart, his cordial Balm to throw
(If not in ours) in ev'ry other Wound!

He ended; and his Voice was heard with Joy
By ſhouting Multitudes; who not with Arms
To vindicate themſelves, nor yet to ſave
By Flight or Darkneſs longer, now deviſe;
Conſcious how weak each Tryal elſe, to gain
Reprieve from that ſad Sentence which the Foe
Had threaten'd, but by throwing by each Hope
Of Safety elſe and Refuge, to implore
With earneſt Vows, and Worſhip, his high Throne,
In Sighs, and each Repentant --- A ſhort Joy
Might have enſued, and baniſh'd from each Breaſt
Awhile its hidden Sorrow, had his Thought
Great *Molock* not reveal'd, which thus afreſh
Awakes more fierce their Anguiſh---- Captives, Thralls,
Heaven's Vaſſals, th' only Names our greater Foe
Has left us now to boaſt; till other Ways
Are purpos'd than what yet have been eſſay'd
To give us other Titles; grievous ſure
Muſt be our Plight, and woeful, when the more
We labour to avert our Dread and Shame;
More Cauſe (alas) appears for each! new Thoughts

Inſtead of quieting our former Fear,
Awak'ning ſtill new Terrors; while we plunge
From deep to deeper Sorrows, til the View
Turns us all wild, and gives us to Deſpair;
All know (alas!) too well, how weak the Ways
That others purpoſe, or to guard our Fate,
Or work our Safety: but incur the Blame
Themſelves, they mark in others, when they try
With ſhew of ſtronger Reaſon to perſuade
To wiſer Counſels---Each, alas! can tell
What 'tis will *not* avail us, when our Foe
We think to ſhun, or conquer; but how few
For thoſe weak Counſels which they ſeem to ſcorn,
Can furniſh better? point us out new Ways
To Glory? and inſtead of thoſe that ſeem
And juſtly their Deriſion, in their Room
Purpoſe not ſome Conceits, which in their turn
Alike deceive, and ſpoil us of that Hope,
They vainly ſought to cheriſh!---What muſt end
Our Sorrows, (with our Sorrows too, our Fame)
Is our Contrition then---the laſt ſad Cure
Propos'd for our Deliverance, to upraiſe
Theſe Numbers from this Darkneſs, to enjoy
Their antient Seats of Rule, and win the Smiles
Of Heaven's appeaſed Monarch---Fruitleſs Aim,
And ſhameful! for ſuppoſe we bore a Will
Thus mean, thus abject, and beneath the Fame
Of Spirits heavenly born (if yet we own
Birth or Beginning) as to bribe our Foe
With Sighs and baſe Subjection, to forbear
His Purpoſe, and receive us in his Skies;
What cou'd effect our Change ſo ſoon? what turn
Our Hearts from bad to good? from ſtedfaſt Hate
To Love of Virtue? from a glorious Scorn
Of Heaven, to own our Guilt, our Sin, and Shame?
Kneeling before thoſe Altars, which we deem'd

'Twas once our higheſt Merit to diſdain.
Cou'd our baſe Wills ſo much againſt our Fame
Conſpire; or did we feel our ſelves enclin'd
To yield our Foe that Homage, which he claims
From his Adorers; whatſoe'er our Tongues
Might promiſe of Obedience, our firm Souls
Ne'er from their inward Purpoſe to be chang'd,
And Enmity 'gainſt Heaven, wou'd ever bear
The ſame untam'd Reluctance to our Foe
We always held; in ſpite of what our Voice
Subdu'd by preſent Dread, might feign to pay
Of Duty, ne'er intending to fulfill.
But let us yet a further Scope allow
To our ſad Hopes, and think each Heart might feel
Contrition, nor unreal: cou'd we claim
The leaſt Reward, as to our Sorrows due,
Tho' proſtrate, tho' adoring, tho' in Tears
Each humbly bow'd to Heaven? For oh! too well
Knows our all-ſeeing Rival, what perſuades
Our Wills to ſeem relenting; not the Love
Of him or Virtue, but the fatal Power
Of ſtrict Neceſſity, and ſad Conſtraint,
Drawing that Homage from us, which with Scorn
We ſhou'd again renounce, nor longer own
His Godhead, than we fear'd to feel his Arm,
Driving us now to Penance; a vile Name
Our Pride would bluſh to utter, did we view
No Danger in deriding ſtill our Foe;
The Dread of him away, repenting ſore
We e'er before repented. Had we choſe,
When in Poſſeſſion of our higheſt Fame
And fulleſt Glory, with one general Voice
And one Conſent relenting to have thrown
Our Swords away; each conſcious of his Shame
And long Revolt from Heaven; with daring Arms
Oppoſing its high Will, nor oft in vain;

This

This had been Virtue;---- this perhaps had won
Our Foe to Thoughts of Pity; to have view'd
Not by Conſtraint, or dreading from his Ire
Some worſer Doom, but freely, ſuch a Power
Such Multitudes as theſe, againſt his Skies
That might have longer ſtood, nor fear'd to fall,
Yielding themſelves at once as he decreed
Or to be ſpar'd, or Captives!---- But to bow
Deſpairing elſe of Safety, what Reward
Merits ſuch Homage? What it ought---- His Scorn,
And fiercer Indignation---- Can his Eye
Caſt Looks of Peace on thoſe, whoſe Knees alone
Pay him a Worſhip, while their Minds remain
Unbent and ſtubborn? and this outward Shew
Of Duty flowing from no Choice, or Love
Of him we deify; compell'd t' adore
Whom we abhor; with Thoughts and Mind unchang'd;
Our Tongues thence begging Pity, where our Arm
Had we a Power to equal our high Hate
Wou'd hurl Defiance---- Saying thus he ſate;
None found awhile to ſecond, or oppoſe
His Thoughts, or what he fear'd; till off his Seat
In proudeſt ſtate uplifting his high Brow
As full of ſome dire Purpoſe, and to end
Themſelves and all Debate, great *Arioch* roſe,
And with a Look that witneſs'd his own Pain
Saddens each Heart, while thus his Voice begins----
All Hope ſeems therefore loſt, either by Force
Or Flight, or low Submiſſion to regain
Our Empire, or appeaſe our angry Foe;
Too ſtrong his Heaven to fear Aſſaults; his Eye
Too piercing, to allow us where to dwell
With Safety, tho' below the loweſt Shades;
There preſent tho' he ſeems ſo far remov'd,
Reading each ſecret Purpoſe, which we frame
To build new Empires: nor muſt any draw

A glimpſe of Comfort, hoping that our Foe
May ſmile on us relenting! Deep his Eye
Deſcends into our Hearts; and tho' our Voice
Submiſſion ſpeaks, he written there beholds
Reluctance, ſteadfaſt Hate, and rooted Scorn,
Plotting Revenge that Moment when our Tongues
Are vainly ſtriving to delude his Ear
With Sounds of new Obedience; unſincere
Perceiv'd, and fully known, ere yet our Thought
Has fram'd the frail Deluſion! What if then
We place all Hope in want of Hope, and draw,
Each other Succour failing, our laſt Cure
From that which none of us can want, Deſpair?
Which may inſpire us yet, and point a Way
If not to Bliſs, at leaſt our ſelves to free
From Miſery; and that is Bliſs to ſhun,
If others may inflict it! think we then
Some Counſel not unfolded yet, to ſave
Our ſelves at once, and diſappoint our Foe,
Of that Revenge he purpos'd, to behold
Theſe Troops o'erturn'd in Battel by his Arm
Prov'd ſtronger! he who can reveal the Way
To either, merits ſure no mean Applauſe
From this ſad Council met! Suppoſe our Swords
We then unſheath, and doubting to regain
Our Heaven, yet dreading ſtill a Hell, defraud
Its cruel Expectation, as we meet
Conflicting Each with Each in horrid Arms
Ruſhing to Battel; while the Life we owe
To Heaven's reluctant Vengeance, thus we free,
Suffering one Moment, from an endleſs Pain,
Prepar'd alas, as ſoon as e'er we fall
Subdu'd by our great Rival to annoy
Theſe Multitudes! nor deem it any Shame
Or want of heavenly Courage, thus to end
Our ſelves, and Glories; for wou'd any chuſe

To wear the higheſt, if with them he bore
Torments as ample, and too ſharp to yield
His Thoughts due Leiſure to receive a Joy
From his paſt Triumphs, in his preſent Woes
All buried? Or admit our haughty Foe
Charge us with want of Courage, to endure
Or to oppoſe his Thunders,---- who ſurvives
To hear the vain Reproach, or feel the Shame
Of Cowardice, each ending with his Life
The Senſe and Thought of all he did alive?
If then, which ſeems the only Doubt, theſe Frames
Are not immortal built, too ſtrong to die,
Why ceaſe we longer, fearful to undoe
And uneſſential make with ſudden Wounds
Theſe Eſſences; thus ſpoiling by our Arms
Heaven of its hop'd Revenge, Hell of that Prize
It waited to enjoy; when from our Foe
Retiring, wide its open Jaws are thrown,
When falling to o'erwhelm us under Flames?

He ſpoke; Aſtoniſhment and dire Diſmay
Held mute awhile the Council: til his Pride
Collected, and with Shew of princely Scorn
Diſdaining what he heard, with ſtern Reply
Adrameleck thus anſwers---- What thy Fear
Perſuades, degenerate Angel, might have Power
To work perhaps with others, whoſe Deſcent
Is not like ours from Heaven (if ever born)
Proving our high Original by Deeds
Of equal Luſtre! Sure this Region holds
Not one within its awful Shade, ſo low
And abject, as in dread of future Pain
To loſe his preſent Being, turn his own
Deſtroyer, or beſeech his Fellow's Arm
To rid him of a Life, he fears may prove
The Cauſe of never dying? To adviſe

Our mutual Slaughter then, as Foe with Foe
Conflicting, owns how little thou haſt learnt
Or of thy ſelf, or thy Celeſtial Frame;
Which if we meanly cou'd ſubmit to loſe
Encount'ring in dire Battel, wou'd diſdain
Our fierceſt, felleſt Onſett, and endure
Unhurt, tho' cloven with ten thouſand Wounds.
Have we forgot, when Heaven's afflicting Fires
Rain'd from above, ſore pierc'd us, as we flew
Precipitant, to reach Hell's loweſt Shades
In hopes of Shelter; yet alas cou'd they
Working dire Torment, and reluctant Pain
Within our Eſſence, boaſt a Power to change
Much leſs diſſolve our Tempers, tho' the Arm
Of our Tormentor drove 'em down the Sky
With all his Fury? and ſhall theſe we hold
Theſe Swords, outdoe the Keeneſs and the Flame
Of thoſe pernicious Lightnings, which we bore
Long, tho' afflicted, and again ſhall bear
Unhurt, if our great Foe above contends
With ought beſides his Thunders? with what Eaſe
Was clos'd again our Subſtance, which his Fires
Corroding had entrench'd with many a Wound;
Each deep enough to give us Pain, tho' none
Of Force to prove us Mortal! Can we then,
Tho' filling each his Breaſt with hotteſt Rage,
And arm'd with all Hell's Fury tho' we join
With dire Intent in Battel to deſtroy
Without a Foe each other, can we drive
Our Weapons down with that prodigious Sway
Heaven lanch'd his angry Thunders? has our Hand
That Strength and Vigour lent it, to exceed
Or match the Weight of our unequal Foe's
Bent on Revenge, and lifted high, to fall
As heavy on our Brows, as cruel Scorn,
Celeſtial Wrath, and Hatred all in one

Uniting

Uniting, cou'd deviſe to fix each Wound,
Tho' deep ſoon healing ---- whoſoe'er adviſe
And counſel then to free us from our Fears
By ridding us of Life, ſhou'd firſt have known
Themſelves, that Eſſence which they ſeem to prize
So low, to part with it in dread of Harms
That may enſue hereafter; neither fear'd
Or ſeen by others; or if fear'd or ſeen,
Not of that Moment ſure, to prompt our Arms
With mad Confuſion on our ſelves to draw
That Fate and Vengeance, which our haugty Foe
In Smiles wou'd thank us, cou'd we but fullfill.
Wou'd he who ſits above, ſo long have bore
Such Multitudes his Rivals? tamely view'd
Himſelf, his Altars, and his heavenly Throne
Derided; half his wide Creation drawn
To pay us Worſhip, if his high Decree
Or Power, or what than either more perſuades,
His Dread of us, cou'd ever have ſubdu'd,
Thoſe, who where-e'er they live, he ſtill muſt fear.

He ſpoke; when ſudden from their Seats aroſe
Millions, and all confounded. Some their Arms
Waving aloft, acroſs th' enlighten'd Shade
Cut horrid Circles; while the Voice of War
Rung on their ſounding Shields, beneath whoſe Gold
Secur'd, they caſt Reproaches to the Sky,
Demanding inſtant Battel. Others chuſe,
Dreading the Wrath of Heaven beyond the Pains
Of Diſſolution, to endure the Wounds
They give each other, hoping thus to end
(But oh! how vain) their Sorrows: Peace gave Way
To Diſcord; Rule and Order to the Noiſe
Of Tumult, frantick Rage, and loud Deſpair,
Frighting th' infernal Regions, which throughout
Were fill'd with Uproar, and the ſtunning Sound

Of

Of Multitudes, who turn their horrid Arms
Some againſt Heaven, and ſcornful dare the Foe
To impious Combat; while with equal Rage
Others unſheath their vengeful Blades, and meet
Their Fellows, now o'erturning, now o'erturn'd
In Battel, mixing Havock and deep Wounds,
Each graſping Each in Wrath, to prove how ſtrong
Their Eſſence; whether Mortal, or if fram'd
By mortal Force or Violence not to die,
Diſdaining ev'ry Danger. Earth had now
Been tore from her firm Axle as they rag'd,
Had not a Chief aroſe, who waving high
His Scepter, won Attention, and appeas'd
Hell's Fury; while with clouded Looks that bore
Signs of Revenge long hid, each other Throne
Paſt by, to SATAN thus he points his Scorn.

Not againſt Heaven, nor yet our ſelves, theſe Arms
Deſerve to be directed; one derides
Their Edge; and not to give each other Pain
Love of our ſelves may warn us: what remains
Of Vigour then within us unconſum'd,
Which our deep Sorrows have not wore away,
Shou'd rather lift our Hands againſt that Foe
Whoſe Pride has loſt us Heaven. On thee ſhou'd light
Our Vengeance firſt, and heavy; who for Fame
Contending, and with Dreams of Empire fir'd,
Aiming at Godhead, and a fairer Crown,
Theſe once how happy Multitudes haſt drawn
To ſhare thy Guilt, and now alas thy Woe,
With Baits of promis'd Kingdoms, and the Lure
Of higheſt Seats above, with thee to reign
As Kings, by thy ſtrong Arm Heaven's King dethron'd.
But ſay, for what we loſt, our Bliſs, and Skies
And Dwellings in yon Paradiſe, with Light
Encompaſs'd, circled round with endleſs Joys,

Each ſweeter from Enjoyment, what haſt thou
In Recompence beſtow'd on theſe for all
Our Glories, which, by thee ſeduc'd, no more
They now muſt taſte for ever?---ſomething ſure
Thou haſt in Store reſerv'd, to heal and calm
The cruel Thoughts in ev'ry Breaſt that riſe,
Viewing their former Bliſs, and preſent Shame;
And oh the fiercer Paſſions which they feel
Dreading their future Anguiſh; All we gain
For what we left above, each ſadly knows;
Curſing, alas! too late the bitter Change,
For Heaven, a Hell; for Light, this horrid Shade;
For ſweet Fruition, long and loud Deſpair;
And oh! inſtead of Muſick tun'd above
Yon Skies by skilful Angels, racking Groans,
The Voice of Sorrow, and the frightful Sounds
Of Ghoſts, and Fiends, and Millions lodg'd in Flames
Uttering ſad Cries, and ceaſeleſs! All, our Ear
Of Harmony muſt meet in thoſe Abodes,
The Hiſs of howling Sp'rits, and drag of Chains;
This for our future Lot; and ſince our Fall
From Glory, from our happy Skies drove down
By thy Ambition, what has ſince employ'd
Our Thoughts, but Malice, dire Revenge, and Scorn,
Hateful to all, and hating; our Delight
Man's Bane and Wretchedneſs; our chiefeſt Joy
His Miſery; in our ſelves unbleſt, our Mind
Reaping a cruel Bliſs, from others Pain;
While dreading Light, we chuſe the thickeſt Shades
Our Seats to dwell; and bluſhing to be ſeen
In theſe foul Shapes, how heavenly once and fair,
Shaming the Morning, ſlink to hide our Forms
In midnight Coverts, and in loneſome Glooms,
Conſcious how ill we cou'd endure, thus chang'd,
The Light of Day, revealing to each Eye
Ghaſtly our Looks, our Beauties all decay'd,

Now frightful to our ſelves, and juſtly deem'd
The Dread of others, while we ſcarce behold
Our own dire Shapes, without our own Amaze?
Since then whate'er we moan, whether deſtroy'd
Our God-like Luſtre, or what more demands
Our Sadneſs, theſe infernal Gulphs ordain'd
To be our Seats for ever; all we bear
Of preſent Woe, alas! or after Pain,
We owe to thy fall'n Pride, and curſt Deſires
Of further Glory, If our Strength ſuffice
To lift theſe Swords once more, thou firſt ſhou'dſt feel
The Wrath and Weight of our deſcending Arm;
None meriting ſo well to meet our Scorn
As he who wrought our Guilt, and Fall, and Shame.

He ſpoke; when ſtrait the Rebel's angry Eye
Turn'd fiery red, denouncing ſudden Rage
To all, but chief to him, whoſe Voice had dar'd
To charge with Blame preſumptuous his Worth
And great monarchal Glory! On his Brow
He wore a thouſand Paſſions; Pride o'ercome
With Indignation, Anger mixt with Scorn,
Darkning his Looks by turns, til from his Seat
Theſe Words at laſt he utters---- Take again
Thy Taunts, inſulting Angel, to impair
My Fame, or ſtrike a Terror in this Throne
How vainly purpos'd? whatſoe'er we bear
Or yet muſt ſuffer, is with Freedom born
More glorious, than the richeſt Joys we loſt
Serving in Heaven a greater; if the Cauſe
Diſlikes thee, we uphold, withdraw thy Arm
From our Aſſiſtance to oblige our Foe,
Who more may need it: to afford us Aid
How ill prepar'd, when thy baſe coward Heart
Wants Fire to lift it up towards yonder Skies,
Deſpairing of Succeſs, ere yet we prove

Our own in Battel, or our Rival's Power;
Soon to be known, when thou and all that fear
In that great Hour of Tryal may retire
Far off from Danger; or beſeech with Groans
Rather our Tyrant, to unfold his Skies,
Perhaps by Sighs recover'd. Tho' whoe'er
Wou'd win once more their Glories, ſhou'd diſdain
Like me to enter, but by Force, and Arms!
Go then, where-e'er thy Choice or coward Fear
Perſuades thee; if to join the Foe, the Morn
Next riſing, calls us forth to find the Day,
And thy new Leaders on yon azure Plains;
Til then be ſafe---- But dread when next we meet
My Anger, and the Sword of Gods, when arm'd.

The End of the Sixth Book.

THE

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

BOOK VII.

------ *Vocat in certamina Divos.* Virg.

MEAN while JEHOVAH from his Heav'n enthron'd
Above all height in Glory, bent his Eye
Down on th' infernal Council, clearly view'd
Altho' enclos'd in Darkneſs: thro' the Shade
(To him no Shade, but clear and perfect Day)
He long beheld and heard, whate'er their Rage
Had purpos'd, either to moleſt his Sky;
Or what their Thoughts as vain contriv'd, to ſhun
That Fate his Will had doom'd 'em to ſuſtain,
Their Lot in Hell hereafter! He in Peace
For ever reigning, nothing mov'd, derides
Their impious Machinations; ſafe his Throne
And lofty, far beyond what any Foe,
Or Hell's combining Powers, tho' all were join'd
In League, or fierceſt Battel, cou'd aſſail,
His awful Seat above, that muſt endure
Unſhaken, and for ever. To his Son,
Who ſate his next in Glory, now he calls;
Companion, and great Partner of his Fame,
And high co-equal Godhead: he his Voice

With Reverence heard, while all who ſtood around,
Angels and Cherub Forms, with Worſhip due,
Bow'd humbly, while the Father from his Cloud
His Will thus utters! Am I He who rais'd
Theſe Heavens, yon Earth, ſtill ruling what I fram'd;
And live there yet, who doubt, if what my Arm
Once made, it now wants Vigor to deſtroy?
Failing in Strength and ancient Might, or wore
Thro' Time of meaner Virtue, as bereav'd
Of its Omnipotence?---- yet hence we view
Thoſe loſt in Innocence, which ſhou'd infer
Their Loſs of Spirit, who intend to try
Who yet is ſtronger; They who drew from me
Their Might, or I who gave 'em what they hold;
Imagin'd from themſelves deriv'd, not lent
By my High Will; who nothing give away
So abſolute, but that I ſtill retain
A Freedom to recal whatever I gave,
Not rightly us'd; much ſooner then, if turn'd
Againſt the Giver, to impair my Fame,
To queſtion but in Thought, much more in Arms,
If what I hold to guard theſe Sacred Skies,
My Thunders, are ſufficient to ſecure
My Seats from mortal Fury; if I wear
A Strength on high, to match the haughty Power
Of our great Foe, whoſe Courage means to prove
Anon, how well we can defend our Throne.
But ſay, Great Image of my Might, with me
Reſiding, e'er my Word from Darkneſs call'd
Theſe Orders, and yon Worlds that round us roll;
Has any ſtrove with me, ſince firſt I rais'd
Theſe Heavens, of equal Strength, a Match in Power
For my Omnipotence? Who [a] lent his Arm
To aid me, mine unequal to the Toil,
And wanting Vigor, firſt to deck theſe Skies
With Glories? Who adviſ'd me, when I plac'd

[a] Job xxxviii, xxxix.

Illuſtrious on his Throne, the Lamp of Day,
Shining with golden Luſtre? From what Urn
Does he his Fires repleniſh, which he throws
Away in rich Profuſion; with his Beam
Waking below each Plant and ſleeping Flower
Into new Life, from his indulgent Ray
Blooming more beauteous? Who was near to guide
My Hand with better Counſel, when I turn'd
The Moon's pale Circle, with a milder Flame
Bidding her ſojourn Nightly o'er the Sky,
Her ſilent Empire, flying from the Day
Whoſe Light obſcures her Glory. Stood there by
Any to lend my Hand the needful Fires
That give the Stars their Beauty, which adorn
The ſober Brow of Night, and gild her Shades
With Brightneſs full as fair, tho' not compar'd
To the Sun's Royal Luſtre? Did I ask
My Foe to give Advice, when firſt I laid
The deep Foundations of yon Earth, with Skies,
As with a golden Curtain hem'd around
Her gorgeous covering? Did he ever mould
The Warring Tempeſt or with me combine;
To ſpeak in Fury to the Worlds beneath,
In Sounds of loſty Thunder, which I chuſe
To bear my dreadful Meſſages below,
And Wrath when waken'd? Who had Strength to move,
To turn yon Earth at firſt, and bid her fly
Around her ſolid Axle; from the *Weſt*
Duly retiring in her Courſe, to meet
Iſſuing from out the *Eaſt*, the Morning Ray?
Did he appoint her ſloping Courſe, to roll
Obliquely, with Equality of Light
From the Sun's Beam, to cheriſh and inſpire
Alike her various Regions? Who was near
Or wanted, when I ſtretch'd the ample Line
Along her Surface, meaſuring out the Bounds

To

To circumſcribe her Orb; no Voice but mine
Commanding, where ſhou'd dwell the Impriſon'd Main;
Shut up in Chambers, and with Bars enclos'd
Peaceful; till rous'd as I ordain, the Waves
Impetuous, riſing high above their Shore
O'erwhelm the neighb'ring Vales; till at my Call
They haſt, and ſink again within their Caves!
Say! Does he chuſe the Whirlwind, who compares
With me in high Preheminence, to bear
Himſelf and bright Retinue down the Sky,
Parting the Heavens before his March, that yield
A Paſſage for his Chariot where to roll
More freely? [b] Are the Clouds whereon he treads
His burning Footſtool? Spring there from his Eye
Torrents of living Fire; or at his Breath
Kindle red Streams of fierce devouring Flame
Outragious, all around Him? Who beheld
My fiery [c] Axle paſſing o'er the Main,
Nor ſtood aſtoniſh'd to behold the Waves
Op'ning beneath, to ſpread a ſpacious Way
Whereon my Wheels might move, nor meet controul
From the reluctant Ocean? If our Foe
Has theſe to boaſt, if what he views around,
The Earth, the Air, the Sky, as he ordains,
Shall yield his Arm Aſſiſtance, well he ſtrives
To equal me in Godhead: But how bold,
(Since nothing acts, but as my Will conſpires)
Shall ſeem his Enterprize, your Swords too ſoon
Shall manifeſt; when quell'd with all his Powers
Meeting my Saints in Battel, Hell anon
Shall open wide its Brazen Door, and whelm
In low Perdition, Him, and all who dare
Second their Leader to diſturb theſe Skies,
My Choſen Reſt above, which here I hold
With you, and endleſs; nor to dread Decay

From

[b] Pſalm xviii. [c] Habakkuk iii.

From Mortal or Immortal Strength, both arm'd:
Go, MICHAEL, then! the Choice of theſe I ſend,
The Flower of Angel Warriors, to infuſe
Terror into our Foe, and drive away
Far from theſe Regions into loweſt Shades,
Him, and his proud Companions, to endure
My Wrath for ever--- Nor eſteem the Toil
Too eaſy, tho' beneath my Enſigns wav'd
Along the Sky, ye combat: Sore and hard
Muſt be the Fight, nor without Hazard wag'd;
When Millions each Immortal meet in Arms,
Left to their proper Vigor; as they join,
One urg'd by Glory, t'other by Deſpair,
To Deeds of nobleſt Merit. From the Foe
I take not all his Hope, to make his Shame
The greater, and your Triumph in his Fall:
Too meanly won, nor worthy the great Name
Of Hero's nurs'd in Heaven, to bear away
Their Laurels, ſcarce withſtood by thoſe who yield
Your Arms inglorious Conqueſt--- Think you go
Againſt no Rival then, who will reſign
So ſoon and calmly, what he long has held
(By my Conſent, and as my Will conſpir'd)
Of Rule above, and Empire; dire his Rage,
Will live, and cruel; with a thouſand Wounds
Tranſfix'd, nor yet deſpairing, e'er he flies
Your Vengeance; ſtanding rather to endure
Your fierceſt Wrath, than ſeeing deep below
The fiery Gulph beneath him, all amaz'd,
Seek to avoid your Lightnings, or conceal
Himſelf in Hell's tumultuous raging Flames
Prepar'd to whelm him falling--- Yet who fears
To meet the Rebels Fury, let him view
Theſe Thunders, which I hold to give him Aid
In Danger, and reveal his Dread no more.

He ſpoke; and from the Armory of Heaven,
A Sword ſelected of the keeneſt Flame,
Celeſtial Temper; which he binds around
The great Puiſſant Leader: He before
Ten Thouſand Thouſand Saints, all clad in Gold
Illuſtrious Equipage, rode firſt along
The ſtarry Roads above, and glitt'ring Plains;
Himſelf the faireſt of the Youth who fill'd
His bright Retinue, with ſuperior Charms
Daz'ling, and regal Luſtre, where he turn'd.
Now on they paſs'd (but not till either Throne
Was duly worſhipp'd) thro' the heavenly Vales;
All bore aloft, as their great Leader's Wing
Guided the radiant Hoſt along the Sky
Eager for Battel: Each upon his Brow
Wears a refulgent Helm, that glows around
Their Cocks, which ſhine like Rays of flowing Gold
Shot from the Morning, when her early Beam
Begins to ſmile above the *Eaſtern* Wave!
On their Left Arm a Blazing Shield was hung,
Their Foes dire Terror; from whoſe Orb a Light
Was ſcatter'd far and wide acroſs the Plains
Flaſhing with dreadful Luſtre; while their Right
Graſps hard a Sword of dire and cruel Flame,
Temper'd by Wrath Divine; whoſe Edg was arm'd
With hideous Terror: Slaughter, Dread, and Pain,
And Deſolation, whereſoe'er they warr'd,
Hung near their Points; wild Havock and Amaze,
And Ruin dealing round, where-e'er they fell:
Nor wanted they, as on they mov'd, to wake
Heroick Ardor in each Breaſt, the Sound
Of breathing Muſick; Voices that inſpire
To nobleſt Deeds and lofty, which were join'd
By the loud Symphony the Trumpet pour'd
Perſuading yet to higher Acts, to Fame
And Triumphs, worthy to be own'd above

In Heaven, when back victorious they return
To claim the Seats of Bliſs, by Merit claim'd
Returning; Hell ſubdued, and every Foe
Not without Glory to their Arms deſtroy'd.
And now they reach'd thoſe Walls, whoſe circling Gold
Enclos'd Heavens Regions round; to give 'em way
The Gates ſpontaneous open'd, as they pour'd
In Order, Millions after Millions arm'd
From out the blazing Portal: Deep beneath
They view Ten thouſand Worlds, with Light array'd,
The Earth amidſt the Numbers, nothing chang'd
From her firſt Glories; pacing thro' the Sky
Magnificent; nor conſcious of the Doom
She ſoon, alas! muſt ſuffer. But their Eye
Long had not wander'd o'er the Orbs below,
Light after Light reflecting, when to view
Satan oppos'd his fiery Troops; Revenge
And Fury, mix'd with proud obdurate Scorn
And Hatred, ſeem'd to live on every Brow,
Denouncing Wrath and ſudden Fate to all
Leſs than Immortal. For a while Surprize
(Impairing nought true Worth, not mix'd with Fear)
Seiz'd on the heavenly Hoſt; which ſoon they calm,
Comparing their high Glory with the Foes
So often vanquiſh'd; while their Leader's Voice
With Words enflaming all who heard the Sound
With Thirſt of Battel, thus excites to Arms
His Godlike Legions! See at laſt draw nigh,
Who give our Swords new Triumphs! tho' one Fear
Still ſways us, not a Fear of meeting Shame
From yon proud Legions, but a Dread, our Foe
Will hardly ſtand ſo long to give theſe Powers
Their Right, and Fill of Glory! to behold
Half theſe Celeſtial Troops, tho' not array'd
Like theſe, with Shield, with Spear, and vengeful Arms
Has often drove the Rebels down to Shades

Of friendly Night for Shelter; what ſhall guard
Their Boſom then from Anguiſh, to behold
Millions with native Vigor freſh, inſpir'd
Still with a greater Spirit, as we bear
Heavens Wrath upon each Sword, above our own
Confounding and pernicious, where it burns.
But, oh! it ſerves a little to with-hold
Our Anger, pondring who it is muſt fall
Anon, and ſink beneath us; Thoſe who held
Fruition once with us, and faireſt Fame
In Fellowſhip of Bliſs above theſe Skies,
Angels; and He the firſt who leads along
His Armies now to Battel; proud to call
Himſelf the Foe of Heaven; tho' thence he drew
His Glory, paying thus his Maker's Smiles
With Envy and Revolt, in hopes to gain
The Sovereignty of God; to higher Fame
In Heaven his Thought aſpiring, tho' he ſhone
Above with Brightneſs, only not Supreme.
How ſhall we then perſuade our Swords to lay
Him proſtrate, to our ſelves in Likeneſs fram'd;
Or further yet, with him to drive away
Yon hapleſs Multitudes to ſhare the Doom
Of their great King; with other Promiſe gain'd
To do him Homage, Heaven's Allegiance ſcorn'd,
Than Seats below, and Hell with all its Pains
Offering for what they loſt, to win him Fame;
But, oh! how unavailing, while they ſtrove
With him for Empire, who without the Power
Of other Weapons, uſes but the Flame,
His Noſtrils Breath, to eaſe him of his Foes,
Expiring as it iſſues!---- yet we need
Hardly diſtruſt our Pity, leſt it hold
Our Arm from Conqueſt--- Every Boſom wears
Of yonder Hoſt a Burthen, which will ſpare
Our Swords the cruel Work, and anxious Pain

Of adding deeper Anguiſh to the Smart
They feel already ; Guilt and hid Deſpair,
And conſcious Dread of what they muſt endure
Hereafter, quite diſpirits, and weighs down
Their Vigor, far beyond the deepeſt Wounds
We can inflict ; tho' our deſcending Rage
Lights on their haughty Creſts, but lights in vain
To humble thoſe, their own dire inward Pains
Before had fully conquer'd--- Let no Eye
Judge then by outward ſeeming, what they bear
Within, of real Courage ; cou'd we caſt
A Look but near each Heart, and only view
What Paſſions triumph there ; a Conſcience tore
With ſad Forebodings of their ſudden Doom ;
Remorſe for paſt Offence ; Dread of new Woes
That muſt too ſoon begin, but never end,
Undying Miſery ; with what beſide
They feel of Torment, to have loſt their Joys
Above, our Portion ſtill ; no poor Remains
Of Hope now left 'em to regain their Skies
And Seats of ancient Glory ! but for theſe,
Sad Thoughts, with cruel Expectations arm'd
Of worſe, and ſoon enſuing--- He who reads
Such Tumult in each Boſom, ſure muſt own,
How ill prepar'd they tempt celeſtial Bands
To combat ; e'er they meet or try the Foe
Subdued, and fainting with their own Deſpair ;
The ſoreſt Foe they meet, altho' they join
In Fight with Angels, and Heaven's Sons when arm'd.
Pity ! when Virtue is away and loſt,
Each other Glory too ſhou'd not decay ;
That outward Luſtre ſhou'd ſurvive, to veil
The black Deformity that dwells beneath,
Hid in each guilty Boſom : if we then
Want Courage, let us borrow from the Fears
Of thoſe we muſt encounter ; nor be won

To Pity, from their Birth and former Fame,
If Foes to Heaven: That cancels all Regard
To Mercy, elſe enjoin'd us, often paid
To Frailties, never to that Pride that ſcorns
Both us and Heaven; in them all Goodneſs loſt
Buries Remorſe in us; ſince each devoid
Of Virtue, tho' a Cherub, lives our Foe,
And merits well our Anger. None can blame
Our Reſolution then, from hence to drive
Yon Rebel Legions, ſince we only change
Their Place of Torment; nothing to the Pain
Added, which every Breaſt already moans:
Baniſhed from theſe Celeſtial Skies, wheree'er
They live is Hell; nor can we force 'em down
To any hotter Fires than each endures
Kindled within him, till a Place he finds
From his own Guilt, and ſelf at once to fly.

He ended; and his Words each Breaſt inflam'd
With Valour, panting now to graſp their Arms,
And asking inſtant Battel. Some in Rage
Forth from their Thighs ungird their Swords of Flame,
Marking the Clouds with Light, as round they wave
In golden Circles, robbing thus the Day
Of half its Glory. Others to behold
So near the Rebel Hoſt, await the Call
Impatient of th' Archangel Trump, whoſe Sound
Prompts to advent'rous Deeds and Sacred Fame
Heroick Tempers; who with Joy unfold
Their bright Celeſtial Enſigns, blazon'd o'er
With Acts of higheſt Worth; recording fair
What ancient Heroes fam'd, and Saints of old
Inſpir'd with Virtue, and a Love of Praiſe,
Wrought in the Cauſe of Heaven. A ſudden Blaze
Illuminating wide the ample Sky
Shoots from their Creſts, and Shields, and golden Arms,

Flaſhing with fearful Light, ſeen by their Foes
Beneath with dire Amazement. For his Powers
Satan had now (but oh, with how much Pain!)
Led from the Centre to the Verge of Day,
Aſtoniſh'd with his Legions, as they view
Shining aloft, and wearing on their Brow
Tokens of Wrath, half the celeſtial Plains
Shadow'd with armed Squadrons: Long his Eye
Endur'd not the tormenting Sight, but turns
With ſecret Anguiſh, tho' with ſeeming Scorn,
From off the hateful Object, while his Dread
He thus attempts to leſſen----Sons of Light,
Once more I call ye, ſince by me releas'd
Once more from Darkneſs; but how long we wear
Theſe Titles, the Indulgence of our Foe
Muſt teach us, if we cannot better learn
From our own ſelves, our Virtues, and the Mind
Within us, which ſhou'd ſcorn to boaſt a Fame
But what we merit. Time at laſt brings on
The dreadful Hour apace, that muſt decide
Our long and laſting State of Bliſs or Pain;
Whether above theſe Skies with Freedom crown'd
And Seats of Empire, we are yet to hold
Dominion; or by yon avenging Foe
Drove down from this delightful World, endure
His Scorn and Wrath for ever as we burn:
This Hour is yet our own; the next that flies
Shall either end our Glory, or our Shame;
The laſt to be our Lot, (whate'er Decrees
Are paſs'd in Heaven) if yet we can remain
What once we have been; if recounting o'er
Our Triumphs, we remember what our Arms
Have won, and oft above; how long detain'd
This Earth in ſpite of Heaven our loweſt Thrall;
Our Shrines ador'd, when Heavens thin Altars lay
Forgot or unfrequented, near the Flames

Of Incenſe, rolling upward to theſe Skies,
With ſweeteſt Odor, to appeaſe our Ire.
One Trial yet is left us, and that one
To fix our Fate for ever: He who feels
A Damp, or Dread within him, let him join
Our Enemy; who neither, let him hold
His Station firm amidſt theſe Godlike Powers;
Retaining none among us, but who bear
Revenge, and Hate, and unabating Scorn
To Heaven, increaſing ſtill, and not to dye
Till Diſſolution end us! Saying thus,
Selected from his Hoſt a Fiend that wore
The ſtrongeſt Wing, he ſends him with Command
From every Clime and Region to recal
Whoe'er of his Aſſociates was away
From this aſſembled Synod, to partake
Their equal Share of Danger, or of Fame;
Either to win the Gates of Heaven, or bear
Drove down to Hell their Lot below in Pain.
Upon a Cloud the Herald flew, which bore
Full many a League acroſs the darken'd Air
His horrid Shape aloft: Tempeſts before
Prepare his way for Flight; behind him ſcould
A Night, and blackeſt Shades, which clos'd around
His Steps, as on he journeys, till arriv'd
O'er where the *Euxine* rolls his ſable Wave
Down to *Propontis*; ſtanding on whoſe Shore,
He pours from out his hollow Trump a Sound,
At which pale Nature ſtartled; wide it flew
Beyond the *Tropick*'s South; and reach'd the *Pole*
Northward to Icy ZEMBLA, where her Waves
PETZORA moans, ſtill bound in frozen Chains.
In *Longitude* as far, o'er many a Clime
And ſtretch'd-out Region, from CATHAYAN Plains,
And *Java*, Eaſtern Iſle, acroſs the Sands
Of Torrid *Lybia*, till it reach'd the Soil

Far

Far off, by *Mauritanian* Kings enjoy'd;
Floating ſtill Weſtward, where the Cliffs ariſe
Of *Darien*, which controul th' *Atlantick* Main.
All heard their Monarch's Summons; and their Shrines
Forſaking, haſten at his awful Call
To meet him, whereſoe'er he ſat enthron'd,
On Earth exalted, or the middle Air
His various Empires; [a] *Molock* firſt arriv'd,
By *Ammon* worſhipp'd; feaſting on the Gore
Of Infants, whoſe Laments, and helpleſs Cry
And Sorrows all were buried with the Sound
Of Cymbals, beating round the horrid Vale
Of *Hinnom* ſtain'd with Slaughter: next appear'd
By *Midian*, and the *Moabite* ador'd,
[b] *Baal*, enormous King, who held his Throne
Too near the Temple, where high Heaven was prais'd
With ſacred Worſhip, drawing *Iſrael*'s Race
To do his Idol Homage, and prophane
With Impious Rites, his Altars. [c] He whoſe Fane
Azotus rear'd was next; his Image ſtood
Ador'd at *Gaza*; double-form'd he wore,
Above a human Shape, with loathſome Scales
Of Fiſh beneath encompaſs'd. At his Shrine
The *Hebrew* oft, and mad *Philiſtia* bow'd,
In beaſtly Sacrifice, from Heaven eſtrang'd;
Seduc'd to bend before the beſtial Form
Too often worſhipp'd. Next with moony Horns
[d] *Aſhtaroth* follow'd, who with various Names
Thro' Heaven and Hell, or on the Earth beguil'd
The Heathen, and *Phœnicia*'s Sons to pay
Her Idol ſhameful Homage; nor delay'd
Vain *Syria*'s vainer God, tho' wide his Fame

Was

[a] 2 Kings xxiii. 10. Selden. de Diis Syris. Syntag. 1. Chap. 6. Edit. Amſt. *Vid.* Andræam Beyerum in loc.

[b] Selden. Syntag. 2. Chap. 1. Baal, Bel, Belus, Bal, *different Names given to this Idol by different* Oriental *Nations.*

[c] Dagon, ibid. Synt. 2. c. 3. 1 Sam. v. 4.

[d] Seld. Syntag. 2. Ch. 2. Aſtarte, Aſther, Aſhtoreth, Aſtroarche, Luna, Diana, Proſerpina——

Was ſpread, [c] *Baelzebub*; of ſtrongeſt Arm
A Spirit once, e'er loſt; and ſcarce behind
His Chief in Regal Glory, or ador'd
On Earth with meaner Pomp, or fewer Knees;
Proſtrate each Morning where his Temple ſhone
In *Accharon* high blazing: With theſe join'd
His State, and Stature [f] *Niſroch*; both the Dread
Of wild *Chaldea*, and at once her Shame;
From *Paleſtine* renown'd, and *Jordan*'s Stream
Southward, to where *Euphrates* Royal Wave,
The Seat of *Babylon*'s high Monarchs lav'd;
Now [g] loſt in torrid Sands, before it reach
Her Structures, or thro' other Channels bore
Devious, and wandring; at the Trumpet's Call
Wak'ned, and ſtartling where he ſat enthron'd
In *Aroar*, great [h] *Chemos* roar; his Name
In *Iſrael*, PEOR; who from *Memphian Nile*
Journeying to *Paleſtine*, the happy Soil
By Heaven long promis'd, were entic'd to bow
Before his worſhipp'd Image, which inflam'd
Jehovah's Wrath, and work'd 'em future Woe.
By theſe was [i] *Thammuz* met; whoſe fancy'd Wound
Too oft alas! in *Judah* ſung, allur'd
Her Virgins with *Sidonian* Maids, to moan
Yearly his Fate in penſive Songs, till found;
Utter'd too near the Sacred Shrine, where liv'd
Glorious, th'Almighty's Glory. Theſe of Fame
More ancient, which deluded *Syria* own'd,
Their Temples left; and whom redundant *Nile*
Sent from her Shores, *Oſiris*, and the Name
Of *Iſis*, *Memphian* Gods: while upward ſpring

[c] 2 King. Chap. Selden Syntag. 2. Chap. 6. Θεὸς Μυῖα. Μυίαγρος, ita dictus in Idoli ejus contumeliam.
[f] 2 Kings xix. ult. Seld. Synt. 2. Ch. 10.
[g] *See Dr.* Prideaux's *Connection.*
[h] Selden Syntag. 1. Ch. 5. Iſiodorus, Orig. l. 8. Ruffinus, l. 3. in Hoſeam. *The* Priapus *of the* Latins.
[i] Ezek. viii. 13. & Selden. Syntag. 2. Ch. 11. Thammus, Oſiris, Adonis, idem. *Vid.* Hieronymum in Commen. 3. ad Ezek. & Heſychium in vo. Ἄδωνις.

To join the horrid Hoſt, whom *Latian Rome*
Or *Greece*, with fabled Deity adorn'd,
Saturn, or *Neptune*, or *Olympian Jove*,
Or *Lybian*; after whom in Place arriv'd
He who at *Delphos*, or *Dodona* told
His Lying Oracles; too oft believ'd
By Multitudes, who throng'd his impious Fane;
Hoping (how vain their Hope?) from thence to know
Their Lot hereafter; if Succeſs or Shame,
Glory or Thraldom ſhou'd attend their Arms,
When meeting next in Battel with their Foe,
Deluded with ambiguous Sounds--- nor fail'd
Numbers to meet their Leader, who detain'd
Too long in Bondage the delightful Vales
Of *Siam* and *Sumatra*; and the Plains
Of furtheſt *Java* Eaſtward; nor who reign'd
Southward beyond the hidden Founts of NILE,
And *Abyſſinian* Regions, ſtretching wide
Their Empire down to *Adel*, and the Coaſt
Of *Ajan* and *Melind*, beyond the Waves
Of *Zambre*, where *Angola*'s Torrid Clime
Smote with the Sun's directer Rays, bemoans
Her parch'd and ſultry Deſarts. Whoſo rul'd
In theſe Dominions, or who elſe had won
From Heaven a Thouſand various Regions more
In *Africk*, to adore their horrid Shrines,
Forſake their Temples each, and flock around
Their Chiefs Imperial Standard! Half the Sky,
Tho' dark before, was cover'd as they flew
With double Darkneſs; while the Clouds ſuſtain
Scarce the incumbent Weight, as Millions throng
Up from the nether Earth in Swarms, to gain
Their Monarch's great Tribunal----Yet his Files
He views ſtill incompleat; a thouſand Names
Wanted, around *Magellan*'s horrid Shores
Worſhipp'd with ſolemn Rites; who him adore

Still greater! Strait he iſſues out Command
For the loud Trumpet's brazen Voice to pour
A deep, a ſecond, and a louder Call
Acroſs the *Weſtern* Ocean; forth it flew
Sonorous o'er the Waves, ſo ſhrill, and ſtrong
It pierc'd the Heav'n, and Earth, and ſpacious Main,
Aſtoniſh'd where it thunder'd; with ſuch Power
Was drove, and helliſh Force, the amazing Sound.
Forthwith from every [k] Stream, and Hill, and Grove,
Where rais'd, their cruel Altars ſtood, arriv'd
In ſudden Multitude, who long had ſway'd
In Regal Luſtre Nations wide, who ſwarm'd
Along *Chylean*, or *Braſilian* Shores:
Beſmear'd with human Sacrifice, which ſtain'd
Each Day their horrid Temples, red with Gore
Exhal'd from captive Victims! Theſe and more
In Number than the Sands on *Lybia*'s Plain,
Or Leaves which Autumn Tempeſts drive away
From off the Groves in cool *Etruria*'s Shade,
Forſake their Shrines, where-e'er they ſate enthron'd
As Gods in higheſt Glory! Long his Hoſt
The haughty Rebel views, nor dares to fear
Such Multitudes, by ſuch a Leader fir'd,
Blazing in Arms around him; for awhile
Relying on his Strength, he ſeem'd to ſcorn
All Oppoſition, and whatever Power
Stood adverſe! Heaven, and Heaven's avenging Arm,
Beheld with Anguiſh late, and conſcious Pain,
Look now unformidable, nor array'd
With Wrath ſufficient to transfix his Soul
With Dread or inward Doubtings, as he turns
To Eye his Foe aloft, not ſeeming arm'd
With half his Terrors; but the Hopes he feign'd,
(Darting his Looks acroſs th' embattl'd Plains)
Soon dying, made a Way for ſad Deſpair

To

[k] *The uſual Places choſen for Idolatrous Worſhip by the Heathen World.*

To chill his Boſom : Every Thought which ſeem'd
To promiſe Joy at firſt, and Hopes of Fame,
At leaſt of Safety, with a ſudden Change
Diſquiets his afflicted Breaſt, and turns
His worſe Tormentor ; while inſtead of Thrones
Of Bliſs, and Seats above the vanquiſh'd Sky
Soon to be won, deep Gulphs and diſmal Shades,
Heaven's Wrath, and Hell's tremendous horrid Pains,
In ſpite of all his Courage, ſhook his Soul
By turns with ſoreſt Sorrow : But his Mind
Long weigh'd not what he had to hope or fear,
Or from his own, or from his Rival's Power ;
E'er with quick Motion downward from the Sky
The Bands of Heaven all clad in ſhining Arms,
He ſees deſcending ! What he has to fear,
He views ; but what to hope, he no where finds :
Cut off from every Hope, but what Deſpair
Lent him for Succour. As each Hoſt advance
Nearer each other, whatſoe'er was near
Gave Signs of dire Amazement, Dread and Pain,
Conſcious of ſudden Danger ; thro' the Sky
Each Planet ſoon grew pale ; and tho' before
Wandring erroneous, wou'd have further ſtray'd,
And wheel'd athwart the Heaven its Orb, to ſhun
At Diſtance the dire Conflict ; nor avail'd
The Sun's great Light or Luſtre, tho' the Eye
Of this fair World and Beauty, yet his Beams
He hides in Darkneſs, dreading to behold
Such Multitudes from Heaven, from Hell in Arms ;
Unſafe upon his trembling Axle turn'd,
When Numbers without Number met, and join'd
So near his Orb in Battel ; nor conceal'd
The Earth her open Terror, but with all
Her Burthen, Mountains, Seas, and Rocks was ſhook
Throughout, from the deep Center to the Pole ;
As Millions juſt above her Sphere, prepare

To meet in dire Encounter. What beneath
His Throne the Almighty fram'd, had now been tore
Aſunder, and all Nature moan'd the Rage
Of heavenly Violence, with helliſh Scorn
Oppos'd, had not his Hand the golden Chain
Fix'd to his Everlaſting Seat, let down,
Which holds in Peace and Union firm, whate'er
His Word created; nor till that ordains
By Mortal or Immortal Strength disjoin'd.
And now betwixt each Hoſt a narrow Space
Was left, which parted yet each deſperate Foe,
Bent on Revenge and Triumph! From their Shields,
As from ten thouſand Suns was pour'd a Flame,
Flaſhing acroſs the Sky a dreadful Blaze,
Confounding where it glitter'd; but the Light
They ſhed was ſoon angmented, as they drew
Forth from their Side where hung their fiery Blades,
Their bright Celeſtial Swords; with ſudden Day
Half the wide Hemiſphere was lighted round,
As Angel and Archangel wave on high
In golden Circles their refulgent Arms,
Leaving a Stream of Light behind, where-e'er
They draw their glorious Points along the Sky
Stain'd with a Luſtre where they paſs'd, to ſhew
Their Make was heavenly; as when one beholds
From far, two rolling Seas about to join
In fierce Aſſault, to meet each other drove
Aloft by warring Winds from adverſe Shores;
Each on his ſullen Front, and ſcouling Wave,
Bears viſible the Marks of ſudden Rage
And Violence; when now, approaching near,
E'er yet they meet, they break, they foam, they roar,
Preluding horrid Conflict, till they roll
Their Mountain Billows each at each, and lave
With broken Oceans daſh'd the clouded Air:
Thus look'd the fronting Hoſts when nigh, thus dar'd

To horrid Battel; ſeeming both in Might
Equal, as well as Numbers; but tho' like
In outward Shew and Luſtre, not the ſame
In Valour and heroick Worth, which warm'd
Far different either Hoſt; for thoſe who ſtood
For Heaven, receiv'd Addition to their Power,
Increaſe of Vigor, from a Senſe they bore
For God, and his great Cauſe, aloft their Arms;
Inſpir'd with nobler Fury, as they know
Themſelves, their Virtues and Obedience prov'd
By Perils oft, and Deeds of worthieſt Fame,
And try'd Obedience; while the Mind enjoys
(Conſcious of no pale Guilt, or hidden Shame)
A Peace within, in outward Form they ſhew
More graceful and Heroick; moving on,
Chill'd by no aching Fears, to meet the Foe
With firm conſiderate Valour---Such a Strength
Adds Virtue ever to the pious Arm
That dares defend her--- But not ſo the Hoſt
Of *Satan*, or their Leader; what they wore
Of Valour, only liv'd upon their Eye;
There threatning, when each Heart within felt Pain,
O'rewhelm'd with ſad Remorſe, and ill prepar'd
To lift their Swords in Battel, while they moan'd
A Foe within that took from every Arm
Its Courage, weaken'd with their own Deſpair,
That ſhook at ev'ry Danger. Now appears
What long had ſlept--- their Senſe of Guilt, and baſe
Revolt from Heaven; each Sin and ev'ry Crime,
Their Boaſt and Glory late, now wears a Hue
More hideous, than what firſt ſeduc'd their Eye
In Approbation of its ſeeming Charms,
Now wanted: While the Virtues of their Foe
And Innocence, derided long and ſcorn'd,
Now ſhine with faireſt Luſtre! Conſcience now
Whets keen her Shafts, with Stings and Poiſons arm'd,

And twice ten thouſand Terrors, in each Soul
Working Regret, and Pain, and deepeſt Woe
Remedileſs; whate'er was priz'd before
Glorious, is now no longer Glory deem'd,
But vile Ingratitude to Heaven, for Love
Returning Hatred; for Obedience, Scorn;
Ill meriting Revolt from thoſe, who ſhone
Illuſtrious once above, and fair, the Prime
Of all its faireſt Angels---- Yet in ſpite
Of this they felt, and more, the Dread within
That wither'd half their Spirits, ſomething ſtill
Remain'd unconquer'd; all their Courage loſt,
The Place of Courage was ſupply'd by Shame,
Prompting to dire Revenge; when all that liv'd
Beſide within 'em, only cou'd perſuade
To Flight and Cowardice, they wou'd obey
Gladly, but wanted Courage even to fly:
Such Power had Shame to hide their Dread, and ſtay
Their Troops beyond their Valour----But the Space
That parted either Hoſt was now no more,
When *Michael*, who with all the Glory ſhone,
That inward Sanctity, and outward Charms
Lend to the Heroe's Look, with Words ſevere
And full of Zeal for Heaven, the Rebel's Ear
Thus terrify'd! ---- And muſt we therefore draw
Our laſt great Triumph from thy fading Fame,
And End of all thy Glories? Now, how near,
Theſe Swords, both thee, and all who dare withſtand,
Shall ſoon evince; how weak infernal Hate,
And thou Hell's haughty Tyrant, to oppoſe
The Sons of Heaven, thus met and clad in Arms?
See now arriv'd, who ſoon ſhall rid theſe Skies
Of every helliſh Foe; allow'd to reign
Awhile, to yield our Swords a greater Fame,
O'erturning what was deem'd beyond the Might

And Power of Heaven to vanquiſh: But how vain
Thy Hopes of Empire ever to endure,
And Majeſty unclouded, not my Voice
So well, as thy own Terrors can reveal;
Waking within thee, ſince the Hour thy Eye
Under a dire Amazement, firſt beheld
From thy Revolt, the Heavens wide open thrown;
And Heaven's All-ſeeing King, with Wrath array'd,
And all his Thunders ready to let fall
On thy aſtoniſh'd Hoſt; which now his Hand
Perhaps may ſpare; not wanted to ſubdue
Thoſe whom their own fierce Guilt, and inward Woes
Have half already conquer'd! For no Breaſt
Can feel a Wound from theſe pernicious Flames
So deep and dreadful, as what now it feels
Unhurt by us, from its own guilty Pains,
Giving us eaſy Triumph. Yet one Fear
Still holds us, (which ſuggeſted to the Mind
By Glory, from high Courage only flows)
Leaſt Dread of us, and thy own Guilt, ſhou'd ſave
Theſe Troops the Toil of Battel, and afford
A Conqueſt, but alas! without its Fame;
Won from a Foe, who hardly dares behold,
Much leſs endure in Fight, what theſe dire Arms
Afflict of cruel Anguiſh, where they fall
At once o'erwhelming Numbers! If the Hell
Thou art anon to viſit, be thy Choice
Rather than Battel, ſee it open thrown,
Prepar'd to cloſe thee under penal Flame
With thoſe Accurſt---- But if yon cruel Fires
Affright thee, and the horrid Gulph below
Yawning to whelm thee falling, ſtand and feel
A hotter Hell above, from Heaven rain'd
On thee, and all with thee, who dare oppoſe
Its Will, and half its warlike Sons thus arm'd.

Thus

Thus ſpoke the Chief: Whom *Satan* inly pain'd,
Fearing his Doom, nor daring yet to fear,
Thus anſwer'd! If the Date of my great Fame
Muſt end, (which yet I truſt is ne'er to dye)
Think not the Glory, which wou'd more than pay
Millions in my Defeat, ſhall ſingly crown
Thy Spear, and thou ſole Victor. If I fall,
Inſulting Angel! value not thy Arm;
'Tis not that Sword, but Fate's ſevere Decree
Subdues me, and yon Skies that are my Foe,
Not yet my Conqueror: Call forth the Powers
Left yet above to guard Heaven's worſhipp'd Throne,
To thy Aſſiſtance, wanted all to ſtay
The Force, with which this Sword ſhall ſoon amaze
Thy Vaſſal Legions; only ſpare in Fight
Heaven's Thunders---Nothing elſe can give us Pain,
Or Thee the Hopes of Conqueſt, but thoſe Fires
Shot from above by Wrath Divine, to quell
Thoſe, whom their own ſtrong Vigor cou'd ſecure
From ev'ry Terror elſe, except ſuch Flame:
This Hour we yet are equal; but the next
That follows, may bereave me of my Fame;
But not till this impending lifted Blow
Which may perhaps o'er-rule the Will of Fate
Determines which is greater! Saying thus,
Collected in himſelf he roſe, and all
His Might aſſembl'd into either Arm;
Meaning with one important Stroke to prove
His Claim to Heaven; or miſſing that, abide
His Doom in Hell for ever: Brandiſh'd high
The Weapon flam'd aloft before it fell
Swift on the Cherub's Creſt, which bore the Fall
Nothing aſtoniſh'd; but altho' his Helm
Was Proof againſt the Rebel's Sword, it flew
Aſlant, and glancing, many a cruel Wound
Inflicts on thoſe who ſtood too near its Flame;

O'erturning all it obvious met, whom e'er
Or Chance, or Thirſt of Glory drew too nigh
Th' Apoſtate's Violence! Not thus his Arm
Lifted the great Archangel to deſcend
Without Revenge, and Triumph. His own Renown
And Fellows Sufferings both at once conſpire,
Aided by Heaven, by Hell provok'd, to lend
His Sword redoubled Anger, nor to fall
Bereft of Glory, on the haughty Brow
Of his proud Rival: To poſſeſs his Soul
With Paſſion, to drive deep the deadly Wound,
He brings to mind his ancient Worth, the Seat
He held above in Bliſs; his own great Fame,
And his, who now had truſted to his Arm
The Cauſe of Heaven---nor ſtay'd; but riſing high
In Regal Port and State, his Sword he waves
Aloft, the Gift of Heaven; which leaves behind
A Circle, wide and ample in the Air,
As the bright Bow that bends acroſs the Sky
Each Morn, or dewy Ev'ning, moiſt with Showers:
Nor fail'd the faithful Edge to prove its Frame
Celeſtial, or the Heroe's Strength Divine;
Fierce as a Whirlwind down it drove, and tore
The Creſt and Helmet, and the yielding Arms
Of the Arch-Foe, unable to endure
Its Force, aſunder; with the horrid Blow
Confounded, back he reels; diſtreſs'd between
The ſad Extremes of Fear, and worſer Shame;
One prompting him to Flight, while one perſuades
To ſecond Combat, and with-holds his Wing
From baſe Retreat, tho' ſafeſt; his Right Hand
Once more howe'er he lifts, tho' far from Hope
Of Triumph; prov'd too weak before to ſave
Himſelf, or give the Victor Angel Pain;
Wearing a Shield of Force to ſtay the Rage
Of Mortal or Immortal Strength, both vain

To bruiſe its heavenly Temper. On the Orb
Of his broad Shield the Blow alights, whoſe Sound
Was heard far off, re-eccho'd thro' the Plains
Of Battel; but more Might requir'd to drive
The Weapon thro' the golden Mail, which ſcorn'd
That, and redoubled Fury;--- Such a Force
Has Guilt and Virtue loſt, to drain the Arm
Of wonted Courage! Now at laſt he feels
His outward Strength impair'd with inward Pain,
Shame, and the Dread of Hell; and what much more
Than Hell he dreaded, his own conſcious Mind
Foreboding what he muſt too ſoon endure,
Shut out of Bliſs for ever;--- But his Eye
All fiery red, once more Heaven's Heroe turns
Upon his daſtard Foe, whoſe Paleneſs gave
His Cheeks a fairer Purple; up he bears
Again his Godlike Height; and like a Flame
Riſing from off a Mountain's Top, dilates
His Stature; and with ev'ry Terror arms
His Looks and awful Viſage, both ſevere,
Tho' heavenly. On he moves ſublime with all
His own fair Glories, which appear'd more fair
From conſcious Virtue, and a Senſe he fought
Beheld, and lov'd by Heaven; mov'd with his own
Applauſe at once, and pond'ring who above
Bore witneſs of his Acts, he lifts again
His dreadful Sword aloft, which thirſts once more
For Battel; levell'd at the Rebel's Brow
It aim'd, nor miſs'd deſcending; for the Flame
With which it ſmote, deep enter'd, and a Wound
Ghaſtly and wide, from his high Creſt, which bore
But ill, the Lightning of Great *Michael*'s Blade,
Down to his Waſte inflicts; a lucid Stream,
Such as diſtilling Drops from Angels Wounds,
Flows from his Side, and all his cloven Arms
Diſtains with Purple; as from off the Side

Of ſome tall *Iſle*, a Promontory tore
By Force of Wind or Earthquakes, in the Main
With all its Rocks ſinks found'ring; many a League
The frighted Ocean feels his foaming Wave
Drove to and fro, ſo huge, and dire the Fall:
Thus fell the Fiend! and ſhook th' incumbent Air
Whereon his Stature ſunk; a wild Amaze
Seiz'd half his Legions, to behold their King,
On whom their Truſt of Conqueſt lay, thus foil'd,
Nor found in Battel matchleſs; ſome retire
Far off, to ſhun their Leader's Fate and Shame;
Such Terror in the faithleſs Hoſt the Sword
Of *Michael* blazing yet unſheath'd, had pour'd
Dreadful around, tho' diſtant; ſome to prove
All Virtue yet not loſt within 'em, flew
(Tho' perillous their Faith and Love) to aid
In ſuch ſad plight, their Monarch; on their Shields
From the grim Front of War aloft they bear
(Him bruis'd and ſtill aſtoniſh'd with the Blow
Of his puiſſant Rival; and behind
The Ranks of Battel (not his boaſted Fame
Becoming, or Illuſtrious State) remove
From Toil and future Danger, till his Wounds
Were clos'd, and native Vigor ſhou'd return,
Heal'd of his painful Scars and Gaſhes gor'd
So late in bloody Conflict: Now no more
They dare aſſail in cloſer Fight, ſuch Dread
The Sword of *Michael* had infix'd, from which
Whole Legions fled amaz'd; nor wou'd return
Within the Reach of its tempeſtuous Sway,
In War now prov'd reſiſtleſs. 'Twixt each Hoſt
A wider Space now ſtretch'd, thro' which was thrown,
Coping the Firmament with horrid Flame,
A Flight of fiery Darts, which quite obſcur'd
The Day, and light a Luſtre in the Sky,
Shadowing the Sun's Effulgence, or the Beam

Shot

Shot from the golden *Eaſt* each dawning Morn.
As when two Royal Navies on the Seas,
Euxine, or *Baltick*, or *Tyrrhene*, awhile
Fronting each others Battel, firſt maintain
A War at Diſtance, e'er they meet and join
Nearer in cruel Conflict; forth are pour'd
Ruin and Death, and Deſolation, flung
From their loud Engines with black Thunders ſtor'd;
Neither, or rather both ſubdue, with ſuch
Equality of Rage they ſtrive; till tir'd
And wearied with remoter Fight, one skill'd
Better in warlike Stratagems, prepares
With Grains of Nitre fill'd, and hidden Flame,
A Veſſel, which aſſiſted by the Wind,
He drives down headlong on th' aſtoniſh'd Foe:
Thus they, and fiercer e'er they meet----Whate'er
Combuſtible aloft is bred, they mould
With Art anew, and uſe for horrid Arms;
Darting from Front to Front the Fires that glow
Preſs'd from the Clouds, to overwhelm and hide
Each War beneath the Showers of ſudden Flame
Flying from Hoſt to Hoſt: Horror appear'd
More horrid, Wrath grew ten times more enrag'd;
That War before compar'd with this, might ſeem
Harmleſs Contention; ſuch mad Fury roſe,
And madding Diſcord, and outrageous Noiſe
Storming thro' either Camp. Acroſs the Air
Ten thouſand thouſand Shafts are flung, and all
Their Quivers emptied of their dreadful Arms,
Pointed in Hell or Heaven; the laſt more ſure
Hurl'd with a mainer Strength, and Force Divine,
Gor'd the infernal Troops, and work'd 'em Pain
Implacable; with ſuch a Tempeſt flew,
And Whirldwinds ſpeed the Arrows that were thrown
By them that fought for God againſt their Foe,
Sore ſmitten with their Points, which neither Shield,

Nor ſhading Helmet, had a Power to ſtay
Or intercept when flying --- Neither fail'd
The Hoſt of Hell enrag'd, to ſhew that Day
Examples of tranſcendent Might, which Fame
Had ſung, and juſtly, had their Arms been rais'd
In any other Cauſe, than to contend
With Heaven, and only fought for virtuous Praiſe;
No more their Emulation. Tho' they bore
Unfelt till this Day's Combat fierceſt Pains,
The Dread of worſer yet, from thoſe grim Fires
They ſee beneath, (for Heaven had open'd Hell
To ev'ry Eye) inſpires 'em yet to bear
Fiercer, and yet more cruel; while they gain
Courage to ſtand, but from their Dread to fall
Into the burning Gulph, which yawn'd below
Ready to cloſe 'em plunging from the Sky
Under Perdition, and undying Fires;
From Fear and Want of Hope, thus drawing All,
Their Hope and preſent Courage----for repell'd
Oft by the heavenly Powers, and urg'd to fly
Full many a League acroſs the well fought Plains
Of Battel, to avoid ſome rattling Storm
Of Arrows, or a Shower of falling Flame;
Again they ſtill were rallied, and again
Fac'd their fierce Rivals; tho' with ſoreſt Wounds
Each Breaſt was deeply mark'd, yet not ſubdu'd,
Or hardly terrify'd; with ſuch a Rage
(Won from Deſpair, and Scorn of Heaven) they flew
Often amidſt their Foes; and whom they ſpy'd
Straggling, or wide from the main War, ſecur'd
By no Archangel's Sword, or Seraph's Shield,
Oft with Succeſs they meet; and bear away
Emblems of Triumph, Wreaths and Lawrels, bound
About their horrid Temples, to proclaim,
Tho' lifted againſt Heaven, their helliſh Arms
Were yet victorious; Deeds they wrought which claim'd

Remem-

Remembrance in the Annals of the Sky
Worthy the Sons of Light, had Virtue fir'd
Their pious Boſom, or their Maker's Praiſe
Excited to Heroick Deeds; which all
Their Merit loſt, debas'd with Guilt, and turn'd
That Glory which they priz'd, to loweſt Shame:
Banded in Fight, and daring thus to try
Th' Omnipotence of Heaven, they either ſcorn'd
Or doubted.---Long wou'd ſeem, and hard the Toil,
To number o'er what Deeds each Leader's Arm
Perform'd in Battel; with what Force and ſtrong,
With Spear, or Sword, or unextinguiſh'd Flame
For Weapons us'd, they drove along the Skies
Each other's Legions; now in Flight purſued,
Anon as faſt purſuing. As the Tide
Of ſome huge Ocean rolling up the Shore,
Now lifts its Waves aloft, and ſoon retires,
Tumbling precipitant into the Main;
And leaves thoſe Valleys naked, which were whelm'd
Late by the roaring Flood. So theſe by turns,
Victor and Vanquiſh'd, thro' th' affrighted Air
Juſt as the Tide of Battel drives, maintain
A Fight, and various! now by the Verge of Hell
Conflicting, and the Stench of Hell's ſtrong Fires;
Now bore aloft with native Force, and nigh,
Too nigh the Gates of Heaven, (which ne'er before
Were ſhook with Tumult, or the madding Rage
Of Battel) fighting with revengeful Arms
Cloſe by the Realms of Light, which never knew
Till now Commotion; or the ſtunning Sound
Heard of encount'ring Hoſts---Too high were deem'd
Thoſe Regions, and too near JEHOVAH's Throne
To dread Aſſault from Hell, or any Arm
Wanting Omnipotence: And now each Power
Half ſpent and wearied to have held the Day,
Knowing no Reſt or Reſpite in the ſore

And hard Contention, ſought which way to heal
Their Vigor waſted with no common Toil;
Ceaſing awhile from Fight; ſo dire was found
Their Meeting, and ſo even yet the Scale
Of Victory was pois'd, to neither Side
Inclining: For altho' with Might endued
Almoſt reſiſtleſs, Heaven had fill'd the Arm
Of all his holy Angels, who had fought
That Day like Sons of their Almighty Sire
Againſt the Rebel Foe; yet to ſubdue
And quite with total Ruin to deſtroy
The faithleſs Hoſt, he meant ſhou'd be the Fame
And Glory of another: Theirs to prove
Who ſerve in Heaven, are able to contend
With thoſe that rule in Hell, by Sin impair'd;
And robb'd of half the Strength with which they roſe
Unmatch'd before in Battel----Now drew on
Friendly to either Hoſt the Evening Hour,
Preſage of ſpeedy Darkneſs, for awhile
To part their Fury, and ſhort Truce impoſe
'Twixt Front and Front; impatient for the Day
To ſink, and interpoſing Night to cloſe
Their Squadrons underneath her dewy Shade;
Each wanting now Repoſe, with Combat wore
And Labour, ſuch, until this dreadful Day
None ever felt, or deem'd they cou'd endure
Thus long, nor yet be loſt; tho' oft o'erturn'd,
And bruis'd beneath their Chariot Wheels, when fall'n
Riſing as oft, tho' wounded. Thro' Heaven's Plains
As now they march with adverſe Steps to ſhun
Each other's Rage, retiring, dire was ſeen
The Ruin, which way e'er the War had ſpread
Various, or in mid Air, or upper Sky;
Wag'd in each different Region, as the Powers
Of Hell prevail'd, or Heaven.--- All the wide Field
Whereon their Legions fought, was cover'd o'er

With Golden Fragments of Celeſtial Arms,
Or Weapons forg'd in Hell: Here thick were ſtrew'd
Along the glittering Pavements of the Sky
Helmets, and cloven Shields, and overturn'd
Chariots from off their Axles, which up-bore
Great heavenly Warriors fighting, thro' the Files
Of Battel----There in Pieces hack'd, tho' ſtill
Illuſtrious, ſcatter'd lay Ten thouſand Plumes,
Which grac'd ſo late, and nodded o'er the Brows
Of Angels, by the Wrath of Hell bore down
From off their naked Temples. There was ſeen
Confus'd, in ſhining Heaps, the cruel Blades
That late puiſſant hung acroſs the Thighs
Of mightieſt Cherubs, burning ſtill with Flame,
Nor to be quench'd, tho' broken: Where they mov'd,
Whatever Paths they trod, the dire Remains
Of Fury and outrageous Strife appear,
Tho' hardly yet begun; no meaner Cauſe
Exciting 'em to Arms, than one to hold
Heaven's Empire, and th' other to regain
The ancient Bliſs they loſt, or dwell below
Vex'd with Remorſe, deep Woes, and fierceſt Pain
In Hell, each felt for ever----Now each Hoſt,
But not with the ſame Paſſions, was retir'd
Within the Brow of Night---For thoſe who ſtood
For Heaven, tho' hard their Toil, and bruiſed ſore
Encount'ring; yet within themſelves enjoy'd
What calm'd their outward Anguiſh; greatly cheer'd
With their own virtuous Acts, and what of Praiſe
They merited from him who ſate on high
Recording their Heroick Faith, ſo well
Witneſs'd in utmoſt Dangers! But the Powers
Not thus of *Satan* far'd; beſide the Shame,
Their Leader foil'd in Battel, and the Scars
Wore on their furrow'd Breaſt and wounded Brow,
Each moan'd, alas, within, a ſadder Pain

And hard Contention, ſought which way to heal
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Of Angels, by the Wrath of Hell bore down
From off their naked Temples. There was ſeen
Confus'd, in ſhining Heaps, the cruel Blades
That late puiſſant hung acroſs the Thighs
Of mightieſt Cherubs, burning ſtill with Flame,
Nor to be quench'd, tho' broken : Where they mov'd,
Whatever Paths they trod, the dire Remains
Of Fury and outrageous Strife appear,
Tho' hardly yet begun ; no meaner Cauſe
Exciting 'em to Arms, than one to hold
Heaven's Empire, and th' other to regain
The ancient Bliſs they loſt, or dwell below
Vex'd with Remorſe, deep Woes, and fierceſt Pain
In Hell, each felt for ever----Now each Hoſt,
But not with the ſame Paſſions, was retir'd
Within the Brow of Night---For thoſe who ſtood
For Heaven, tho' hard their Toil, and bruiſed ſore
Encount'ring, yet within themſelves enjoy'd
What calm'd their outward Anguiſh ; greatly cheer'd
With their own virtuous Acts, and what of Praiſe
They merited from him who ſate on high
Recording their Heroick Faith, ſo well
Witneſs'd in utmoſt Dangers ! But the Powers
Not thus of *Satan* far'd ; beſide the Shame,
Their Leader foil'd in Battel, and the Scars
Wore on their furrow'd Breaſt and wounded Brow,
Each moan'd, alas, within, a ſadder Pain

From their unquiet Conſcience, which affrights
Their Minds with Fear of worſe than yet they bore;
Knowing their Foe above had yet concealʼd
Half his dire Fury, and kept back his Flames,
His chainʼd and bolted Thunder--- Yet what Reſt
Guilt and tumultuous Thoughts couʼd give, each ſhares
Under the Cover of the Night's dark Shade
Diſconſolate. While Songs of Sacred Praiſe,
Hymnʼd by the Hoſt of Angels, find their way
Through Darkneſs to aſcend the Golden Throne
Of God above; nothing by Night reſtrainʼd
From viewing his full Glories, which are pourʼd
Around 'em, breaking thro' the thickeſt Shade
To yield each Boſom Peace and pureſt Joy,
Delighted with his Preſence: What they felt
Of Pain ſo late and Anguiſh, now was calmʼd,
Dropping ſoft fragrant Juices in their Wounds
Diſtillʼd from Flowers in Heaven; while the Might
They loſt in Battel was again repairʼd;
Freſh Vigor ſwelling evʼry Breaſt, which beats
With ardent Love of Glory, and deſire
To meet once more in Arms thʼ Infernal Foe,
Now hid in Darkneſs, which from off the Sky
They wiſh removʼd, impatient for the Hour
To haſte, that next awakes the ſmiling *Morn*.

The End of the Seventh Book.

THE

THE

LAST JUDGMENT.

BOOK VIII.

Ὑπερφέρω πάσης ἀρχῆς καὶ ἐξουσίας καὶ δυνάμεως καὶ κυριότητος, καὶ παντὸς ὀνόματος ὀνομαζομένου οὐ μόνον ἐν τῷ αἰῶνι τούτῳ, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐν τῷ μέλλοντι.

ONCE more, *Celeſtial Muſe*, whatever Name
Thou chuſeſt, by whatever Titles ſung
Thro' Earth, or higheſt Heav'n, I ask thy Aid
Propitious to my yet unfiniſh'd Song,
Thy Glory, if I finiſh! for whoſe Voice
If Mortal, nor ſuſtain'd by thee, ſhall ſoar
Aloft, and cover all th' embattl'd Plains
Above, with warring Hoſts, and Angels arm'd;
Met by Infernal Chiefs, and all the Rage
Of Hell, reſolv'd on Battel to regain
Heaven, or that loſt, for ever to endure
Unpity'd, unrepriev'd, their Lot in Woe;
Flung from each Hope, from Bliſs and ev'ry Joy,
Down to Perdition, and the Gulphs of Flame
Kindled by Wrath Divine, when overturn'd,
To whelm th' Apoſtate Legions! One Day's Toil
Upheld by Thee, already I have ſung
Of adverſe Armies waging in the Sky
Fierce War, and too revengeful: What remains
Wants yet thy Inſpiration, to unfold
Much ſorer Conflict, and more dreadful Arms,
Which, iſſuing from his Father's angry Throne,

The Son ſhall wave anon, with Fury wave
Againſt his Enemies, full bent to drive
Headlong before his Thunders, whomſoe'er
The Sword of MICHAEL had not quite o'erpower'd;
But ſpar'd for fiercer Wrath, and to adorn
MESSIAH's Triumph, and his matchleſs Fame;
Up to the Heaven of Heavens, with all the Spoil
Of SATAN vanquiſh'd, and each Subject Foe
Returning in full Glory! What enſu'd,
Say then, when from each other's cruel Rage
Parted by Night, both wearied Hoſts retir'd,
Sore toil'd in Combat; and with many a Wound
Transfix'd, tho' ſoon recover'd from their Pain.

Now had Heaven's Sovereign, with a careful Eye
Off from his high Tribunal, whence he views
All Nature, and the wide Extent below
Of various Worlds, ſurvey'd what either Hoſt
Perform'd in Battel! To his Saints he gave
Might and Puiſſance to annoy the Foe,
And prove themſelves a Match for *Satan*'s Arm
Without his Thunders added! Him awhile
He ſuffers, nor yet vanquiſh'd, to enjoy
Hope, that a ſecond Combat might retrieve
Better prepar'd, his Glory and loſt Fame,
In Conflict loſt ſo late; meaning to gain
From that falſe Hope, and his ambitious Scorn
Of Heaven, a nobler Triumph in the Shame
Of one, thrown from his higheſt Height, and all
His fruitleſs vain Aſpiring to aſcend
The Sacred Throne of God, to be ador'd
By Heaven and Hell, his Empires both deſign'd,
The laſt alone his Portion: With a Smile
That witneſs'd his Deriſion at the Rage
Of all his Enemies, His Eye he turns
Full on the Image of his own great Power

And Godhead (which he meant ſhou'd ſhine that Day
Beyond Compare above the Might and Fame
Of all his Holy Saints, tho' fully prov'd
So late in Battel) and with Looks that ſpoke
Himſelf delighted to have ſpar'd the Foe,
To add new Glories to his Sons great Arm
His Purpoſe thus diſcovers--- [a] Heir of all
My Might, Celeſtial Power, and matchleſs Fame
Fully poſſeſs'd by Thee, in whom I view
Well pleas'd the Fulneſs of my [b] Glories dwell;
Reſting on thee too viſible, and ſoon
To be confeſs'd by thoſe, who fain wou'd ſcorn
Thine and thy Father's Empire; this great Day
I have reſerv'd on Purpoſe to declare
To all my Saints, how fit thou art to reign;
How worthy next to me on this high [c] Throne
To ſit, of equal Luſtre! By what claim
Omnipotence is thine, they ſoon ſhall own
Aſtoniſh'd, when into thy Arm I pour
Such Strength and Virtue, as without the Aid
Of others, ſhall it ſelf alone confound
Whatever riſes up, or dares oppoſe
Mine, in thy Might reveal'd! with ſuch a Strength
I now endue thee, as henceforth ſhall ſcorn
Hell, and what Impious Foes ſhall doubt thee Heir
Of Heaven, nor with Celeſtial Vigor arm'd
By me, and holy Vengeance to drive down
Yon Multitudes into their Gulphs of Fire,
Prepar'd and long their Due; who ſhall no more
Queſtion, if what we rais'd, we yet can hold
Theſe Skies, our own by Right, which by our Voice
Alone call'd forth, with all their Glories roſe
Shining thus ever round us; to be won
By Force, nor raviſh'd from us by an Arm
Wanting Omnipotence: Full ſore the Toil
Has prov'd, and dangerous, which my Saints below

[a] Eph. i. 21, 22. Phil. ii. 9, 10, 11. [b] Col. ii. 9. [c] Heb. i. 13.

Have felt one Day in Fight, with Glory crown'd,
Not Triumph; with ſo dire a Foe they ſtrove
In Battel, whoſe firm Eſſence was endued
By me at firſt with Vigor, ſuch as lives
Not long divided with the deepeſt Wounds,
By native Inſtinct healing ſoon, nor long
Tho' pain'd, diviſible: The nobler Fame
Of their entire Defeat I yield thy Arm,
To manifeſt thee firſt in Heaven, thy Might
Excelling Millions of celeſtial Powers
Created; with thy own, and what I give
Beſide of Terror, able to caſt down
Thy ſelf yon impious Hoſt, who ſoon ſhall find
All Power to thee committed; and once more
Iſſuing from hence, from off this angry Throne
Thy Foe ſhall view thee not as once a Prey
To Death, or longer Mortal, but of Might
Sufficient prov'd, my Promiſe long, to give
His Head a Wound, which Time ſhall never heal;
That all in [a] Heaven and Earth, and Hell may join
To own thee firſt, and worthieſt here to reign,
Next to this holy Throne, with Glory crown'd
Equal to that I boaſt, By Birth thy Due
And high tranſcendent Merit; fully own'd
By all, who ſoon ſhall view thee back return'd
Victorious from the Triumph of thy Foe,
Drove from theſe Skies with all his Hoſt diſarm'd,
Diſpirited, and without Hope to riſe
Again from Hell's dark Priſon, which ſhall hold
Him and the Partners of his Woe and Shame
Faſt bound; from every Bliſs, and Glimpſe of Joy
Excluded, and for ever. Take along
Thoſe dreadful Terrors then, with which I ſhake
The ample Heavens and Earth, whenever I chuſe
To tell th' aſtoniſh'd World JEHOVAH reigns
Supreme and Chief; and with full Might endued

To

[a] Rev. v. 13.

To quell, what Mortal or Immortal Rage
Join to opppoſe my Will, or vainly try
The Strength of my Omnipetence; whoſe Voice
Alone, unaided by this needleſs Arm,
Drives down diſſolving where it ſounds, whatever
Hears, and retires before it---Thee with all
Thy Father's Glories clad, I ſend away,
And Godhead, to convince our ſtubborn Foe,
We rule above reſiſtleſs, uncontroul'd
By Hell, or Hell's revengeful Powers combin'd
Againſt us in fierce Battel! but how vain,
Thy Hand ſhall ſoon diſcover, when with all
My Wrath, my Thunders, and Almighty Arms,
They view thee cloath'd; when the dire rapid Wheels
Of thy bright Chariot rolling down the Sky,
Shall bear thee on thy haughty Foes, amaz'd
To feel at once thy Looks, thy Arm, thy Eye
Darting each way ten thouſand angry Fires,
Each mortal, and conſuming where they fall,
Tho' on Celeſtial Eſſence! Till the Eve
(Such as in Heaven, which knows no other Shade
Approaches) on this Throne I wait, to hail
With Jubilee returning up the Sky
Thee and thy faithful Saints, with Wreaths adorn'd
Won in the Cauſe of God; Till then go forth,
Nor Fame, nor certain Triumph doubt, tho' all
Hell's Numbers meet thee ſingle; ſince inſpir'd
With thy Great Father's Might, thou ſhalt deride
Far greater Numbers---Saying thus, he veil'd
His awful Brow within the ſolid Shade
Of a thick Cloud dark'ning aloft, that wav'd
In Wreaths reluctant round him. From his Seat
Of Glory, ſtrait the Filial God aroſe,
Firſt lowly bending; and each Arm arrays
With Terror, ſuch as oft he takes to ſcare
Deſpairing Worlds with Dread of heavenly Ire;

Like that his preſent Viſage, when ſome Foe
Derides his Might, tho' matchleſs, and compares
Created with Almighty: As he rides
Bore on his Chariot thro' the yielding Sky
(Which the fierce Whirlwind both in Speed and Sound
Well imitates) the Cheeks of thoſe who wav'd
Heaven's blazing Enſigns round him to adorn
His glorious Progreſs, with a ſudden Fear
Grew paler, tho' his own Angelick Train;
Standing too near his Looks all o'er inflam'd
With Anger; ſeen too viſible to dwell
Upon his wrathful Eye, and ſoon to fall
Upon th' Accurſt, who meant to try that Day
In Arms his Strength and Godhead: Say who beſt
Can witneſs, ye bright Guards that ſtood around
That Hour the burning Axle, when it drove
To meet the Powers of Darkneſs, how he ſhone
With fearful Brightneſs? What Effuſion pour'd
Of Sparks, pernicious Light, and direful Flame
From off his Brow, as on the Wings upbore
Of CHERUBIM, along the Starry Plains
Of Heaven, and ſhining on his Sun-bright Throne,
He iſſued with reluctant Speed to end
The War with Hell, which none but He cou'd end;
Graſping in either Hand, what not the Eye
Of *Satan* cou'd endure, nor yet betray
Signs of Remorſe tho' hid, and inward Pain
Living within him, only from a View
Of what he ſoon muſt ſuffer. Far before
The burning of his dreadful Steps were ſeen
Wars dire Retinue, Flight, and paly Fear,
Confuſions ghaſtly Looks, and wild Amaze,
Stalking with frightful Pace, to mark the Way
Where the great Warrior was anon to drive
Enrag'd his angry Wheels, beneath whoſe Flame
The Rebel's Hoſt all proſtrate were to own

Too

Too ſoon the Victor's Might, by Trial found
At laſt ſuperior. To the Golden Mounds
He now arrives, which cloſe the heavenly Vales
From earthly Proſpect, and Acceſs deny
To all, but thoſe that Virtue long has charm'd,
Fitting for higheſt Bliſs! The Gates unfold
Cloſe ſhut before, and yield a ſpacious Way
For Heaven's bright Guards to paſs; who compaſs round
Their Leader, ſent to witneſs his great Fame
Anon, and glorious Deeds againſt his Foe;
Feeling, when drove to loweſt Night, that Power
At laſt, they either disbelievd or ſcorn'd,
E'er yet experienc'd. As the golden Sky
Parts op'ning to let out th' Ætherial Train,
MESSIAH and his Godlike Hoſt, not Hell
Alone beholds his Coming, but amaz'd
Earth ſaw him iſſuing forth; yet oh how far
In outward Luſtre him in BETHLEM born
Tranſcending! At the Sight, the Hearts of all
The GREAT and MIGHTY of the World forgoe
Their Might and Glories; while inſtead of theſe
Taking a full Poſſeſſion of their Soul,
Sadneſs and dark Surmiſe, with all the Train
Of Doubts, of what hereafter ſhall befal,
Enters each Breaſt tumultuous, driving far
Each calm and peaceful Thought, now loſt beneath
The ſad Forebodings of a ſudden Change,
Imagin'd near, *Meſſiah*'s out-ſtretch'd Arm
Seeming prepar'd for Battel, and a Fate
Grievous and ſore denouncing from his Brow:
Who nearer now approaches, and with all
His Father's and his own great Terrors arm'd,
Diſplays a mournful Scene to ev'ry Eye
Beneath the Clouds, which views, and hardly views
Aloft his dreadful Glory! From his Head
Down dropp'd the Warrior's Wreath; and what adorn'd

The Monarch's Temples with Imperial Gold
Sheds all its Brightneſs, ſuch a Luſtre blaz'd
Above, and with ſuperior Light obſcur'd
Each earthly Object, withering near the Flame
Flung far and wide, which way ſoe'er is turn'd
Meſſiah's bright Retinue! Where was ſeen,
Ye Kings, ye Earthly Gods, your haughty Scorn?
Where liv'd your Pride of Heart, which long diſdain'd,
Tho' Mortal, him that rules above, Supreme?
Once your Deriſion, now beheld in Flames
Your Dread; before whoſe Preſence melts away
Whate'er was deem'd Illuſtrious once below,
Grandeur, and human Pomp, and kingly Fame
All loſt and fading, as above the Sky
His Glories all around the God unfolds,
View'd by his Holy Saints, who ſmiling knew
Full well their Heroe's March, and Heavenly Train,
What Enſigns and Celeſtial Colours wav'd
Before him to prepare his Glorious Way
Along the Clouds, with Wrath and Thunders arm'd;
Beheld, but nothing dreaded --- Such a Peace
Lives in each virtuous Boſom: Thro' the Hoſt
Triumph, and Joy, and Acclamation rung;
Each Breaſt inſpir'd with Gladneſs, to behold
Deſcend, and fully bent againſt the Foe
To lead himſelf his Angels forth, the Heir
Of higheſt Heaven! To meet his Coming, all
The Powers, who under MICHAEL's great Command
Fought in his Cauſe ſo well, made haſte to pay
Obedience due, each throwing by thoſe Arms,
HIS Sword now render'd uſeleſs! Near his own
At laſt arriv'd, who with ſome Pain endure
And anxious, the fierce Flames that round him burn,
Off from his Throne of Saphire, where he ſate
Sublime and awful, to his Saints below,
He thus reveals his Purpoſe! Heirs of Bliſs

And Heaven, for ſuch your Deeds and Holy Fame
Lately approv'd in Battel, and the Cauſe
Of Virtue, now declare you! What ye gain'd,
What Might oppos'd againſt our haughty Foe,
Our Eye has witneſs'd, but much more the Shame
Of Hell's aſtoniſh'd Powers, no longer found
In Fight Invincible. Enough your Arms
Have wrought below, to claim, when back return'd
To Heaven, freſh Lawrels, and a fairer Crown
Due to your Virtue, only to have foil'd
By your own proper Courage, thoſe that dar'd
Equal themſelves with us! To quell whoſe Pride
Has been already yours, but to ſubdue
Muſt be my fuller Glory, and the laſt
I e'er ſhall gain from yon inſulting Foe;
Who ſoon ſhall groan beneath his Chain, nor riſe
More to moleſt theſe Heavens, which ſhall enjoy
Peace without End, nor Interruption fear
Of future Bliſs, our laſt great Foe deſtroy'd.
Death and the Grave already this Right Hand
Has Captive led; one Triumph yet remains,
One only, and theſe Sacred Skies no more
Shall dread to be infeſted, when they view
This Arm anon compleating its full Fame,
Hell's Powers at once all vanquiſh'd, and drove down
From hence to yonder Lake that ſtreams below
Raging with maddeſt Fury, which my Voice
Has kindled to receive 'em as they fly
To ſhun my fiercer Thunders! From the Toil
Of War ye now may reſt, and only ſtand
At Diſtance, to behold how well my Sword
Its Purpoſe againſt thoſe Accurſt fulfills;
Nor doubt, when lifted up, it ſhall deſcend
Wanting Succeſs or Conqueſt----Saying thus,
His Viſage with redoubled Anger burns,
Glowing with Wrath, which thoſe that round him ſtand

Cou'd only view nor tremble, as he drives
Full on th' Impious Hoſt: They now behold
Far off his dire Approach; and inly pain'd,
Tho' yet beyond the Reach of thoſe keen Fires
And Lightning, which in either Hand he bore,
Their own and Leader's Dread, which neither Shield
Nor Helm, nor all the Force of Hell's dire Arms
Cou'd ſtay, when launch'd from Heaven: none cou'd blame
The Fear of thoſe who ſtood beneath to view
The Foe approaching, when all Nature own'd
Conſcious of his great Power, a deep Amaze
And Terror! while to witneſs whom they bore,
The ſtedfaſt [a] Heavens whereon he rode, were bow'd
Beneath him, and the yielding Sky gave way
Under his burning Chariot where it roll'd,
Bearing him arm'd, and holding in each Hand
Half his Great Father's Thunders, all his Rage
Lent to his Eye, and viſibly beheld
By Hell's affrighted Legions! From each Wheel
And his ſwift Axle where it drove, was pour'd
Thick Sparkles iſſuing of remorſleſs Flames
Confounding what they ſmote, whereon they fell
Dire and outrageous, not to be endur'd
By any Eye, tho' diſtant; who of Power
To bear 'em then, when flung from off the Sky
Torturing the Soul, and working horrid Pain,
Drove inward by the Force of Heavenly Ire,
Leaving each Breaſt a Hell wherein they liv'd
Cruel and ſore afflicting. But alas!
What Signs avail, what Wonders to reclaim
The Diſobedient? They his Glory view'd,
But view'd with Envy, ſcorning yet to own
One greater, or but equal; ſo much Pride
Still liv'd within them, tho' all Hope was loſt
Of Flight, or Triumph, ſave in him who led
Their Troops to Battel, who with ſcornful Brow

Seeming

[a] Pſal. xviii. 2

Seeming to want without (whate'er he bore
Of inward Sorrow) every Sign of Fear;
Thus ſtrives once more to lift from their Deſpair
His ſad Companions! — If we yet are thoſe
Who fought ſo late on yon embattl'd Plains,
Altho' not Victors, yet not overcome
By them, who ſure of Conqueſt ſcorn'd our Arms,
E'er yet they felt their Fury; ſure that Might,
That held us firm one Day againſt the Power
Of half Heaven's proudeſt Warriors, may ſuſtain
(That Vigor now repair'd, we lately loſt)
Our Arm in Fight for ever! To have gain'd
One Day for ſecond Trial (when our Fall
Was threaten'd at firſt Meeting) gives us Hope
To join once more in Battel unſubdu'd;
One threat'ning Empty, arguing all alike
Or vain, or fallible! altho' ye ſeem
From the dire Dread which ſhadows ev'ry Brow
To doubt of Triumph, when we next ſhall join
In horrid Conflict with yon ſcornful Foe,
Holding his Flames above, revolve e'er yet
We give up all for loſt, tho' thus entire
Thus arm'd, thus ſtanding, nor one jot impair'd
In Vigor, that the Cauſe which wakes our Fears,
Shou'd rather whet our Courage! Tho' we hold
None of thoſe Fires, with which aloft yon Arm
Hopes to moleſt us, they are well ſupply'd
By better — by thoſe Flames that reſt within
Each Boſom, ſtirring to Revenge and Scorn,
And Indignation, worthy thoſe who boaſt
Themſelves, tho' not the Sons, a nobler Name,
Rivals of Heaven, a Name we ſtill ſhall hold
Victors or Vanquiſh'd — Which we are to ſhare,
What Titles, if to rule above theſe Skies,
Or roll aſtoniſh'd under yon grim Fires
Glaring beneath us, Time ſhall ſoon reveal;

And rid us of thoſe Doubts which overwhelm
Our Minds with Shapes of Torment, which may ne'er
Approach us, or inflict a greater Pain
Than what we give our ſelves, with preſent Care
Tormented, from Surmiſe of future Woes
To doubt is to be wretched! and the Dread
Of Hell, that very Hell we ſeem to fear;
Felt in the dire Forebodings of that State
Much worſe perhaps, than what we are to bear
If vanquiſh'd, and drove down from hence; which yet
Theſe Swords make doubtful. What we are to loſe
Or rather what to gain (no longer held
In dark Suſpence, 'twixt Hope and wild Deſpair)
Shall be the Trial of the next great Hour,
Haſting apace, and now begun, before
Its End, to give us either our juſt Fame
Recovering Heaven; or miſſing that to reign
In Hell, when dreaded worſe than when endur'd:
Each yet may be our Lot; (whatever Fate
Ordains without our Voice) in Night and Shade
The great Event ſtill hid, which ſhall unfold
Anon when open'd, which Extreme ſhall prove
Our Portion, higheſt Bliſs, or loweſt Pain;
Empire, or Thraldom, Crowns of Gold, or Fire;
Fame or th'Undying Worm; the Silver Sound
Of ſweeteſt Spheres above, or horrid Noiſe
Of Chains faſt fix'd in Hell, to bind us down
In the deep Gulphs beneath, to bear the Scorn
And Inſult of our fierce avenging Foe,
Smiling to hear our Sorrows---But whoe'er
Thou art, who ſit'ſt above, and hop'ſt to gain
In our Defeat new Glories, whether born
On Earth, or ſprung from Heaven, thy Birth and Sire
Alike myſterious, each I mean to try
Before I own thy Godhead; and explore
Whether created, which infers a Hope

Of Uncreation; or before all Time
Exiſting, and exempt from Dread to dye;
Whether the Son of God; or if thy Race
Be human, which I rather gueſs, that Power
Thou haſt from Heaven or Earth ſhall be reveal'd
Anon in Battel; once below I found
Thee Mortal, frail enough to weep and dye,
From whence theſe Titles then? this wondrous Fame
Of Immortality thy Boaſt, to live
Offspring at once of God, and yet be born?
Eternal, yet beginning? This the Eye
Of Reaſon, which all other Things compares
And judges, will be hardly wrought to own,
Self contradicting: Rather then I chuſe
To doubt thy Godhead, and the fabled Fame
Of thy Celeſtial Birth, than not believe
Part of our ſelves, that Light, the ſureſt Guide
Whate'er we ſeek to know, whoſe Voice proclaims
If born, thou art to periſh. Not from thee
My Fate I therefore dread! with ſomething more
Than mere created Force his Arm muſt fall
Who robs me of my Glory, and theſe Skies;
Not to be loſt, till he who reigns above
Himſelf deſcends, and with his bolted Flame
And Thunders drives me hence; till then ſecur'd
But ill, of half his Empire! Saying thus
He looks around, and hopes from ev'ry Eye
Signs of reviving Courage, and a Change
To Joy and Gladneſs, from their late Deſpair,
Recover'd by his Voice, with hopes to gain
Their Freedom, or at leaſt to ſhun that Doom
Dreaded ſo late, and dreaded ſtill, to view
Hanging above their Head with direful Arms
MESSIAH and his Legions. But whate'er
Their Leader offer'd to inſpire or calm
Their Boſom, wanted Force to eaſe their Pain,

Increa-

Increaſing more, and rolling in each Breaſt
With bitter Augmentation—All above
Was hid with Armies, all below with Flame;
Hell yawning hideous underneath their Wings
And Heaven it ſelf as dreadful: Whereſoe'er
They turn their Eyes amaz'd, no way they find
For Flight, none for Eſcape; the Gulph beneath
Smoaking, the Skies around 'em all on Fire;
Hemm'd in on ev'ry Side, by him who view'd
Their Plight from off the Clouds, who now more clear
Puts forth his Terrors, as his pompous Train
Approaches nearer, and beholds the Foe
Unable or to ſtand, and yet to fly
More dreading; the ſame Valour now requir'd
For Flight or Battel! If they chance to throw
Their Eyes aloft, the Cryſtal Walls of Heaven
Inſuperably ſteep and high, were arm'd
With Millions of *Cherubick* Guards, which all
Acceſs deny or Entrance! If below
They look, the diſmal Situation round
Of Hell replete with red reluctant Flames
Confounds 'em, blazing to receive when fall'n
Their Multitudes! No Gap was left, no room
To hope Retreat; to ſink or to aſcend;
One vain, the other frightful. And who late
Vaunted himſelf ſuperior to his Foe,
At leaſt his Equal, firſt betray'd that Fear,
He ſtrove to drive from others; and fulfill'd
Meanly the Boaſt he made of his own Fame,
As ſcorning ev'ry Danger. From the Throne
Of Saphire, bore upon the Starry Wings
Of Godlike Cherubim, and juſt above
The Armies rolling of his Impious Foe
Half vanquiſh'd at his Sight, MESSIAH views
Their Plight, and bends right onward to the Plain
On which they ſtood aſtoniſh'd! On his Side

His Quiver hung with forked Thunders ſtor'd;
(His own in Battel, and great Father's Arms
Againſt their Enemies) nor ſtay'd, but drew
Thoſe Arrows forth once more, with which he drove
The ſame Rebellious Hoſt from Heaven, who dar'd
Envy before his Godhead and high Fame,
Confeſs'd by all above who view'd his Throne,
Match'd only by his Seat, who ſate Supreme,
Ador'd by Earth and Heaven. From off his Arm,
Slung with tempeſtuous Speed his Shafts were pour'd
Amidſt their Ranks; who all in vain uphold
Their Shields, as Coverings from the fiery Storm
Of Darts, that round in hiſſing Vollies flew;
Fixing Remorſe in every Soul, and Pain
Not to be bore or utter'd. From a View
Of their Confuſion, fiercer grew the Rage
Of the Great Victor; who to prove that Day
Himſelf both God, and Son of God, the Heir
By Right of Heaven, from matchleſs Deeds perform'd,
And worthy the Records above, with-held
None of his Wrath that Hour; but put forth all
His heavenly Might; his own, and what his Sire
Added beſide to ſtrengthen his great Arm
With Vigor, ſuch as none above the Skies
Shou'd ſcorn or imitate. And now his Hand
Riſing aloft, ſends down a ſecond Shower
Of pointed Lightning; and from off the Throne
Whereon he rode, with fierce impetuous Sway
Without Remorſe or Reſpite, ſcatters round
Bolt after Bolt, and Flame ſurpaſſing Flame,
The laſt ſtill worſt, amidſt his proſtrate Foe;
Bearing no more the Smart and cruel Pain,
Fretting each Boſom where they light, ſore griev'd
With Heaven's afflicting Fires, from which no Shield,
No Helmet, nor the Strength of Hell's dire Arms
Avail'd to guard 'em! From each Hand was ſeen

To drop the uſeleſs Sword; from ev'ry Brow
Dreſs'd horribly ſo late with Plumes of Gold
The wither'd Creſt to fall; all Hope quite loſt
To skreen themſelves, or to annoy the Foe;
Riding above their broken War, all tore
And mangled with unworthy Scars, the Flames
Had left behind 'em, where they ſmote and clove
Their ſhatter'd Mail aſunder. O'er the Field
Glitter'd confus'd, and caſt a horrid Gleam
The Armour of Hell's Monarchs overturn'd;
Fauchions, and dreadful Spears, and Chariots roll'd,
Cruſhing beneath their Wheels whole Legions fall'n,
Of SATAN's gaſping Powers; behind whoſe Shield
They hop'd awhile (tho' vain) to ſhun the Fires
Still raining, with unceaſing Tempeſt pour'd
Still on their helpleſs Numbers; who no more
Shelter or Refuge, hoping from their Arms
Againſt MESSIAH's Thunders, call aloud
And wiſh ten thouſand Mountains thrown between
Them, and the Victor's Wrath, who now begins
To ſlack his Fury, ev'ry vanquiſh'd Foe
Grov'ling beneath his Feet, o'er which he drove
In Triumph his bright Chariot Wheels, which knew
That Day no Reſt; but ſpeeding o'er the Sky
From Space to Space, where any not ſubdu'd
Seem'd to deride his Godlike Arm, that wrought
His own and Father's Glory: Down the Sky,
Down the ſteep Precipice of Heaven they roll
In Multitudes, which ſcarce CYRENE's Sands
Or Leaves that hide *Hetruria*'s ſhady Vale
Suffice to Number! Deep beneath their Wings
A horrid Gulph reveals its raging Fire;
Which tho' they ſee, yet ſeeing chuſe to try
Its loweſt Torments, rather than endure
What ſmote behind 'em, with a fiercer Pain,
Heaven's Vengeance, and the Shafts which ſtill arriv'd

With unabating Speed to force 'em down
As to a Place of Reſt, into the Waves
Of that Infernal Ocean, where they plung'd
Millions, and all confounded: No dire Sound
Beneath the Sun, cou'd ever hold compare
With that loud Noiſe, which thro' th' affrighted Sky
Was heard, and bounded to each *Pole*, as *Hell*
Sunk down from *Heaven* into th' Abyſs below,
Dark, deep, tremendous! High above the Shore
The ruddy Waves now riſe, to either Side
Sloping their Courſe, with ſuch a Weight they fall,
Rolling the troubled Billows to and fro;
As thro' the middle or the upper Fires
They move their tortur'd Limbs, or heave aloft
Their Stature o'er the Brim of that dire Pool
On which they lay entranc'd, or underneath
Felt ſorer Anguiſh: As by Whirlwinds tore
From the firm Land, and Beetling o'er the Main,
Some Promontory ſinks; with hideous Roar
The ruſhing Rock rolls downward, parting wide
This Way and that the Ocean where it falls;
Thus they, and louder as they plunge, divide
Hell's broken Waves, which o'er their Heads reſound
With fearful Inundation; now upbore
High on the fiery Sea, which Ebbing leaves
Upon the Bottom of the burning Soil
Their ſultry Legions bare, no longer whelm'd
In Ruin; till a ſecond Storm of Fire
Runs rolling onward with redoubled Rage;
Which from the Boſom of the Torrid Plain
Lifts 'em again aloft, from Shore to Shore
Drove, of the madding Sea, to groan between
Th' Extremes of Liquid, or of ſolid Flame;
Sad Change of Torment, which they muſt endure
Remorſeleſs, unabating, without Hope
Of any Reſpite from thoſe torturing Pains

They

They feel (alas) begun, but of their End
Deſpairing; loſt and ſwallow'd in the View
Of wide Eternity, which Fate decrees
To meaſure their Exiſtence and their Woe;
Of one ſad Length; the firſt by Heaven ordain'd
Only to fit 'em better to endure
Their Portion of the laſt: His baleful Eye
Above the Surface of the burning Vale
Satan now caſts; and all around him ſees
Under Confuſion whelm'd, and Seas of Fire
His ſad Companions, ſcarcely from their Fall
Recover'd, nor yet conſcious where they lay;
In what dire Regions loſt, their Terrors paſt
Burying their preſent Tortures; tho' they roll'd
By Thouſands in Hell's hotteſt, loweſt Sounds.
Each Art he now revolves wherewith to calm
Their Sorrows, and relax their bitter Pain;
When calling from a Mountain's ſcurfy Brow
He now had gain'd, and whence he view'd beneath
His Fellows Anguiſh, with a Voice that ſhook
Hell's Concave, thus he wakes 'em, the dire Sound
Reaching their fartheſt Legions! Warriors, Thrones,
Angels, the Boaſt ſo late of yonder Skies;
Chuſe ye theſe Billows then, whereon to lay
Your weary'd Limbs after the cruel Toil
Of Battel? Do theſe ſoft and downy Flames
Invite you to repoſe and eaſe awhile
Your fainting Vigor, ſeeming as ye ſlept
In the cool Vales of Heaven, your bleſt Abodes
So late, now loſt for ever. If ye live,
Give not the Foe ſuch Fame, to think you dye;
To hope at laſt his Arrows and his Flames
Have Strength to preve us Mortal! Gueſs what Joy
The Victor reaps above, to view us lye
Thus low, thus abject, thus beneath his Fires;
All proſtrate, dating from our boaſted Fall

His Empires Safety---Yet altho' he ſmiles
At our unhappy State, he finds not all
Alike aſtoniſh'd---One he may behold,
One yet, tho' lately whelm'd beneath his Flames,
Not wholly yet ſubdu'd, nor even chang'd
In Mind, tho' outward Luſtre, riſing ſtill
Above his Hell, in Pain, tho' not Deſpair
Of lifting up himſelf, and theſe loſt Powers
Once more from Darkneſs; if your wearied Arm
And Poſture does not tempt the Victor's Rage
To load us with a Tenfold Weight of Chains
Beyond what now ye feel, and can endure!
Riſe then! leaſt thus debas'd, we call our Foe
To ſpout again his Cataracts of Fire
Down on our Heads, and with a ſecond Shower
Drive us more deep into the diſmal Waves
Of this mad Ocean, without Hope to gain
Once more, even this ſad Station, where we live
At leaſt on this Side Ruin, if we feel
No added Torments! Saying this, uproſe
His Second now in Anguiſh, once in Fame,
Cheer'd with his Leader's Voice (if ought cou'd cheer
Or Voice or Sound in Hell's tremendous Vale)
And juſt awaking from the oblivious Trance
That ſeiz'd him, hurl'd from off th' Ætherial Sky
Down to Perdition, thus attempts to raiſe
With Semblance of high Worth, and ſeeming Scorn
Of Pain, his loſt Companions! Angel Forms,
Once Sons of Heaven, now Foes, if all the Might
With which ye fought ſo late, and Strength Divine,
Is not entirely drain'd, awake, nor live
Longer in this ſad State, the Joy and Scorn
Of our inſulting Victor. Who of Power
From this outragious Gulph to lift his Arm
Shall chuſe, as better pleas'd, to ſtem the Rage
And Inundation of theſe furious Waves

Breaking in Surges round him? If our Fate
Is bad, we make it worſe, thus to endure
More than the Foe inflicts; chuſing to bear
The hotteſt, in the reach of milder Flames,
Which here we find abated, far more calm
Than where we plung'd ſo late, and whence we roſe
Not without dire Amazement! If we rate
The Pains we bore at firſt, with thoſe we feel
On this cool Mount, tho' blazing, Hell is turn'd
Into a ſudden Heaven, this Brow a Shade
To skreen us from the Beating of yon Main
Roaring at laſt beneath us---Scarce his Voice
Had ended, which with Shew of Life inſpires
The welt'ring Angels, when above the Brim
Of Hell's outragious Flood they lift their Eye;
And ſhaking from their Wing a ſcatter'd Shower,
Sulphur, and ruddy Smoke, and Sparkles dire,
With toilſome Steps acroſs the Gulph, they gain
That Eminence, where their proud Leader ſtands
Exalted, beck'ning with his Looks to guide
Their Paſſage, and to win Hell's Sounding Shores.
As when ſome Royal Navy, which along
The wide *Atlantick*, or *Ægean* Coaſt
Meets with a Storm at Night, which from their Guide
Severs the ſhatter'd Fleet; their Pilot loſt
None know or where to tack, or how ſteer,
Nor Stars, nor Light befriending: Now above
The Billows bore aloft; now ſunk between
The Hollow of ſome huge ſurrounding Wave,
Denouncing ſudden Ruin. They all hope
Give up of Safety, and of wiſh'd Return
To their lov'd Country, or their native Shore;
Till dawning from the *Eaſt* the Morn reveals
The Tempeſt now allay'd, the Colours wave
Of their great Admiral, unfurl'd to draw
Beneath his Flag once more their weary'd Sails.

Thus joy'd the hapleſs Fiends, and more, to view
Thought loſt, their Mighty Chief, and far above
The Reach and Fury of thoſe piercing Flames;
Which, as they journey'd toward him, ſmote full ſore
From ev'ry Side upon their Ranks, who gain
At laſt, with Toil of Feet, and Wings, and Arms,
Stemming th' outragious Tide, the riſing Brow
Whereon their Monarch ſate, and ſtill maintain'd
Tho' inly ſad, the Port and ſeeming Shew
Of Regal Dignity; yet numb'ring o'er
Such Multitudes, exil'd from Heaven and Joy
By his Ambition, ſome Remorſe he feels
Working within him, to have drove away
Millions from Bliſs, not loſt by their own Crimes,
But his aſpiring Thirſt of nobler Fame;
Scorning Equality with Gods, nor High
In Thought, except the Higheſt. Them he views
In this ſad hapleſs State, with Looks that bore
Semblance of Sorrow, while his Voice unchang'd
With their or his own Griefs, his Mind unfolds!
Theſe are the Triumphs then, and this the Fame
At laſt that crowns us for our Glorious Toil
In Battel! The high Throne whereon our Foe
Now ſits rejoycing, he may hold ſecure;
As long as this Infernal Priſon holds
Such Multitudes in Bonds, who only moan
In our laſt Fight, that Fate has been too ſtrong
For Virtue, claiming ſtill by Right thoſe Skies
Our weaker Arms have loſt; yet if we bear
The Loſs with Courage, we deprive our Foe
Of that Delight he purpos'd to enjoy,
Seeing us humbled, grov'ling, abject, fall'n;
Doubling his cruel Bliſs in our Deſpair
And Groans beneath his Thunders and his Flames;
Which, if he has no deeper yet in Store,
Nor worſer Hell than this, we can endure;

Since

Since this Abyſs, tho' cruel, gives us Leave
To change our Place of Torment, and retire
From off the Rage of yonder boiling Main,
If yet it riſe no higher. Perhaps beyond
The Limits of this raging Gulph may lye,
Tho' hid in Night and Darkneſs, cooler Vales;
Or Mounts like this, whoſe Top the ſurging Fire
Wants Force to conquer! To explore thoſe Climes,
If any, (tho' with no mean Peril try'd)
Shall be your Leader's Toil; that if we loſe
Our Thrones above, at leaſt we may partake
What Joy and Reſt theſe Nether Worlds may hold,
(If any Joy, or Reſt, or Peace can dwell
In theſe ſad Manſions) and attempt to found
An Empire, where no Foe or Rival's Arm
We ſure ſhall dread; not worth the Victor's Pains
To drive us hence, to envy us a Throne
In Hell, if deem'd in Heaven unfit to reign!
Here we may dwell unheeded, fear no more
The ſcorching Thunder, or the fiery Shower
Of Arrows, ſuch as reach'd us in our Fall
To theſe dire Regions; nay, perhaps enjoy
(If we have Hopes to ſoard this fearful Main)
Beyond its Verge more cool and happy Shades,
Seats of Delight and Joy, ſuch as we loſt
In Heaven! 'Twou'd be our Fame, if what our Foe
Meant ſhou'd become our Torment, we cou'd turn
Thus into Glory! If inſtead of Chains,
Bright Diadems; inſtead of Priſons, Crowns
We here cou'd find; and for thoſe Flames that beat
This Mount whereon we ſtand, tho' in Amaze,
If my Attempt cou'd hap'ly meet ſome Coaſt
Not void of ev'ry Bliſs, there happy reign
Where we expected Thraldom. 'Twou'd repay
For more than we have loſt, to overturn
Thus our proud Victor's Purpoſe, cou'd we draw

From

From his Revenge new Matter for our Praiſe;
There ruling, there debating, there in Arms,
Winning new Empires, where he hop'd to whelm
Under yon raging Gulphs, and Floods of Fire
Our vanquiſh'd Numbers. Tho' our preſent Doom
Is bad, 'tis better far than what the Voice
Of our Avenger threaten'd at our Fall;
And ſhou'd we feel no worſe, that heavenly Power
Which helps us to endure one Moment's Rage
Of theſe Infernal Flames, will ſtill uphold
Our Eſſence firm, and teach us to endure
Their Sting for ever, deathleſs tho' diſmay'd.
What ſtronger Vigour we have then to boaſt
Our Foe ſhall learn, when we have greater Woes
To combat, deeper Hells, and wider Flames:
Theſe ſoon our Wing ſhall croſs; and if beyond
The untrod Limits of theſe pathleſs Plains
Ought riſes worth our Labour, there we build
New Seats of Empire, which may ſtretch as wide
As thoſe we loſt above: for whoſe great Eye
Has reach'd th' Extent of theſe dire diſmal Shades?
If then we fail'd to make a Hell of Heaven,
Our firſt and great Intent, let us but change
Our Purpoſe, and endeavour to create
A Heaven in Hell! whoſe ſpacious ample Bounds,
If Fame has Credit, equal thoſe, where reigns
Our Conqueror in full Glory. If the Gloom
We dread, and Darkneſs of theſe pitchy Shades
From Heaven's bright Lamp, and the Sun's cheering Eye
So far remov'd, enough of Light theſe Flames,
Glaring the Length of many a Province wide
Their pointed Beams, will yield us to ſurvey
Our new Dominions; while this Hell we turn
Into a Firmament; what Mounts of Fire
Riſe here more lofty, ſhall inſtead of Suns
Illumine our new Empire; thoſe that glow

With leſſer Lights above this Deep, ſhall burn
Inſtead of Stars, our Realms with Night, and Day
Varying like thoſe above! And if leſs fair
In Beauty and in Proſpect, yield us more
Delight with Freedom, than to reign above
In Servitude, in Chains---tho' made of Gold.
Here we are free at leaſt; and that is more
To free-born Spirits, than a Seat in Heaven
Next to its higheſt Throne, if there to pay
Submiſſion, and the Tribute of our Knee
In Adoration? Therefore grant we change
Our Heaven for Hell, our Day for Midnight Shades,
Our Godlike Luſtre for a Form leſs fair,
'Twill be our Glory ſtill, whate'er we loſe
Beſide, to keep our Minds at leaſt unchang'd!

He ſpoke! and for awhile inſpir'd with Joy
His Fellows, dreading late when ſome mad Wave
Shou'd ſweep 'em in the roaring Gulph below;
When dreaming of new Empires, and of Thrones,
Their Leader's Boaſt ſo late, a ſudden Sound
Was heard above th' affrighted Hoſt to roll,
Of Thunder; for as yet their angry Foe
Was not return'd to Heaven, but bent his Ear
To liſten to their Schemes and Counſels vain;
Reſolv'd to fruſtrate both, e'er yet he roſe
In Triumph up the Skies! To view the Train
Drove down ſo late by his victorious Arm
Into the Gulph of Hell, ſcorning the Bounds
Allotted for their Priſon, in his Soul
Awakes a Ten-fold Fury, which the Foe
Was ſoon to feel and witneſs! His fierce Eye
Like ſome dire Comet ſhone, all o'er inflam'd,
When darting Peſtilence on Earth, it ſcares
Affrighted Nations---What his Quiver held
Arrows and burning Shafts before, were deem'd

Not

Not cruel, nor endu'd with Wrath or Speed
Sufficient, on the Rebel's haughty Brow,
To wreck his ſecond Vengeance; to compleat
Which, and to ask no more, his Anger choſe
A Bolt, the kneeneſt in his Father's Store
Of Wrath above, nor truſted any Arm
Except his own, to bear its Fury down
Amidſt th' Accurſt! Be this the laſt (he cry'd)
The laſt great Proof I mean to give below
To yon proud Hoſt, of my diſputed Fame
And Godhead; feeling this, he asks no more
For ever! nor delay'd, but in his Hand
He graſp'd, and ſhook awhile the bolted Fire
Juſt o'er the Rebel Crew, who liv'd ſecure
In Hope from future Harm; then hurl'd among
Th' Apoſtate Multitude the withering Flame;
Which with a Whirlwind's Blaſt, upon whoſe Wings
The fatal Arrows haſted, ſwept away
From off the Mount into the Gulph below
The faithleſs Numbers----They aſtoniſh'd fall,
Armour and Arms in vain, which cumber'd more
Their Ruin, to the Bottom of Hell's Flames;
Which clos'd above their Head, full many a League
Now delug'd under Darkneſs. Vain their Hope,
Vain every Thought of riſing thence, or more
To view the Beams of Light, or ſmiling Morn,
Now cover'd under Night; and where to bind
The Rebels faſt, and ever to deny
Eruption from thoſe Seats, the Victor throws
Acroſs each Arm an Adamantine Chain,
Transfixing each unto his Rock, which grew
Deep in Hell's loweſt Centre, there to moan
Their Guilt in horrid Shades, and penal Fire,
For GOD blaſphem'd, and his MESSIAH ſcorn'd.

And now the Victor meditates to turn,
Each Foe ſubdu'd, his Chariot up the Sky
Towards his Great Father's Throne, to meet the Praiſe
Due to his Worthy Acts, now fully known;
By Hell at laſt confeſs'd, as long before
Thro' Earth and Heaven: Him firſt the Angel Throng
Receive, who ſtood at Diſtance, to behold
His Might and Fame, and Wonders of his Arm
Made manifeſt that Day to ev'ry Eye
Againſt his own and his Great Parent's Foes;
Drove down by his ſole Might to weep beneath
In Shades of utter Darkneſs. All the Hoſt
Of Cherubs, as he mounts the Cryſtal Sky,
Fall low, and ſolemn Adoration pay
To their Great Leader paſſing; nor with-hold
The Sacred Symphony of Lute and Song,
And ſweeteſt Voices joining to proclaim
(Their golden Harps not ſilent) him the Heir
Of higheſt Glory; fitteſt to adorn
The faireſt Throne above, as with his Sire,
Not without Right join'd in coequal Fame,
He claims his Bliſs; partaking in his Skies
An equal Share of Godhead and of Joy;
Worthy of each by Merit found, nor more
Queſtion'd the Son of God, by heavenly Deeds
Proving his Birth at once, and Race Divine.
All the wide Regions where he flew, were charm'd
With Melody, and Aires of ſweeteſt fall
Hymning MESSIAH's Acts; nor to his Ear
Utter'd ungrateful: Some in humbler Strains
Tho' pleaſing, his Deſcent from Glory ſing
Exceſs of Piety! The Heir of Bliſs
Combating mortal Woes, and Grief and Pain,
And Death, to reſcue Man from Death, his Due
By Diſobedience: Now their Notes they change,

And tho' Eternal, ſing the Saviour born;
Expiring tho' Immortal; All his Woes
Suffer'd beneath, or what from human Rage
He moan'd, or what from his own Father's Ire
(Paſſing the Weight of ev'ry other Pain)
They number o'er, nor in their Songs refuſe
To mention the ſad Hour in which he lay
Awhile a wretched Captive to the Grave;
Burying in Death each mortal Guilt; when hung
(Sad Scene of Grief) upon the curſed Tree
He ſigh'd, and ſav'd a World with ev'ry Groan,
Breath'd from his bleeding Breaſt! While others choſe
Their Subject *Satan* foil'd, and Hell in Chains,
His glorious Trophies each, as up he roſe
From Darkneſs, over Death and Hell alike
Victorious, leading each his humbled Thrall
Up to the Realms of Light. While ſome in Strains
More lofty ſtill, applaud his Godlike Arm
Single, but yet of Power to drive away
Revolting Multitudes (as this Day's Fame
Bore witneſs) to Perdition and the Shades
Of Night, wide ecchoing with infernal Groans;
Their Place and Portion, who cou'd diſobey
The Great MESSIAH, or refuſe his Reign.
All join in one great Song, in Praiſes join
To God on High, to give him Worſhip due,
And his Anointed Son, who on the Wings
Of Angels, and of bright Archangels bore,
Reach'd the dread Hill at laſt, whereon was plac'd
The Parent Deity, with Clouds array'd
And Streams of fearful Glory: He to view
His Son return'd in Triumph, threw away
Half his Refulgence, and with Looks that own'd
Paternal Fondneſs, mix'd with Love and Joy
In Smiles, thus broke his Silence---Son belov'd,
And in whoſe Sight I dwell for ever pleas'd,

More pleas'd, when from this Seat I thus behold
An Augmentation of thy Regal Fame;
So let it fare with all, who tempt our Arms
To Vengeance, as with thoſe thy matchleſs Arm
Has taught Submiſſion: All our Impious Foes
Thus periſh, who diſpute thy Glorious Reign,
Or Right to rule above, next me Supreme!
Thee thy own Deeds, beſide thy Father's Voice,
Witneſs from hence deriv'd; thy Might and Race
Both Heavenly, and thou worthieſt Heir of all
The Wreaths and Glories which I now prepare
To crown thee from the Triumph of thy Foes
And mine returning, to partake in Light
And theſe Abodes with me thy Share of Joy,
Cloſe to my Side, and near this Sacred Throne,
Reaping that Bliſs, which long before we fram'd
Yon Earth, and ample Worlds which round us roll,
Thou didſt enjoy with me, and ſhalt poſſeſs,
When theſe are loſt for ever. Man alone
([a] Whom thy indulgent Boſom bled to ſave)
Lives now our only Rival; what I wrought
In Heaven or Earth of Wonders, nought avails
To melt his ſtubborn Heart, and bend his Will
To our Obedience, (and how juſtly claim'd?)
How juſt his Sufferings then? For e'er with Shades
The Sun next falling browns the *Weſtern* Sky,
One Spot of my Creation I ordain
To loſe, Man's favourite Manſion, under Flames,
To purge from Droſs and Sin, and what offends,
In order for a fairer [b] World, which ſoon
Shall ſpring, each Beauty boaſting which it wore
At firſt, new finiſh'd from our Hands, where thou
And thy ſelected Saints in Bliſs ſhall dwell
A Thouſand Years; ſo long I fix thy Reign
On Earth with thy Redeemed, now no more
An Earth but Paradiſe: That [c] Day expir'd

[a] Heb. ix. 26. [b] Rev. vi. 12, 13, 14. [c] 2 Pet. iii.

(For ſo I number Years) from ev'ry Wind
Under this Heaven the Quick and Dead ſhall flow
To thy Tribunal, from thy Voice to hear
Their final Sentence, doom'd to Bliſs or Woe
As only thou ſhalt judge; for to thy Hand
[d] All Power I have committed, or to ſave,
Or to condemn, whoever dwell below
In Sin or try'd Obedience; what they hear
From Thee, (whoever elſe condemn'd or ſav'd)
Shall be their unchang'd Lot in Bliſs or Pain!
Mean time prepare to dreſs thy ſelf with all
The Terrors that are wont to wake amaze
Thro' frighted Empires; let thy Eye proclaim,
(That oft has wept o'er her unhappy Plains,
Wet with thy friendly Tears) let that unfold
The dreadful Meſſage firſt, and next thy Hand
With all thy Father's angry Thunders arm'd,
Reveal what Fate yon World muſt ſoon ſuſtain,
And thou the great Avenger! What wou'd fain
Keep back awhile thy Anger, I behold,
Pity and fondeſt Love, and ſofteſt Pain
For Man's Diſtreſs, thou once haſt bled to ſave,
But bled alas in vain! For e'er the Morn
Next riſing, and the laſt that e'er ſhall dawn
On yon devoted Plains, my Eye ſhall view
Thee on thy bright Tribunal plac'd, juſt o'er
The Earth's deſpairing Orb, which now begins
Too ſoon to moan the dire ſurrounding Flame
Kindled, tho' late from hence; while I my Ear
Long open'd, but in vain, to wait her Change,
Now cloſe for ever; nor to be appeas'd
Henceforth with all the deepeſt Groans ſhe pours
Up to theſe Heavens for Succour, but remov'd
From her Complaints, behind this Cloud retire.

The End of the Eighth Book.

THE

[d] Mat. xxviii. 18.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

BOOK IX.

Καί ποτε τ' ἐργλεὶ Θεὸν ἀκάτι φοραύνοντα,
Ἀλλ' ὄζεμβεί δοντα χ' ὄζολύοντά τε γένναν
Ἀνθρώπων ἅπασαν ὑπ' ἐμπρησμὸν πέρδοντα.

Lactantius de Ira Dei ex Orac. Sibyll.

Tunc ardens fluvius cœlo manabit ab alto
Igneus, atq; locos consumet funditùs omnes,
Terramq; oceanumq; ingentem, & cærula ponti,
Stagnaque, tum fluvios, fontes, Ditemque severum,
Cœlestemque Polum; cœli quoque lumina in unum
Fluxa ruent, &c. *Ibid.*

YE Rulers of the World, who sit below
Rever'd as Gods, and claim from ev'ry Eye
A Second Adoration to your Thrones,
Be humbled; and those Temples which ye bound
So late with Circles of Imperial Gold,
With Funeral Wreaths now bind, and solemn Shade,
Dark as the Dead of Night, which soon shall close
(Each Heavenly Lamp extinct) beneath one Veil
All Earthly Glories! Let Ambition cease
To swell the Heroe's Breast; and Pride no more
Above the Subject Nations to have reign'd,
Be deem'd the Monarch's Virtue, which shall end
Anon in Thoughts of Sadness, to confound
The High and Low; the Mighty with the Slave,
Alike despairing; all Distinction lost,

All

All Form, and Place, and Title, in that Hour
Haſting apace by Heaven's Command, to lay
In Duſt, without regard to mortal Fame,
Whate'er on Earth aſpires, whate'er ſeems
Seated above the Reach and Dread of Change,
Tho' from Immortal Fury: Shall your Brow
Hold faſt the Diadem, nor bend to view
Burſt from the Cloud the wide and waſting Flame,
Light by his angry Breath, who mingles all
The Pomp and State of Man, when e'er he frowns,
In one great Ruin? Can your Thrones abide
Unſhaken, when the Baſe whereon they riſe,
Earth, and her ſolid Mountains to and fro
Begin to rock throughout, as they behold
The Viſage of their God, with Fury arm'd?
Can the deep Center tremble? All beneath
Melt at his dreadful Preſence? You more ſtrong
And lofty, meet him haſting down the Skies
Array'd in Thunders, and no Dread reveal
As he deſcends? Not feel a ſudden Change
From Joy to Tears, from Gladneſs to Deſpair;
Each human Glory, and the proudeſt Fame
Akin to Godhead, fading, when he bares
His Arm aloft, to prove the Weak and Strong
Beneath the Weight of his Avenging Ire,
Are frail alike and mortal, when it burns!
For oh! to give a Check to ev'ry Joy
Once claim'd by Birth and Empire, ſee the Morn
With bloody Light aſcend the *Eaſtern* Sky,
Fearfully glorious! Nor to gain her Noon
E'er Heaven's tremendous Sire erects above,
His bright Tribunal; trembling at whoſe Frown
Pyrene's lofty Top begins to fall,
And *Pelion* thine, preventing thus the Flames
Which ſoon ſhall level whatſoe'er aſpires,
Mountain, or tow'ring Rock, above the Vale;
To loſe anon the Station which they bore

Among the Clouds; nor longer o'er the Plain
To ſoar aloft, or ſtretch their Evening Shades
Far into diſtant Empires! For behold
(If any yet have ſtrength, with mortal Eye
To view their Judge above) his ample Throne
Seated; himſelf with all the radiant Train
Girt round of Angels, ready at Command
To execute whate'er his Voice ordains
In Anger, on the guilty Orb below.
Boaſt then no more, ye Heirs of mortal Fame,
The ſcepter'd Hand, or gold encircl'd Brow;
Or Majeſty, which only ſerves to lend
The Foe a nobler Triumph in your Fall;
Glory and Fame how fading each and vain,
His Jealous Arm will witn ſs ſoon; the Day,
That dreadful Day reveal, when all that live
Beneath, that cleave the Flood, or wing the Air,
Man, and each Creature elſe the World ſuſtains,
Shall but augment his Conqueſt, as his Voice
Divides the Earth, and lays the Mountains low,
Each Wall, and ev'ry Bulwark; when his Showers
Of overflowing Hail, and wondrous Fire
Deſcending, ſhall with mighty Force o'erturn
And grievous, with the Cottage, the proud Dome,
Where Pride delights to dwell, and Tyrants view
With Scorn, the Subject Earth o'er which they reign.
Nor ſhall thy Beauty, faireſt Iſle, nor all
The Incenſe which each Morning to the Sky
Thy Altars breath unhappy *Albion* ſave
Or thee, or thy devoted Sons, all doom'd
(As if the World's wide Realms they ne'er had ſway'd)
Their own alike, and thy ſad Fate to moan!
Ah! what avails it now to boaſt in Arms
Supremacy? From ev'ry Rival Foe
In *Eaſt* or *Weſtern* Worlds, to merit Fame,
Due to thy warlike Race, where-e'er they bore
Their Swords victorious, bringing back Renown

From

From ev'ry Clime, that dar'd their hardy Bands
To dangerous Combat? Does the Laurel Bow
Shading each Warrior, give thee from thy Fate
One Moment's Freedom? Does thy Roll of Kings,
Plantagenet, and *Tudor*, and *Naſſau*,
Or *Stuart*'s Sacred Worth, or GEORGE's Fame,
Or (to command thy Tears once more to flow,
Placing before thy Eye her dear Remains)
Does *Anna*'s Virtue help thee to ſecure
(Better belov'd by Heaven, or more bemoan'd)
Thy Glorious hapleſs Kingdoms? Which muſt fall,
And undiſtinguiſh'd, with the Nations round,
Where thy puiſſant Steel has often dy'd
Its Point in Slaughter, adding to the Bounds
Of *Britain*'s ſpacious Rule, before Supreme!
Oh plead! while yet thy mournful Voice has Power,
Tho' only to complain, and tell thy Moan,
Yet plead thy Love, and Zeal, and Faith renown'd,
And ancient Piety; thy Martyrs Gore
And Heroes holy Deeds, on foreign Strands
Warring, and chiefly to inſtruct the Foe
In Worſhip, and to bleſs JEHOVAH's Name!
Yet oh! forget thy Glories! and no more
Tell, what thy Sons in Virtue or in Arms
Have merited; how oft their Valour won
New Empires, and how oft their Pity ſav'd;
For not thy pureſt Faith, or ancient Fame,
Or Heroes holy Deeds, nor yet the Stream
Pour'd on each Altar from thy Martyrs Veins,
Shall plead with Heaven to ſlack, or turn away
Thoſe Flames its angry Breath ſhall ſoon inſpire
With Fury, in one common Maſs to blend
The Peaſant's Cottage, and Monarch's Dome;
Temples with homely Cells, and thy rich Duſt
With Heaps of vulgar Aſhes: While the Main
Circling his Arms ſo long around thy Shores,
Thy ever conſtant Guardian, now ſhall call

His Floods away, and leave thy naked Strand
Free for the Foe to waſte; which had deſpair'd,
Thy Channels full, to croſs the ſounding Wave!
Say then, Celeſtial Spirit, by whoſe Aid
The dreadful Heights above, and Depths profound
I once have try'd, and fill'd th' Etherial Plains
With warring Angels, Heaven and Hell in Arms
Sorely conflicting; ſay, if ſtill my Guide
I following, thou haſt ought that can inſpire
My Heart with Courage, rather than my Voice
With fitting Numbers, as I try to ſing
MESSIAH and his Glories, bending down
In awful State, to fix above yon Sky
Illuſtrious far and wide, his Royal Throne;
Which oh! with thy Support, who dares behold
Nor tremble, as he views the Fires prepar'd
Which, whatſoe'er the Sun's all-ſeeing Beam
Surveys beneath his Orb, or great, and fair,
Shall ſoon conſume, nor thy Imperial Towers
(Where Kings ſo late repair'd to hear their Doom)
Auguſta ſhall be ſafe; or riſe above
The Reach and Tempeſt of Heaven's angry Flame;
Which, all the Monument, and boaſtful Tomb
Told, of the Virgin's Cheek, or Warrior's Fame
Defacing, ſhall unlock each Royal Urn;
And mix the Aſhes there with common Clay;
That none ſhall know, (if any yet ſurviv'd
Nature's ſad Relicks) which the Space that held
All that was mortal once of *George*'s Fame;
Unskilful to divide the Monarch's Duſt
From the vile Mixture of the mouldring Slave,
Nor ſay, (the High and Low, whatever ſtood
In Life between, both equall'd by the Grave)
This once was *Cæſar!* A ſad Tale to wound
Ambition's Ear, and humble mortal Pride.

Now had the Sovereign Godhead, where he reigns
Sublime in Glory, and from whence he views

The

The wide Circumference of Worlds below,
Bent down his Eye on Earth, to ſee what Foe
Was yet to conquer. Him with all his Train
Of Rebel Angels, who ſo late aſpir'd
To win Heaven's Sacred Manſions, he beholds
Their Leader deepeſt, welt'ring under Flames
In Hell's profoundeſt Gulph, o'erwhelm'd with Chains:
No other Rival left, or to oppoſe
Or queſtion his Omnipotence, he calls
To the Great Partner of his Regal Fame;
While Heaven begins to tremble as his Voice
Thus ſpoke, and audible; Son, in whoſe Face
Transfus'd, my Godhead and Eternal Power
Shine manifeſt, I chuſe this ſolemn Day
To prove thy Might and Arm above Compare
Of Mortal Strength! At whoſe great Sacred Name
When utter'd, Things in Earth and Heaven ſhall bow,
And what beneath the Depths of Hell reſide,
Shall hear with Reverence! From theſe native Skies,
From this Right Hand, a Seat thy Virtue claims
And Birthright, once again I ſend thee down
To yonder World, but mortal now no more,
Or to obſcure thy Glories with a Cloud
Of human Fleſh; but with that [a] Light array'd
Which clad thee, e'er yon Earth Beginning knew;
And ſtill to be thy Covering, when thy Voice
Has ſpoke it ended! Thee I chuſe to ſend,
Thee fitteſt, where thy Wonders once were ſcorn'd,
Thy Life, thy Death, and ev'ry cruel Pain!
To try if yet thy Father has in Store
Ought to evince thy Worth, and Royal Fame;
Thee ſprung from hence; if he who long aſſum'd
My Mildneſs, cannot too my Terrors wear
Upon his Countenance, and in his Hand
My Thunders! Surer thus perhaps to gain
Titles and Worſhip, than in human Form

[a] John xvii. 5.

Converſing, tho' with Deity endu'd.
Go then, Great Heir of all my Might; I give
Yon World, that once thy dying Love cou'd ſcorn,
To feel thy Wrath! That if thy Wiſh, to ſave
A guilty Earth, was not enough to prove
Thy Godhead, it may prove it, to deſtroy!
Nor let that Pity, which thy Boſom ſway'd,
For human Miſery, again revive
At Man's Diſtreſs; that Earth which once cou'd view
Thy Sadneſs, hear thee moan, and ſee thee dye,
Shall want Compaſſion now, and in her Turn
Pour unavailing Sorrows to the Sky
Unheard, who cou'd behold without a Tear,
Thy Agonies, thy Stripes, and Sacred Gore
Streaming; and for a Cordial to thy Woes,
Preſent th' ungrateful Cup, the Dregs whereof
She now muſt taſte unmingled, and thy Hand
Be firſt, the bitter Potion to prepare----

He ſpoke; and Darkneſs choſe wherein to hide
His Godhead; ſo ſevere his Viſage ſeem'd
And full of Indignation, as he ſends
To gain the laſt great Triumph o'er his Foe
MESSIAH forth; nor to aſſume his Throne
Next to his Father's, e'er along the Skies
One beauteous Orb at leaſt ſhou'd ceaſe to roll,
One World! His Conqueſt, which how great, and fair
And full of Glories now, ſhall not ſurvive
His Anger, when his Voice that Threat has pour'd---
" Burn then, unhappy Earth, who cou'dſt behold
" The Son of God expire! while Heaven enflam'd
" Re-ecchoes back the Sound, and anſwers---BURN."
Oh! bid adieu, ye Sons of Fame, to all
Ye prize on Earth moſt dear; the tempting Eye
Of Beauty, and the frail and fading Charms
Of human Glories! Whatſoe'er allures
The Senſe, or holds the Heart in Captive Chains,

Shall

Shall ſoon be loſt in Night, and nothing yours,
But the ſweet Fruit which blooms from virtuous Ways;
Then moſt inſpiring, when all other Joys,
Titles, and impious Worth, and guilty Fame
Shall give Remorſe, which firſt or laſt ſhall wound
The Conſcience, and inflict extreme Deſpair,
Dark as the Gloom of Hell, which now it views
With Dread, ſo late, or disbeliev'd, or ſcorn'd.
Spread then thy Charms, Ambition! with thy Smiles
Imperious Beauty ſtrive, as once, to gain
Adorers! All the Gems, and golden Oar
Of *Eaſt* and *Weſtern* Worlds together blaze,
To tempt the Eye of Man, ye ſhine in vain,
Ye great unheeded Trifles, as he turns
His Eye aloft; and juſt above beholds
His Judges Throne high rais'd, and by his Hand
In bloody Signals grav'd, ſad Nature's Doom:
The End of Time, which now no more ſhall run,
Loſt in Eternity's unbounded Stream.

Say then, Celeſtial Goddeſs! (for thou know'ſt)
Thou, what befel above, when to his Cloud
Retiring, Heaven's all-ſeeing Sire withdrew;
Truſting his Godlike Son's Victorious Arm
(For higher Fame deſign'd) his Wrath to ſhower
On Impious Nations! He with half the Prime
Of Angels, guarding late JEHOVAH's Throne,
The Regencies above came forth adorn'd,
Bright Equipage! Some on their Starry Wings
Bear his Refulgent Arms, dreaded below,
His Spear, his Arrows, and his Quiver ſtor'd
With Three-edg'd Thunder: While a Second Train
Roll his bright Chariot Wheel along the Sky,
Bending beneath its Weight; which, where it turn'd,
Blaz'd with Illuſtrious Gems, and flaming Gold.
Others, th' Imperial Standard, which was rear'd

Oft in the Fields of Light, when any Foe
Stood oppoſite, upon their Shoulders raiſe
Shining before his Steps; while ſome unfurl
From off the Staff the Orient Colours ſtain'd
With Dies in Heaven, and which enwoven bore
Various Memorials of his Love, and Fame
Recorded; Earth created, Hell ſubdu'd,
His Glory each; nor ceas'd the golden Sound
Of Trumpets, and the Muſick which was breath'd
From Flutes and heavenly Voices, to proclaim
Their Leader's Progreſs thro' the ample Sky;
Fill'd with Hoſannahs, where the Godlike Train
Spreading the Triumph, mark'd the ſhining Way
With Light and Luſtre, as their Georgeous Wings
Bore 'em down ſloping from Eternal Day
Down to the Verge of Earth, which now retards
Their Flight awhile; beholding juſt below
Their Wings, the Hills which cloſe the guilty Plains,
Where thy Imperial Turrets once were rais'd,
Proud [a] City, whence thy guilty Sons cou'd view,
Nor pity, both their King and Saviour dye;
Now living once again, to prove how vain
His Death, to hold him Captive in the Grave,
Lifting him up more Glorious, to behold
But not in mortal Form, thy impious Vales
Wet with his deareſt Blood, and with his Tears
Water'd, tho' ſhed in vain to calm thy Rage:
See! but how different far from him that wore
The Purple in Deriſion, and the Crown
Piercing his Sacred Brows, with what a Train
He now deſcends, daz'ling the Sun at Noon
In fulleſt Luſtre! Such a Light arrays
His Viſage, ſuch tranſcendent Brightneſs dwells
Around him, dimming quite the Lamp of Day.
Yet ſee! inſpir'd with Pity, as he throws
His Eye beneath, a thouſand Paſſions change

[a] Jeruſalem.

His Countenance, while Grief and Rage by turns
Claim his divided Boſom; to behold
The Earth ſo fair beneath (and deem'd too fair
With all her Cities, Hills and flow'ry Plains
Smiling, ſo ſoon to periſh) Love yet ſtirs
Within him, all too tender to ſurvey
Rolling in Flames, the beauteous Orb below,
His Dwelling once: But ſoon each gentle Thought
And Purpoſe, that wou'd fain contrive to ſave
Longer the ſad and helpleſs World, gives way
To Vengeance; while his Father's dread Command
His own dire Pains and Death, and Foes Diſdain
Riſe oppoſite, nor will give Leave to dwell
Within his Breaſt a Paſſion, but what aims
To gain a dreadful Glory in the Fall
Both of his own and angry Parent's Foes:
While riſing from his Seat, which burnt juſt o'er
The Mount, where once his own ſad Sacred Tomb
Held him when mortal, with a Voice that ſhook
All Nature, thus he wakes Mankind below.
I leave once more, Ungrateful Orb, yon Throne
Of Glory, and deſcend once more to view
Thy guilty Empires! but with other Names
Illuſtrious; not thy Saviour, or to moan
A Second Death; to dye again thy Scorn.
Behold me now thy Judge, if Guilt and Shame
In thy unhappy Race, permits their Eye
To view me, and this dreadful Station choſe
On purpoſe viſible, that ev'ry Knee
At laſt may tremble, which diſdain'd to bend
To mine in Worſhip, or my Father's Throne,
Who ſits above Supreme, and will be own'd
Or firſt or laſt, Almighty. Summon all
Thy Herd of Gods on *Aſia*'s Impious Shores,
Or *Egypt*'s frantick Realms, who long have ſhar'd
Thoſe Honours, to our Temples only due;

Theſe call; try which of theſe can turn away
Theſe Shafts, this Thunder, my Victorious Arms;
Oppoſe my Arrows Speed, or ſtop my Fires
Flight after Flight, and Flame ſucceeding Flame;
Their Fury not to dye, before I lay
Each Deity in Duſt, from whence it ſprung;
Again diſſolving, with the curſed Fanes
That held their Impious Idols! If my Arm
Is deem'd too weak, behold what Numbers throng,
What Multitudes around me, each of Power
Altho' created, as I bid, to drive
From off the ſolid Axles where they turn
Yon Planets; yonder Sun, and ſhe who claims
The Night her ſilent Empire, where ſhe reigns!
Yet oh! ſome fond Reluctance ſtill with-holds
My lifted Hand, perſuading it to ſpare;
At leaſt thoſe guiltleſs Empires, where my Name
Has had due Honours paid, and ev'ry Shrine
With Holy Rites, and Sanctity and Praiſe
Been hallow'd! Shall my heedleſs Thunders fly
At random, nor Diſtinction know between
The Juſt and Heathen World, but the ſame Doom
Sharing with the Prophane, the [a] Righteous dye?
Juſtice (my Glory ever) ſeems to call
Theſe Ways unjuſt, and if unjuſt, how mine?
Thee then a Saviour ſtill, no other Name
Chuſing, or fond to wear, I wou'd behold
Fair Iſland! lifting o'er the *Weſtern* Waves
Thy Silver Cliffs and Mountains; taught to ſound,
And early, mine and my Great Father's Praiſe
Equally Glorious! How with the ſame Voice
That ſhuts yon World in Darkneſs, can I join
Thee, and thy beauteous Sacred Towers, that riſe
On *Iſis* Banks, or near the Sacred Shore
Of *Cham*, the Nurſes both, and fair Retreat
Of virtuous Arts, for Faith and Truth renown'd,

[a] Gen. xviii. 25.

And ancient Piety ! How many Shades,
Purer than which none ever fill'd the Vales
Of Heaven, or ſhone adorn'd with fairer Crowns,
Throng yonder happy Seats, from either Stream
Sent in bleſs'd Multitudes? I ſtill behold
Leaving their native Clime, and *Albion*'s Shore,
Her Heroes and Heroick Kings, in ſtrong
Alliance banded, and renown'd in Arms,
Fighting my Battels on the diſtant Plains
Of *Salem*, reſolute from Pagan Powers
To vindicate my Altars, and the Tomb
Once Sacred with the mortal Part it held
Impriſon'd, of that Veil I wore below.
What pious Numbers ſtill, whoſe Duſt remains
Scatter'd, not loſt, along the *Hebrew* Vales,
I pleas'd from hence ſurvey, thy Warriors all
Victorious Iſle, preferring to the Joy
Of Life, the ſtronger Thirſt of virtuous Fame.
Can I forget your Wounds? The Blood thot flow'd,
Tho' Victors, faſt along the hoſtile Plains
Red with thy ſlaughter'd Martyrs? Can I turn
My Eye upon that Earth, from whence ye drew
Your Breath and hardy Valour, both to waſte
In Worlds remote, and but to ſpread my Fame?
Nor with Compaſſion meditate to ſpare,
How yet to ſpare thee, not averſe to give
In my great Cauſe thy Pious Sons to dye,
Far off their lov'd Abodes, on foreign Strands
Smit with the Love of Glory ! Yet thy Faith
Alas! nor Virtue, nor thy Laurels won
In Fight from *Painim* Foes, nor what we prize
More grateful, not thy Vows and Incenſe pour'd
Each Morn and Evening to our bliſsful Thrones,
Not unapprov'd by Heaven, ſhall ought avail
Thy hapleſs Empires! They alas muſt fall,
And ſoon reſign, whatever good or fair

They boaſt---Nor I unjuſt---who can repay
Thy Sons and Warriors with a brighter Crown
Above, than what in Flames they loſe below.
He ſpoke; and turning now his Eyes around
From Orb to Orb, he ponder'd what to chuſe
Moſt dreadful, in the Heart of Man to wake
Amazement! He far off MESSIAH knew,
And trembled; not like him in *Bethlem* born
Seeming, or who on *Golgotha* reſign'd
His Breath when Mortal; but with Numbers clos'd
Of Heavenly Angels, all his dread Commands
Awaiting, Thouſands with Ten thouſands join'd;
His Regal Equipage; with other Guiſe
Now clad, and ſitting on a Throne that far
Outſhone the Light, which from the Stone is pour'd
Jaſper or Sardine, ſuffer'd not the Eye
Of Man, not weaken'd with extremeſt Pain
To gaze at his full Glories. Nor delay'd
His Anger long, but thro' the frighted Sky
Hung out ſad Signals of Earth's ſpeedy Doom,
Meteors and ruddy Flames, and Comets dire,
Rolling above, and lighted to proclaim
How ne'er its End, whatever ſeem'd below
So late Immortal. Let thy radiant Beams
(The Sov'reign Voice begins) thy Light be turn'd,
Thou [b] Sun, to ſudden Darkneſs, nor with Rays
With Morn or Ev'ning Brightneſs henceforth cheer
Aſtoniſh'd Nations----Strait his mournful Beam
The conſcious Lamp withdrew, and to the Eye
Juſt like a Ball of pale and dying Flame
Hung in his Orb above, and tho' at Noon
Shed round diſaſtrous Twilight. Fear on all
Seizes, and ſad Diſtreſs, who now below
Wander, as in thick Shade, bereft of Day;
Loſt in its Midway Courſe, and quench'd before
Its Chariot ſunk beneath the *Weſtern* Wave!

Again

[b] Mark xiii. 24. Matth. xxiv. 29.

Again the Voice a dreadful Threatning pour'd,
And bid the Moon no more with cheerful Flame
Shine in her various Sphere, nor fill with Light
Her Orient Circle. She the heavenly Sound
Soon heard, and hearing into Blackneſs chang'd
Her Viſage; while inſtead of what ſhe wore
Of mildeſt Glory late, a frightful Stream
Of Blood around her Orb, and ruddy Fire
Glar'd horrible. Darkneſs began to ſhew
More darkned, and the Night with Tenfold Shade
Obſcur'd, confin'd the Rangers of the Gloom
The Pard, and haughty Lion to their Caves;
While Guilt and Luſt that covet Midnight Hours,
Now dread the diſmal Blackneſs---Let the Sky
(Again MESSIAH calls) whatever Steam,
Vapour, or Sulphureous Grain, or Seeds of Fire,
She holds above, be gather'd all, in one
Uniting, and anon the frightful Air,
And the Blue void aloft, be cover'd o'er
With direful Meteors, and the lengthen'd Flame
That the huge Comet draws, her flowing Train.
Nor ſtay'd! but at his Word obſequious flew
From ev'ry Wind, what Heaven's wide Regions hold
Combuſtible: Amidſt the Dark now ſprung
Light after Light acroſs the burning Sky
With dreadful Glory; and inſtead of one
Late loſt, a Thouſand Suns at once aroſe
In formidable Luſtre, high above
Now rolling, till anon their roving Spheres
Whirl to the Earth, as if about to fall
Full on her Globe, and whelm it under Flame.
While cloſe or diſtant, as th' ALMIGHTY's Hand
Directs 'em, or wild Chance, they ſometimes foar
Far off, or thwarting now each other's way,
In croſs Obliquities, together join,
Orb ruſhing againſt Orb their mingled Fires,

Flaſhing thick Lightning; while bright Meteors ſeem
The Earth all clad in Black, juſt like the Blaze
Of Funeral Torches light around her Urn.
Nor wanted there above, to fill the Ear
With Terror, as the Eye with dread Diſmay;
Drove from encountring Clouds the dreadful Noiſe
Of Thunders: The tall Mountains trembling Brow
The Tumult firſt invades, which bears the Sound
Downward, wide ecchoing thro' the hollow Vales
Bounding from Hill to Hill, from Plain to Plain,
Hoarſe and ſonorous! Where was then thy Pride,
O Majeſty? O Beauty, where thy Charm!
In that ſad Hour, both ſeeking where to hide
Your Glories, but how vainly! No Retreat,
No Refuge left; the Air, the lighted Sky
Blazing around, and with the Voice ſore ſcar'd
Of Heaven's pernicious Engines! One ſad Hue
Marks ev'ry Cheek, a dead or dying Pale;
Victor alike, and Captive, both ſubdu'd
With Dread, and dire Varieties of Woe,
Opening on ev'ry Side; nor any found
No Saviour, none to guide 'em where to fly;
What Arts to chuſe, beneath whoſe ſaving Arm
To hope Deliverance? If their Eye they turn
To Heaven, the fainting Heart begins to rue
Rolling in horrid Lengths along the Sky
Fire above Fire; a Glory which thy Brow,
O *Sinai*, ſcarce reveal'd, altho' it clos'd
JEHOVAH's dreadful Preſence: neither find
Their Eyes a greater Comfort, when they chuſe
To look beneath; for if the rocky Cave
They ſeek for Shelter, or the Mountain's Shade,
Each, juſt like Men, aſtoniſh'd fled away
Long ſince before their God, both as they flew
Diſſolving at his Sight; who from above
Looking in Anger, drove before his Eye

Thy Top, O SION, with whate'er it bore,
Cedar or Pine; nor ſpar'd thy taller Brow,
O ATLAS! Each retiring to the Floods
Wherein to hide their Terror; they as faſt
And ſtruck with like Amazement, to the Main
Haſten, but find alas, its ſhrinking Waves
Half vaniſh'd; and the Ocean to avoid
MESSIAH's Wrath deep hid in Caves below.
Again the Voice, long ſilent, gave Command,
From off his High Tribunal, and thy Doom
Unhappy World to haſten, that the Clouds
No more upon the Earth ſhou'd ſhed their Rain
Or Moiſture, but with-hold the falling Dew;
Nor longer with their genial Drops inſpire
The Flower, or ſpringing Hill, or fruitful Vale
Blooming, or wither'd, as the various Sky
In Plenty gives, or ſtops the kindly Shower.
The Heavens ſoon heard; and whatſoe'er they bore
Of Miſt, within the Chambers of the Air,
Or Vapour, on the Globe no more deſcends,
Quickning the Infant Herb, or Budding Grove
With Life, or calling forth to view the Day,
The beauteous Offspring which the Wood or Field
Brings forth, awaken'd with the Vernal Dew:
Where liv'd thy Glories then, fair Earth, or where
Of ev'ry earthly Region, faireſt thine
Britannia? From what Bed, or breathing Flower,
Iſſued thy Odors forth to fill the Sky
With ſweeteſt Incenſe ev'ry Eve and Morn
Thy Gift to Heaven, from ev'ry Altar flung
Unſparing? To what other World retir'd
The Jeſ'mine's Fragrance, and the Roſe's Hue,
Each faded here, or fading, as the Cloud
No more diſtils to ſwell the Bud, each Morn
With op'ning Life, unfolding to the Day
A Rival Luſtre! One ſad Viſage all

The Earth's wide Surface, Garden, Wood, and Vale
Bemoaning, views no more her Lap adorn'd
With Colours ſweetly varying; the ſoft green
Azure or Purple, tempting human Eye
To gaze at, and admire her verdant Plains.
Nor does the Earth alone in Sighs bewail
Her Beauties loſt; what wholeſome Breezes flow'd
Late from the *Weſtern* Regions to inſpire
With Joy each Creature, now alas! are turn'd
To fiery Steams; while they for purer Air
To nouriſh Life, draw in before they dye
Inſtead of Breath, a hot and tainted Cloud
Of Exhalations, which the Skies pour down
In Plenty, from wide Worlds above in Flames.
Again the Voice on high, not yet appeas'd,
Renews its angry Threatnings, to prepare
Better, thy mournful Orb to meet its Doom
Deſpairing Earth---Be ſtopp'd, and ceaſe to flow
Henceforth, ye Cryſtal Founts; nor from your Urns
Supply, or longer feed the rapid Stream
That haſtens from the Hill, or with leſs Speed
Winding, or ſtrait along the even Vale
Draws down its ſober Current: at the Sound
Abating, the clear Ebbing Spring with-holds
Its Moiſture, and no longer joys to pour
Forth from the Mountain's Side to cloath the Plain
With Herb or ſpringing Graſs, its Silver Wave,
Moiſtning the fertile Glebe! Their Parent Urns
Flowing no more, the Rivers ſoon bewail
Their Floods decreaſing; nor with wonted Pride
Bearing within their Banks their watry Train,
Sink in their Ouſey Beds, and to the Day
Reveal, and Noontide Sun, green flow'ry Plains
Long hid beneath their Waters---On the Sand
Treading in awkward State, the Swan no more
Or Lake or River finds, wherein to bath

Her

Her Silver Breaſt; or with her Neck between
Her downy Wings, rides proudly o'er the Waves
High-arching! To the Floods oft ſought with Joy,
The fainting Herds repair, in Hopes to meet
Wherewith to ſlack their Thirſt, but nothing view
Between the reedy Bank, where lately ſtray'd
The cool and murmuring Brook, but parching Sands;
Then fainting e'er they yet expire, ſink down
At laſt, and dying, eye the vaniſh'd Stream.
Where then, Imperial *Volga*, fled away
Thy Billows? On whoſe wide extended Shore
A Hundred Nations liv'd; where *Indus* thine
And *Tygris*, once renown'd, and *Eaſtern* Streams,
Aſſyria's Glory! Nor cou'dſt thou maintain
Thy Waters, nouriſh'd from a thouſand Urns,
Supreme of Floods; who thro' *Egyptian* Vales
Nurs'd by diſſolving Snows and Winter Rain,
Didſt proudly bear thy Current; but no more
The Boaſt and Sepulchres of *Memphian* Kings
And Heroes, riſing o'er thy ſtately Shores,
Can'ſt thou behold, which once thy potent Wave
O'erlook'd and ſhadow'd, rolling faſt beneath
Earth's mightieſt Structures! From his ample Cave
The ſcaly Crocodile at laſt retires,
Hugeſt of Earth's Inhabitants; nor more
Finds room within the arching Flood to hide
His dire and dreadful Stature where he rolls.
What now ſhall bear thy Fleet, and dreaded Sails,
Faireſt of *Albion*'s Rivers? Thee I moan,
Thee Ebbing, to whoſe Fame each Ocean paid
Due Tribute, carrying to *Auguſta*'s Towers
What *Plata*'s Golden Hills, or *India*'s Vales
Profuſe of coſtly Gems, each Year beſtow'd
The World's Abundance! Down thy leſs'ning Tide
Britain's dread Thunders now muſt ride no more,
Fearful as thoſe above, while any Foe

Surviv'd to tempt their Terror, and their Flame.
But what thro' Earth, or Heaven, or both in one
Uniting, ſhall have Strength to drive away
From their capacious Bed thy mighty Waves,
Great Ocean? cloſing in thy wat'ry Arms
The Earth's wide Continents; and to each Pole
Flowing unbounded? Shall the Fires below,
Or yet aloft, tho' joining, boaſt a Power
When met, to leſſen thy unfathom'd Main?
Thy Waters, which ariſing once above
The talleſt Mountain's Top, had quench'd whate'er
Combuſtible was lodg'd within their Caves?
What then can give thee Terror? Can'ſt thou fear
From thence, or fly before a vanquiſh'd Foe?
Dreading thy Fury rather, who entire
Her Empires once haſt ſwallow'd, often whelm'd
Her Cities ſince, and Iſles beneath the Rage
Of thy aſcending Deluge: View once more
Thy ſelf and Magnitude; above the Clouds
Now riſing, to the Centre ſtrait retir'd;
The *Eaſt* and *Weſtern* World, both *Indies* lav'd
With thy ſurrounding Tides, and learn to ſcorn
The Fate and Flames with which anon thy Foe
Threatens to mar thy Glory---Yet forbear
However wide and wondrous, thy great Fame
Thy Circuit, ample Breadth, or Depths profound,
Longer to boaſt, beholding o'er thy Wave
Seated in dreadful Luſtre, Him, whoſe Eye
Thy Billows oft have fear'd, and fled with Pain
His angry Preſence, as with Speed he roll'd
His Chariot, bore along the Paths below
Of thy affrighted Empire! See his Arm
High lifted, and his Voice attend, who calls
Loud as thy loudeſt Floods, and heard beyond
Their diſtant Tumult----Peace, thou Deep, be ſtill
Henceforth, nor longer lift above the Shore

Thy

Thy proud redundant Billows; tho' thy Waves
Rage horribly, yet ſee one plac'd on High,
Thy Might exceeding, who can calm their Rage,
Tho' foaming near the Clouds, from whence I doom
Thy Empire to be loſt in ſudden Flames;
Which from above, below, and all around
Dilated, ſhall anon within their Arms
Enfold thy ſpacious Realms, and to the Day
Reveal, whatever dreadful dwells below
Within thy hollow Regions, never view'd
By any but Heaven's piercing Eye before.
----He ſpoke, and to confirm his Threats, forth flew
Millions of Cherubs from the angry Throne
Drawn of their Mighty Leader; they his Voice
Commanding, to the Earth in Numbers flew,
Each graſping in his Hand a Flame, that ſhone
With hideous Glory, lightning all the Air,
Red with a ſudden Luſtre, the dire Blaze
Perplexing Impious Nations! Nor delay'd
Their Fury long; but over Hill and Plain
Waving their fiery Wands, at once let fall
Acroſs Earth's Surface, on her ſultry Vales
And fuming Mountains, Showers of living Flame
Unſparing, unreſiſtleſs---What before
Look'd verdant, thro' the Meadow, Field or Grove,
The Torrent reacheth, and at once devours
What tall and ſtately ſhaded late the Brow
Of proudeſt Foreſts, Cedar, Oak, and Pine,
Sunk in one Moment, what a Thouſand Years
(With faireſt Ornaments their Boughs ſtill crown'd)
Scarce lifted to ſuch Glory! See how ſtrong,
How like a Victor, half his Foes ſubdu'd,
The Deluge from the Mountains breaks its way
Rolling precipitant; no obvious Stream
Or Current left, to hinder or controul
Its rapid Progreſs, which ſhall next invade

Heedleſs of human Plaints, whatever ſoars
Aloft, and mortal Threatnings ſeems to ſcorn:
Cities, and Kingly Roofs, and Sacred Domes,
The proudeſt Works of Man, with Man to fall
Anon in one great Ruin! Where was then
His Boaſt, or rather what his Dread, to view
The Sea half ſpent, Earth burning, Heaven in Flames,
MESSIAH's Arm above about to throw
The laſt dire dreadful Thunder, to conſume
In Fury, what the nether Fires had ſpar'd,
Or cou'd not conquer---At that mighty Sound,
Thy mouldring Towers, *Imperial Rome*, gave way,
Miſtreſs of Nations; and the firſt in Fame
By Heaven alas! ſelected, firſt to bear
Its Vengeance! At that louder Burſt, which ſhook
The Channel, and the Shores of *Memphian Nile*,
The *Pyramids* were loſt, tho' with the World
Coeval, and with that alone to fall;
The Work of Ages, and thy Royal Tomb,
Buſiris, faithful to their Builder's Fame;
Now wanting Monuments themſelves to tell
Beneath what Sky their airy Summits roſe,
What Clouds they ſoar'd above, or in what Duſt
Now buried: Nor cou'dſt thou thy Pride maintain,
Religious Pile, where long had ſlept entomb'd
The awful Duſt of *Britiſh* Kings, and all
Their mortal Part---What Fate ordain'd to dye!
Thou, with the boaſtful Marbles that reſound
The Sovereign's Glory, and the Hero's Fame,
(Tho' *Anna*'s Relicks, and *Maria*'s Urn,
Lodg'd in thy Sacred Vaults) alas, muſt yield,
And undiſtinguiſh'd, to the common Flame;
As if the World's great Victors ne'er had laid
At reſt from further Triumph, in the Gloom
Of thy o'erſhadowing Royal Tombs below.
For oh! where-e'er the Eye is turn'd, one Blaze

Bound-

Bounding from Hill to Hill, from Vale to Vale,
As from a general Furnace, levels all
The Earth's proud Structures; from whose Surface roll
In dusky Volumes to obscure the Sky
Ashes, and clouding Smoke, and ruddy Flame,
Forbidding the great Sun that Orb to view
Or visit longer, which so late his Eye
Beheld, and not without a Lover's Joy.
Hark! from Ten thousand Tongues at once are pour'd
Laments, and Wailings, and the Voice of Woe;
Filling with sad, but unavailing Cries,
The World's wide Regions! Who cou'd then behold
Their angry Judge above, nor dread to dye?
Thou Virtue! fairest Goddess, still cou'dst turn
Thy Eyes aloft, with all the blameless Train
Of thy Adorers; nothing pain'd to view
His Visage, angry Looks, or lifted Arm;
To thee revealing thro' his dreadful Frowns
Signs of soft Pity, and his Love unchang'd
To thee amidst his Terrors? But what Shades
Shall hide the Impious? Where shall Guilt repair?
Where shall the Mighty of the Earth withdraw
In hopes of Safety? If the Hills they seek,
They shake alike, dissolving under Flames;
Or if the Ocean, his astonish'd Wave
Sunk, and retiring far within its Shore,
Dreads the same Fate with Man, whose Sighs implore
His Floods for Succour, hoping thus to fly,
Tho' vain, th' Approaches of the madding Fire,
O'er Cities, Hills, the Earth and spacious Main
Alike victorious! But has Heaven in Store
No Mercy? Shall a Saviour hear their Moan
Unpitying, and Mankind beseech in vain?
Dying, e'er yet they dye!---Too late their Moan
Alas! the humbled Knee, and falling Tear
To quench his Wrath once kindled; for behold

His Looks above, and ſee his Pity chang'd
To fierceſt Indignation, not to dye,
E'er Man, and every Creature elſe, his Foe
Yield him full Triumph, vanquiſh'd, and the Fame
Promis'd long ſince, o'er Death and Sin to gain
His laſt great Victory, which the Earth diſdains
Yet to afford him--- For her Hills, tho' ſhore
Of all their verdant Glories, yet their Brows
Still rear aloft, and nothing dread to fall,
Pelion and *Athos!* Tho' along their Side
The crackling Foreſts blaze, their Rocks maintain
A Combat yet, and proſperous 'gainſt the Foe,
Retiring, nor of Vigor found to thaw
Their Marble Roots, or turn 'em into Flame.
But oh! whatever Empires ye divide,
What Heights ariſe, or hoſtile Nations bound;
Boaſt not your Length, or Stature, that ye part
Contending Worlds, and ſoar amidſt the Sky;
Viewing the golden Vapour hung below.
For ſee! he ſits above, both ſtrong and arm'd,
Whoſe Eye without Compaſſion ſhall behold
Your Tops diſſolving, which ſhall cover o'er
With cumbrous Ruin all the nether Vales,
Your broken Fragments; they anon to roll
Liquid and fierce; to reach the lower Main
Haſting apace, and far from off the Shore
Drive down its Waves, retiring from the Flame!
Oh ſee! from off his Cloud the Sovereign Eye
Beholding on the Earth what ſtood or grew
Quite vaniſh'd, and her mournful Surface bare,
And ſpoil'd of ev'ry Beauty, now prepares
Your Tops, ye Mountains, and thy Depths profound,
Next to invade, proud Ocean, not ſecur'd
Tho' fled ſo near the Centre. Loud he calls
That all in Nature deep, or high, might hear,
And thus beſpoke, his Wrath ſcarce half appeas'd,

His Waiting Legions! Lives there then below
Of Strength or Vigor ought, that can withſtand,
Or hopes to turn away with mortal Power
Immortal Anger? Shall yon Planet burn,
Yet burning, ſtill aloft her Mountains rear,
As proud, and in Defiance of our Arm?
Thought feeble, nor with Might endu'd to raſe
From their deep Bottoms ſhook, their tow'ring Brows
Unhurt, and yet aſpiring? Shall yon Deep,
Ample and wide, tho' ſhrunk, for ever roll
Redundant thro' her Channels? Not in Pain
Or Dread thus flowing round, leaſt any Foe
Prove ſtronger, with Reſiſtance to reſtrain
Its Billows, or drink up its lordly Wave.
This be your Glory then, yon Mountain's Pride
To humble, and dry up yon ſwelling Main,
Your next great Labour! that one Maſs, one Sea
May boil below, and that alone of Flame!

He ſcarce had ſpoke, when from the upper Sky
Deſcending, the wing'd Squadrons took their way
Swift to the burning Orb; but oh, how chang'd
From what they us'd to viſit, when adorn'd,
Tho' Earth, with heavenly Glories! for the Fumes
Of Incenſe breathing upwards, now aſcends
Clouds of aſpiring Smoke, which cover all
Her Surface under Darkneſs! Hill and Vale,
And River ſending up to blot the Day
A Night of pitchy Vapour: What each Eye
Or Smell allur'd, from Garden, Field, or Grove,
The Tree or fragrant Flower, or ſpringing Green,
Was now extinct, and Blackneſs all the Hue;
Broke here and there with Streaks of ruddy Flame,
Dark'ning the Face of Nature---While above
The Sun's huge Orb, the Moon and Stars beheld,
Thro' the thick Miſt beneath, in Shew appear'd

Like rolling Balls of red and bloody Fire
Shore of their wonted Beams, as if they ſhone
In Anger, and wou'd light the World no more,
Conſign'd to utter Darkneſs---There at laſt
The heavenly Guards alighting, eye around
With Sadneſs, what they late beheld with Joy,
Their own fair Dwellings, Seats they choſe, tho' long
In Bliſs frequenting Heaven's delightful Vales,
The Earth's not deem'd unſeemly! But the Charms
She boaſted late, ſufficient to detain
Within her Shades, and Walks, and cooling Bowers,
The Sons of Glory were alas obſcur'd;
A lifeleſs Carcaſe ſeeming, ſave what Life
Her heaving Boſom throwing up dire Flames,
As from a Pulſe within not quite decay'd,
Gave ſign, was yet remaining---What they view
Upon the parched Globe, was only Waves
Of the half waſted Ocean, fed no more
With Showers, or nouriſh'd with the current Stream;
While here and there the rocky Hills upriſe,
Not cloth'd with Foreſts now, or *Silvan* Shade
Their Heads aloft, tho' ſing'd, yet not conſum'd,
Like huge bare Ribs that gird the Earth, nor fear,
Or from Terreſtrial, or from Heavenly Fire
Decreaſe, ſo ſtrong they ſtand, ſo high they ſoar
Above the Reach of Danger. But the Hoſt
Waited no longer now, but to behold
And moan the Orb, their Care ſo long had ſav'd,
Her Guardian Armies---When MESSIAH's Eye
Watching above, and marking how they bore
His Vengeance down, gave Signal to begin
The Deſolation by the ſudden Sound
Of twice Ten thouſand Thunders that were pour'd
From Heaven's dire Engines. At the Blaſt they ſprung
To Earth's divided Regions, and command
That all her Vapours, dry or moiſt, beneath,

Sul-

Sulphur, and anxious Streams, and latent Fire,
Shou'd kindle, and exploding burſt their way
From Clime to Clime thro' Channels wore below,
Up to the Mountain Top, and thro' the Wave
Bore upward, ſhou'd compel the opening Main
To yield their Rage a Paſſage, where they ſoar'd.
The Voice had hardly given Command, when all
The Exhalations that were nurs'd below
Nitrous, as lately charg'd, at once took fire,
In hollow Caverns firſt; and wanting room
Dilated now, to ſpread their Rage around,
Heave up the pond'rous Mountain, with the Load
Of craggy Rocks that on its Brow aroſe,
Shook from its loweſt Bottom; Earth, to feel
The hot inteſtine War with Fury wag'd
Within her Entrails, as with Labour tore,
Sent from her glowing Womb full many a Groan,
As feeling inward Torment--Whatſoe'er
Metal, or Sulphury Grains, or hidden Oar
Her Veins conceal'd, now joining with the Foe,
Help on the Inundation of the Flames,
Rolling awhile apart; till now in one
United, thouſand Streams together flow
Beneath the Earth's dark Surface, broad and deep
As *Nilus*, or the *Danube*'s ſounding Wave:
While meeting in full Force, they daſh around
Their Spume and Billows of tempeſtuous Fire,
Each way victorious! With a thundering Sound
The Flames now finding Paſſage burſt their way
Out at each Mountain's Top, which with dire Rage
Eject, and dreadful Fury from below,
Torrents of Smoke, and Sparks, and molted Fire
Shot upward, clouding all the darkned Air.
How dire the Proſpect then, when ev'ry Hill
O'er the wide ſpacious Earth like *Ætna* blaz'd,
Roaring as if in Pain; nor eas'd before

They labour, and bring forth a Sea of Flame
From out their burning Entrails, which the Clouds
Scorching above, roll down into the Vales
Precipitant, nor ſpare whatever meets
Obvious the foaming Deluge where it burns.
Thee *Africk* firſt, with all thy Torrid Plains,
The dire *Volcano's* waſte, great *Atlas* Brow
Now flaming; which acroſs the [a] Midland Main,
An Ocean once, darts its outrageous Flames
On *Rome*'s Sulphureous [b] Hills, which taking Fire
Spread the vaſt Ruin wider, now diffus'd
To *Aſia*, and beyond *Euphrates* Shore,
Fam'd current once: Here o'er the BACTRIAN Vales
Great *Imäus* blazes; there with rival Fires,
Aſſyria's Realms amazing, *Taurus* burns;
And *Pelion*, and *Olympus*, and the Height
Of *Thracian Rhodope*, and *Cretan Ide*
Bright with conſuming Luſtre. What avails
Your Strength and Stature now, that once ye bore
Your Heads aloft, and dwelt above in Air
Shadowing whole Regions? See the Foe enrag'd,
Nor Fewel left in Nature elſe, invades
Your ſtrong Foundations; glorying to o'erturn
What nor the Tempeſts Breath, nor Thunders Sound
Tho' oft aſſailing, cou'd with all their Rage
Have Hopes to conquer! See with how much Scorn
The Deluge, each deep Baſe whereon ye riſe
Haſtes to aſſault; nor fears, altho' ye ſtand
On marble Pillars, to aſſault in vain,
Each rooted near the Centre. Say, why bends
Thy Top, great *Teneriff?* What Foe unſeen,
Rocks like a Wave thy Mountain to and fro,
As weakned, and anon about to fall
With all thy Load into the Gulph below
Prepar'd to whelm thee falling? Canſt thou lay
Thy Roots more deep? Or hop'dſt thou e'er to riſe

More

[a] *The* Mediterranean *Sea.* [b] Ætna, *and* Veſuvius.

More lofty, or with greater Strength endu'd,
To conquer, or to ſcorn the haughty Foe,
Now waſting thy Foundations, which anon
Shall part divided, with a mighty Noiſe
Loud as the Voice of Thunder! Hark! that Sound
Bore *Weſtward* thro' the frighted Air, proclaims
The [c] *Rhætian* Hills, all ſunk beneath the Flame!
That louder yet, *Aſia*'s huge Mountains plung'd
Deep in the dire Abyſs, which op'ning wide
Its Billows, and returning whence it roll'd,
Meets ſhadowing o'er their Tops, tho' tall, each loſt
In Fire, and under Darkneſs! Nor cou'dſt thou
Choſe often for the Muſes Haunt, and own'd
Their lov'd Receſs; nor thou whoſe Top upbore
The fabled Godhead of *Olympian Jove*,
Prop your incumbent Weight, which thund'ring falls
Into the nether Gulph, which now no more
Receives the Mountains ſingle, but at once
Buries whole Numbers as they ſink, tho' tore
From the World's diſtant Regions, now all plain
And levell'd, ſave where here and there ariſe
Inſtead of Hills, red Mounts of waving Flame
Acroſs its Surface; vary'd now all o'er
With calm or rough, with ſmooth or rugged Fires,
In Shew like different Kingdoms, which their Rage
Lately ſubdu'd; diſtinguiſh'd by their Hues
Each from the other, as with Light or Shade
The dire Eruptions riſe, where-e'er they burn.
Nor are thy Channels more, ſad Orb, adorn'd
With Groves, or water'd with the Silver Wave:
A Tribute once thy ſmiling Rivers paid
To the glad Ocean, heightned with thy Streams!
Inſtead of theſe tumultuous Tides of Fire
Gaining the Bottom of thy empty Shores,
Run down with headlong Force, and drive away
Th' affrighted Seas before 'em as they roll,

[c] *A Ridge of Hills that run* Eaſt *and* Weſt *acroſs the greateſt Part of* Europe, *extending from* Germany *as far as the* Euxine *Sea.*

Haſting

Haſting to ſhun the Foe, who now no more
Content with meaner Spoils, at once o'erturns
Whole Continents, and ſpacious Iſles left bare
And naked by the Floods that round 'em flow'd,
So late their Pride and Safeguard. *Albion* laſt,
And ſtill the laſt that yields to any Foe,
(Her Arches burſting, which ſo long ſuſtain'd
Her Weight with Safety) down with mighty Noiſe
Sinks found'ring; o'er her Hills the furious Waves
Meet overſhading, juſt as ſhe before
Her high and awful Head had rais'd above
The Earth's proud Regions vanquiſh'd by her Arms;
Her Glory with the World alone to fall,
And then the laſt her Glory to reſign
Falling almoſt with Triumph! The great Bounds
Dividing ancient Kingdoms, Hill or Stream,
Now riſe and flow no more; while o'er the Plains
Of *Europe*, and fair *Aſia*'s ſpicy Vales,
Huge Floods are pour'd, but not like thoſe that flow'd
So late, and proudly thro' their ſpacious Shores,
Or *Danube*, or *Euphrates*: For whoſe Waves
Burſting their Banks, red Tides of baleful Fire
Cover each mournful Realm, the Seats before
Where Earthly Monarchs rear'd their Gorgeous Thrones,
Illuſtrious far and wide: For now the Flames
Meeting with no Reſtraints, that might controul
Or ſtop their rapid Progreſs, bend their way
(Like a proud Victor, who had only left
One Wing to overcome) to either Pole,
The laſt ſad Regions, that were doom'd to feel
The Conqueror's Fury! Them with Oceans round
Encompaſs'd, and faſt held in Icy Chains
The frighted Foe beholds, and almoſt fears
(Till now victorious) farther to purſue
His Triumphs, or aſſault the oppoſing Waves.
As when two adverſe Legions e'er they join

Their Fronts in cruel Conflict, doubtful ſtand
Viewing each other's Battel; nor begin
The Onſet till with due conſiderate Care
Each learns his Rival's Strength, and how t'annoy
With Hopes of Victory beſt, the daring Foe!
Thus theſe, and wavering juſt alike, behold
Awhile the other's Force; no Sign of Fear,
None of Retreat they ſhew; yet neither ſeem
Impatient to defy the other's Rage
Still equal; half the Globe o'erwhelm'd with Flames,
Half by the Sea poſſeſs'd, ſtill unconſum'd!
But hark! thy ſpacious Floods reſolv'd to drain,
Tho' covering half the Earth, Heaven's Thunders join
Their Terror, to inſpire the nether Flames
With greater Fury! That celeſtial Sound
Heard over all thy Realms (who ſhrunk to hear)
Shakes thy deep Bottom, which aſunder tore
At twice ten thouſand Chaſms divides away
For the red Lightning to deſcend, and fire
The Seeds of Sulphur, which are lodg'd beneath
Thy deepeſt Deluge! See with what a Blaze
New kindled, thro' thy talleſt, loweſt Waves
Volcano's burſt, and drive on either Hand
Thy frighted Billows; with what Force and Sound
The Earth's dark Entrails, Rocks and melted Stone
Bore upward, cumber all the clouded Air
With Rain; till deſcending down, the Main
Parts wide, to yield a Paſſage to the Shower
Falling amidſt its Waters! Like the Sky
The Ocean now appears, all clad with Fires.
A nether Firmament, with Light array'd
Shot upward from the Earth, which wants no Day,
No Light from Heaven; ſufficient with the Beams
Illumin'd, borrow'd from the meeting Blaze
Of dire Volcano's ſhining all around;
Set thick, and each exceeding *Ætna*'s Rage

In Flames and Noiſe of Thunders, which are bore
Acroſs the amazed Ocean, where they burn.
Oh boaſt no more, how wide thy ample Shores
Were ſtretch'd, beneath what Stars thy Waters roll'd;
Which heated underneath, to Clouds are turn'd
Or Miſt, or Exhalation, as they riſe
Fuming above, or elſe in Rains deſcend
As faſt, to fill thoſe Caverns which the Flame
Has work'd below, a dark Receſs, to hide
Their Dread and Terror, as they trembling fall
Into the low Abyſs, which now receives
Half the ſhrunk Ocean; who to ſhun the Foe
Precipitates apace its boiling Stream
Deep into horrid Darkneſs. What were ſeen,
What Wonders then to every Angel's Eye
Reveal'd (none elſe ſurviving to behold)
As from their Beds retir'd, the Floods now leave
Their hideous Bottoms, (where ſo late they roar'd)
Quite viſible? Aſtoniſh'd now they view
Huge Rocks, which juſt like Continents upheave
Their craggy Heads aloft, upon whoſe Side
The glittering Gem, and Diamond now unfold
Apparent to the Day their Silver Flames,
In vain refulgent, none or great, or fair
Now left, on whom their Luſtre might beſtow
A fairer Beauty: There along the Shore
The Strength of Empires once, whole Navies lay
O'erturn'd, the Wealth of either *India*'s Coaſt,
Incenſe, and coſtly Pearl, and ſacred Gold,
The Ranſome of whole Realms, together loſt
In one dire Tempeſt: Now the huge Remains
Of [a] Cities, once renown'd, appear in view,
Long cover'd o'er with Waves, yet boaſting ſtill
Their Columns firm, and Marbles, which reveal
Their Glories paſt; their ancient Circuits told,
Yet plain beneath their Ruins, which again

[a] Athanaſius Kircher Mundus Subterraneus: *Mr.* Ray *on the Conſequences of the Deluge: And* Strabo, Lib. 1. *compar'd with what* Dion Caſſius *writes on the ſame Subject; particularly relating to the City of* Antioch.

Lift

Lift high their broken Tops, well pleas'd to find
The Foe now loſt, which overwhelm'd their Fame.
Nor [b] thee, great *Weſtern* Iſland, held ſo long
The Boaſt of *Græcian* Sages, cou'd the Main
Longer conceal; like a huge World new rais'd
From Darkneſs, thy extended Regions ſhew
Above the Ebbing Flood, with Hill and Vale
Once varied, ſtretch'd from *Calpe*, to the Shore
Where *Plata* diſembogues his Silver Waves;
How wide thy Empires ſhew? How frequent riſe
Thy ſhatter'd Temples, tho' by Time obſcur'd,
Juſt from their Priſons freed, but oh! to ſhare
A Fate more grievous! for the Earth no more
Of Force to keep impriſon'd in its Urn
([c] A Planet once till loſt) the central Fire,
Holds captive now no longer the proud Flame,
Scorning Reſtraint; which with a Breath Divine
Inſpir'd, begins to glow, and force its way
By Inſtinct bore aloft, and native Wings,
Up to its Seat above, and proper Sphere
Victorious; what does now thy Axe avail,
Frail Earth, to bear thee Journeying thro' the Sky
All glorious in thy Speed, aſunder tore
With dire Convulſions and the horrid Broil
Of warring Elements? What now ſhall poiſe
With equal Weight inclin'd to either Pole
Thy reeling Orb, which fluctuates to and fro,
Unſtable, as by turns each Foe prevails
To warp thee from thy Courſe? For now the Waves
Left unconſum'd above, their Channels tore
Beneath 'em, find a Paſſage to deſcend,
Where ſinking, in mid way they meet the Flames,
Sprung from the Earth's deep Centre! Neither yields
Awhile or conquers, with ſuch even Rage
They join conflicting: Now the riſing Fire
With Fury upward drives the Flood, that falls

To

[b] Atlantis *of* Plato. [c] *Dr.* Burnet's Theory, *Book* I. *Chap. the laſt.*

To intercept its Progreſs, which with Pain
Drove backward Climes again from whence it roll'd
Retiring from the Foe, which cloſe purſues
Its Flight, and gains once more the upper Sky.
How dire the Conflict now, when all the Train
Of Elements, the Earth, the Fire, the Main,
And Air confus'dly mix'd, together join,
Nor conquering, nor ſubdu'd, in even Scale
The Vict'ry hanging long, the central Flames
Now Victor, quench'd anon beneath the Wave
At each wide Orifice, thro' which they try
To win their Seats above, yet e'er obtain'd
Forc'd under Darkneſs: There with horrid Rage
Deſcending Oceans cope with Seas of Fire,
Sprung from Earth's deepeſt Bottom, and once more
Drove downward, not of Force to gain their way
Aloft, and thro' the Deluge, which is pour'd
Down the ſame Gulph, thro' which they ſtrove to riſe.
MESSIAH heard the Tumult, and in Pain
For the fair Worlds which hung beneath, and near
The burning Earth, perhaps too near her Flames,
Reſolv'd himſelf with one great Stroke to end
Her Orb and Glories! Forth a Thunder flew
Launch'd from his angry Arm, which cleft a Wound
Dreadful and wide, and deep to either Pole
Down to the Centre. With a mighty Noiſe
Strait ruſh, and Whirlwind ſound, whatever fires
(Confin'd before, or quench'd as up they roſe)
Lodg'd in her Boſom; and no further ſtay
Meeting or Oppoſition, as they ſoar,
Aloft with one impetuous Bound they gain
The upper Regions free, and unimpair'd.
Nor ſtay'd the Ocean long, but finding now
The broad and hollow Caverns, whence they flew
Open'd beneath its Waters, downward rolls
With thund'ring Noiſe, while Wave impelling Wave

Haſtes to the Centre, where was long reſtrain'd
Their Foes dire Fury; who with lawleſs Sway
Spreading above, and join'd with upper Fires,
Feed now reſiſtleſs on whate'er is found
(The Ocean quite retir'd) within its Shores.
Six Days Creation's Length, the Victor view'd
The Earth conſuming! On the Seventh great Morn
He reſted from his Anger, fully calm'd,
Seeing her Orb expire, who cou'd behold
Her Saviour bleed, not pitying when he dy'd.

The End of the Ninth Book.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

BOOK X.

Ἐιλίασει ἢ τὺς ϑεσπνὺς ὐκ ἵνα ἀπολέσῃ τὺτυς ἀλλ' ἵνα καλλίονας ἐγείρῃ. Cyril *of* Jeruſalem.

Οὐ παντελῶς ϖρὸς φϑορὰν ὁ κόσμος χωρήσει, ἀλλὰ ϖρὸς ἀνακαινισμὸν. Euſebius.

SAY, Sacred Guide! if what the Muſe has dar'd
Already, nor unpleaſing to thy Ear,
May win thee to aſſiſt her future Song;
If yet, and void of Blame, I may once more
Expect thy Viſitations, while I try,
Thee following, tho' in humbler Strains, to raiſe
Yon World from under Darkneſs, where it Groans
Bereft of life, e'er ſince the voice Divine
In Wrath devoted to the waſting Flame
Its Glories! Thou waſt preſent to behold
Her riſing Birth, when from the Parent Shade
Heaven call'd her forth, and bid her proudly Roll
Among the Stars, with every Beauty fair;
Thy Wings wide ſpreading o'er the Abyſs to calm
Its Outrage, and with kindly Heat inſpire
The Maſs into a World, that World with Day
And Night, with ſunny Hills or cooling Shades
To vary! Thou was near, tho' ſad, to view
Her guilty Orb, when whelm'd beneath the Waves;
Loſt with each Bliſs, which thy all-bounteous Hand

Dealt without Number to her happy Plains;
Adorn'd by thee with Beauties, ſuch as gave
Joy to Celeſtial Gueſts, within her Vales
Pleas'd, tho' the Sons of Heaven: Nor didſt thou leave
The Muſe without thy Guidance, when ſhe choſe
Far other Themes to ſing; when ſoaring high
Above the Clouds, ſhe call'd the upper Fires,
To mix with thoſe beneath; and mingling, hide
Under a Deluge of outrageous Flame
Yon Earth with whatſoever Load ſhe bore,
City, or tow'ring Hill, or ſpacious Main;
All vaniſh'd, in one Ruin each deſtroy'd;
Nor hoping to revive, till thou ſhalt deign
As once from under Water, to command
Again, and raiſe her from beneath her Flames.
Oh yet inſpire me as I ſing! the more,
Great Spirit, as thy own fam'd Works I praiſe;
Thee falling from above, and hovering o'er
With brooding Wings and Kind, th' Abyſs profound;
An Inundation, till thy Word ordains
Peace to a troubled Sea; forbid to roll
Longer in baleful Streams of ruddy Fire,
Subſiding at thy Voice; which ſoon ſhall calm
And ſlack the Tumult of the boiſterous Waves
To grow a ſolid Baſe, whereon to raiſe
The new Foundations of a World more ſtrong:
Thy Promiſe; ſoon to be the bleſs'd Abode
And Dwelling of the Juſt, in Virtue train'd;
Thy Choſen Numbers, who ſhall live once more
On Earth, which Heaven ſhall viſit; if the Muſe
Pleas'd with her Toil, and wing'd by thee, has Power
Sufficient to rebuild their Manſions fair.

Say then! (for nothing can eſcape thy View
Thro' Nature's ample Circuit, not the Heights
Of Heaven above, or Depths of Hell profound)

What follow'd when the Sovereign Eye look'd down
From off his dread Tribunal to behold
The World, no more a World, a Sea of Flame
Rolling without Reſtraint, without a Shore
Deep and amazing! He with Looks ſevere
And Indignation, for awhile ſurveys
What Change on Earth the Fierceneſs of his Ire
Had wrought, to what a Heap of Horrors turn'd
The faireſt Orb, that ſhone ſo late below
Its own and Founder's Glory! nor a Seat
Too mean for him to viſit once, or ſave;
When to be Mortal and to dye he choſe,
Both Life and Bliſs Immortal to beſtow
On thoſe who ſcorn'd 'em both: Around he throws
His Eyes, yet ſcarce appeas'd, to view the Sphere
Where hung the Earth ſo late, and gaz'd by all
Her neighb'ring Worlds with Envy; to behold
Tho' leſs her Circuit, not the Gifts ſhe bore;
Fav'rite of Heaven, with Dews each Eve and Morn
Moiſten'd, enriching ev'ry happy Vale
Her fragrant Boſom, with the Scent and Hue
Of Flowers, and choiceſt *Odours*, which ſhe threw
In Clouds of coſtly Incenſe up the Sky
Again unſparing! Where are now the Groves
Of *Arabia?* Where breathe her Spicy Gales,
Scented far off at Sea, when Fleets to gain
INDIA's luxurious Empires ſail'd along
South of her balmy Regions! Can the Eye
Of Angels now unfold, where blaz'd the Thrones
Of Earthly Monarchs? Can they tell thy Bounds,
Fair EUROPE; the proud Hills, and ſpacious Mains
That ſever'd thy rich Climates from the Realms
Of *Aſia*, or wide AFRICK's, burning Soil.
Oh ſeek no more, ye Sons of Light, thoſe Shades,
Beneath whoſe Roof and Canopy ye cool'd
So oft your heavenly Limbs; nor ſeem'd to moan

On

On Earth your Want of Heaven; no Stream or Bower,
Or gently gliding Springs, (which oft allur'd
Celeſtial Forms to liſten to their Fall)
Can tempt your Viſits more; forbid to gaze
Their Beauties, or attend the liquid Sound
Of Silver Fountains, warbling as they roll'd
Not inharmonious! Loſt is every Fame,
Each Scene of Glory, which beſtow'd Renown
So late on Heroes, where Great *Cæſar* fought
On *Græcian*, or the fabled Son of *Jove*
Met his Competitor on ASIAN Plains,
Winning the Worlds wide Empire: nor can all
Her Triumphs now avail, or former Fame,
To lead the Eye to gueſs, amidſt what Seas
Stood once the *Weſtern* Iſle, than either *Rome*
Or *Greece* more potent; waving her bright Arms
Beyond each Realm, to either *India*'s Shore
Puiſſant; ſure of Conqueſt, and to dye
Her Sword in Slaughter of reluctant Foes
Who ſcorn'd her Empire: Higher once than roſe
Her Mountain Tops, now rolls a baleful Stream
Of Smoak, and Sulphur, and redundant Flame;
Driving with rapid Force, from *Thule* North
To *Vecta* Southward, once her long Domain;
Now ſunk with vulgar Realms, as if ſhe ne'er
Had rais'd her Head aloft; nor ſoar'd above
The Earth's wide Regions, which ſhe lately ſway'd;
Each hid alike, and under one great Blaze
Alas conſuming! See! with what Amaze
The Worlds that hang around begin to moan
Thy Fate, oh Earth; and plac'd ſo nigh thy Sphere,
Think of Retreat and Flight; which way to ſhun
Diſtreſs like thine and Anguiſh, which too ſoon
May reach their Seats, tho' high; and whatſoe'er
Of Beauty, or of Luſtre yet they hold
Above, may turn into a Maſs of Fire,

Light by thy burning Orb; which threatning ſtill
Deſtruction far and wide, with Fear diſmays
And Dread of Fate, what Planets journey round
Thy Circuit, blazing ſtill, and ſtill uncalm'd
As ſome tumultuous Ocean! What invades
Thy Glories, faireſt Regent of the Shades?
What Terror fills thy Orb? Why pale before
Chuſeſt thou now to wear a deeper pale?
As fearful of thy Doom, or ſudden Change
And Diſſolution? Why in the *Eaſt* leſs fair,
To uſher in the Train of nightly Fires,
Riſes the Star of Evening, us'd to riſe
With Silver Light and Glory up the Sky,
Firſt of the heavenly Hoſt, and with her Beams
Gilding the Brows of Night? Oh, ſay what hides
Your Beauties under Darkneſs? Why ye roam
Aſtoniſh'd to and fro acroſs the Air,
As thro' Affright and Anguiſh? Yet we ceaſe
To blame your Terrors, conſcious where ye turn;
Along what dangerous Tracks; how near the Flame
Yon blazing World ſtill ſcatters all around;
And oh, too near your Circles, not to fear
Under Confuſion, the ſame dreadful Change
Her Orb endures, and muſt have ever bore,
Had not MESSIAH's Voice, that doom'd her Fate,
(Pitying while yet he ſpoke) his great Command
Sent forth once more, on purpoſe to repair
Thus the dark broken Ruins! --- At laſt my Arm
By Love and Sorrow long with-held, has gain'd
A great, but mournful Triumph in thy Fall
And utter Deſolation! Where ariſe
Thy lofty Towers, where ſtretch thy guilty Plains?
Thoſe chiefly, which, while Mortal, cou'd behold
Me, tho' a Saviour, Sorrow, Bleed, Expire,
Without Compaſſion, or a Sigh, to hear
My Anguiſh, rather pleas'd to ſee me dye:

A dreadful Proof I give thee now, how well
I claim'd Omnipotence! how juſtly bore
Thoſe Titles, that were deem'd by Man prophane;
Both GOD, and Son of GOD---of Heaven's Great Sire
Image, and Heir of his unbounded Fame
By Birthright, with Divinity inſpir'd,
Which rais'd thy Frame at firſt, nor ought impair'd
By Age or Time, enduring ſtill to view
(By thee and Juſtice prompted) thy ſad Doom,
And ſecond Diſſolution: for awhile
I leave thee under Darkneſs, Night and Shade,
Hanging a direful Spectacle to all
The trembling Worlds around thee, who to ſee
Thy Orb extinct, and cover'd o'er with Flame,
My Fury kindled, may in time beware
To ſhun that Sin and Guilt, and impious Scorn
Of Heaven, that drew from yonder angry Skies
That Deluge which now hides her under Fire.
But oh! the ſolemn Covenant which I made
With you, my choſen Saints, once more to dwell
On yonder Earth, new fram'd, I purpoſe now
To ratify! nor longer than my Eye
Claims to behold her periſh, can endure
To view her wretched, breathleſs, dark, forlorn;
Which purg'd from ev'ry Guilt, and noxious Stain
Offenſive once to Heaven, ſhall ſoon[a] ariſe
Fair, as when firſt from my creating Hand
She broke from Night, with Bliſs and Beauties ſtor'd;
Again to be reſtor'd; nor part, but all
Throughout a Paradiſe, the happy Seat
Of Virtue, where the JUST once more ſhall reign,
Nor I be abſent; tho' I fix my Throne
Above theſe Clouds, yet plainly to be view'd
Beneath by all my Saints, who oft ſhall turn
Their Eyes aloft, and me adoring, ſhare
My Bliſs, and half my Glories, which I pour

Inceſ-

[a] Ray *of the Diſſolution of the World*, Pag. 406. Chap. 11.

Inceſſant round 'em! Saying thus, the Voice
Of twice ten thouſand Angels eccho'd round
In ſweet harmonious Airs MESSIAH'S Fame,
For ever Glorious! Over ev'ry Foe
At laſt ſole Victor; *Satan*, Hell, the Grave,
And Death, who from his Hand a mortal Wound
Sorely lamented, never to be heal'd;
His Empire broke at laſt; nor more to claim
Henceforth Dominion o'er the happy Race
To riſe anon, and form'd no more to dye,
Or dread his angry Lance, unpeopling all
The Earth's wide Empire late, his great Domain.
This heard the Father from his Cloud, well pleas'd
To hear his Sons victorions Acts proclaim'd,
Reaching the Courts of Heaven; which back return'd
In Shouts his holy Triumphs; while the Air
And Firmament around, and ample Sky
Witneſs his ſacred Worth, no Voice or Tongue
Silent, as Heaven and Earth record his Fame!

Mean time the SAVIOUR from his Gorgeous Throne
Built high above the Clouds, from thence beholds
The Earth ſtill cover'd o'er with bloody Flames;
Where Darkneſs ſtreak'd with horrid Light is ſeen
In Combat, ſtriving which ſhou'd longeſt hold
Dominion, ruling o'er her Sphere Supreme:
His Eye at laſt relents; and pitying now
From off his Seat, the Juſt, tho' mournful Doom
Of his lov'd Empire once, begins to feel
His Wrath abating, and his Purpoſe change
To mild from cruel; nurſing in his Breaſt
Thoughts of Compaſſion, kindly to repair
And build again, what late his Arm deſtroy'd,
Magnificent, with Manſions far more ſweet
Than thoſe he loſt; and fitted to receive
Better, what pious Numbers he ſhou'd call

Forth

Forth from the Duſt and Darkneſs, to enjoy
New Light and Life, no more to feel Decay;
Once born to Pain and Death, but now to riſe
Strong and Immortal; and the Term expir'd
To ſojourn here below, who yet ſhall gain
A Height more glorious, thro' the upper Sky
Bore with their Lord aloft; each earthly Bliſs
To love in Exſtaſies of heavenly Joy:
Nor ſtay'd MESSIAH longer, but on high
Waving his kingly Sceptre, gave command
To all the Angel Hoſt who ſtood around
Marking the Might and Wonders of his Arm
To witneſs what he wrought, while thus he calls
And loudly, that the wide Creation heard
At once and trembled---Peace, ye troubled Waves,
(The awful Voice begins) and ye red Fires
Lift up your Heads no more; be ſtill, be calm'd,
And reſt from further Ravage! Ye obey'd
My Word that gave you Birth, again obey;
Nor ſpread victorious longer o'er yon Vales,
Delug'd beneath your Waves, o'er which ye roll
Triumphant, covering every Hill and Plain
Scorch'd underneath your Rage: As I ordain
Forget your Fury now, and tho' allow'd
To range without Reſtraint, without a Shore,
Subſide, and let that Orb, tho' parch'd beneath
Your Burnings, rear again her mournful Brow
Aloft, and be a happy Seat to hold
Once more my Choſen---For enough is given
And ſuffer'd, to appeaſe Heaven's angry Eye;
Enough enjoy'd of Vengeance, to behold
For guilty Man's Offence his Manſions burn,
Tho' guiltleſs, ſharing his unhappy Doom;
Which ſoon my Word ſhall change, and form anew
The Heavens alike and Earth, to give a Joy
Ineffable, to thoſe my Voice ſhall call

The firſt from Death, and from the teeming Grave
Fertile with Life! Be then, as I ordain,
A World once more, thou Earth; as mild as fair,
And ſtor'd with ev'ry Beauty, as thy Sphere
Was moulded firſt; when on thy Axle turn'd
Thou took'ſt thy firſt great Flight all proud and gay
Among the Stars, thy ſelf with Glories crown'd
Almoſt ſuperior! What thou then coud'ſt boaſt
Freſh from thy Maker's Hand again obtain;
Again with Verdure cloath'd, and every Hue
Of Flowers, and ſweeteſt Herb, and cooleſt Groves,
Blooming once more, nor fearing to decay!
Riſe then! if hence my Voice can reach thy Plains
Cover'd with Darkneſs yet, and direful Flame,
Riſe from thy Shades, and Night! Begin once more
Thy Race All-glorious, which henceforth ſhall moan
No Change of Seaſons, or inclement Air,
Or War of Elements, to vex or pain
Thy calm and quiet Regions, ever warm'd,
With *Weſtern* Breezes fanning the cool Sky
Freſh with odorous Gales, at Eve and Morn
Grateful to human Senſe. Nor ſhall thy Sun
Longer with ſcorching Heat, and noxious Flame,
Beget the Peſtilence, engend'ring Woes,
Sickneſs, and pining Grief, and drooping Pain,
Man's late and cruel Lot, which ſhall no more
Enter theſe happy Regions, free from Moan,
From Sadneſs freed; inſtead of which ſhall ſmile
Vigor, and ſprightly Youth, and chearful Bloom
For ever joyous; wearied with no Cares
Or Anguiſh, ſadning once each Cheek below.
Nor ſhall the Earth with Labour now or Toil
Her Harveſt yield; ſpontaneous ſhall ariſe
From off her fertile Glebe, each Herb and Flower,
Without the Sweat of Man, without his Care,
Or to enrich, or cultivate her Soil

Luxu-

Luxurious: Nor ſhall more the various Year
Grow dark or ſad, with Winter's long Delay
Freezing her Seaſons once; each Tree and Grove
Chill'd with dry Blaſts, and pining to enjoy
A milder Heaven, and Summer's wiſh'd Return.
One Spring, one Seaſon now, both mild and fair,
Sweet, and for ever blooming, ſhall adorn
Theſe happy Seats, and ſhall begin and end
The Year's great Circle, and themſelves ſucceed
When ſeeming to retire, with bleſs'd Exchange.
This for their outward Joy; the Eye, and Smell,
And Taſte, and every other Senſe to cheer
With Objects ſtill delightful; nor the Mind
More noble, with leſs Gifts ſhall be adorn'd
In her new Manſions! For whoe'er obtain
Their Lot in theſe new Worlds, ſhall all aſpire
To imitate in Life, each Virtue prais'd
By Angels: And Perfection, which can dwell
On Earth, and be atchieved by mortal Pains,
By Man ſhall here be won; no Guilt or Stain
His holy Habitations ſhall endure;
From each Pollution clear, where none can live
Except the Juſt and Pure; whoſe Boſom warm'd
With ſacred Rapture, and celeſtial Praiſe,
From Bliſs to Bliſs ſhall riſe, each inward Joy
Sharing, which virtuous Deeds, and holy Fame
Alone can miniſter. While to each Mind
Light after Light imparting, ye unfold
(But darkly ſeen before, and dimly view'd
As thro' a Glaſs) the great myſterious Ways
Of Heaven and Providence, till now conceal'd
From human Knowledge, which ſhall ſoon admire,
Made clear, and veil'd in no obſcuring Shade,
The Ways and Will of God: For Man no more
Shall Objects want on Earth, to entertain
His deepeſt Search, and eager Thirſt to know

More of Heaven's Counſels paſt, or yet to come,
Or his Decrees now preſent: For who needs
Whereon to meditate, who can behold
Such vaſt Profuſion ſparkling thro' the Sky
Of Wonders; --- Worlds now built, anon deſtroy'd,
Again from Death reviving? While he views,
The Earth, the Air, the Circle that confines
Yon Cryſtal Plains, with Glories ever crown'd,
Inviting to behold; each Great and Fair
Their Maker's Bounty praiſing, and his Arm
Munificent and kind, which cou'd create
Such Worlds, and fill each World with Life and Joy!
Nor ſhall the Sun by Day, nor yet the Beams
Each Silver Star by Night diffuſes, need
To light theſe happy Regions, which I call,
And ſoon, from under Darkneſs; from this Throne,
From this Celeſtial Preſence, forth ſhall pour
A Radiance, which ſhall dim the Sun at Noon,
Obſcuring half his Glory---While to cheer
Yon Earth the more, poſſeſs'd of ev'ry Joy
Man can expect, or theſe all-bounteous Skies
Communicate, ye often ſhall deſcend
From hence to his Abodes, with frequent Wing
Falling from Heaven; and mingled with the Train
Of my ſelected Saints, ſhall chuſe to join
In ſweet Society of Love below;
One bleſs'd Aſſembly now; while ye, tho' born
Angels, the faireſt Race of Heaven, ſhall deign
In Fellowſhip of Joy, and ſacred Praiſe,
As Man with Man converſing, to unite
Freely with thoſe, who from the Grave ſhall riſe
No longer Mortal, or in Dread to dye,
To Death no more devote; who ſhall enquire
And gladly from your Lips requeſt to know
Of us and Heaven; our State above, and Fame;
What Life the Bleſſed live, what Bliſs is found

Sufficient thro' Eternity to charm.
While from one Altar, and the Union ſweet
Of Men at once and Angels, ſhall ariſe
As from one general Voice loud Songs of Praiſe,
Hoſannahs to the Sky; none firſt, none laſt,
All meeting in full Conſort to adore
Thee Father, Thee Eternal and Supreme,
Thee firſt and Greateſt own'd---Thrice happy State,
To perfect whoſe Felicity below,
Angels with Men, and Heaven with Earth ſhall join.

He ended ſmiling; when a numerous Sound
Sent forth from Voice, and Lute, and golden Strings
Of Harps for ever tuneful, fill'd the Sky
With loudeſt Harmony; the joyful Train
In Raptures ſuch as Heavenly Boſoms warm,
Begin, nor know to end MESSIAH's Praiſe
In lofty Notes and various; far more ſweet
Than *Phœbus*, or the fabled *Orphean* Lyre,
Tho' ſtrung by Heavenly Art, and Skill Divine,
E'er utter'd. Him to his Great Father's Fame
Sole Heir they ſing; Him worthieſt to aſſume
Power and Dominion, and a Name beyond
What Heaven or Earth cou'd boaſt; His awful Throne
Next to his Sire's in Luſtre, which he fills
With Rival Glory: But the various Song
Ended not with his Worth; in Notes more ſweet,
Tho' leſs magnificent, they chuſe to tell
What pleas'd 'em better than his Godlike Fame,
His great unbounded Love, and Purpoſe told,
To raiſe from Duſt, and build again more fair
The hapleſs Earth, which lately to appeaſe
His, and his Father's Anger, burnt below
As one great Sacrifice, their Wrath to calm.

Mean time the Orb beneath with Joy attends
His Voice, ſo late enrag'd, with milder Sound
Now ſpeak, and full of Pity. His Command
Who ſpread the Waves, the Deluge now obeys;
While to the deſtin'd Shores that were ordain'd,
To limit and controul the raging Flame,
They now retreat; as when the Ebbing Tide
Forſakes the Vales its Waters late had drown'd,
And ſunk between its Banks more peaceful hies
Thro' the green Turf to meet its Parent Main,
Loſt in the Ocean! Now above the Brim
Of the red Gulph below were ſeen to riſe,
And heave their naked Backs, all ſcorch'd with Flame,
What Hills its Fury had not quite deſtroy'd;
While croſs the blazing Flood roll to and fro,
The Relicks of a World, and ſad Remains
Of once the faireſt Orb, but oh how chang'd,
How dark and deſolate, as from her Sphere
The Foe retires, and opens to the Eye
A ghaſtly Scene, enormous, waſteful, wild;
O'erſpread with every Horror! Tremble, all
Ye Worlds above, ye Planets, and whoe'er
Inhabit yon bright Seats, that ſhine on high;
As gazing round, ye moan among your Train
The beſt and faireſt loſt, to Aſhes turn'd,
And left awhile in Darkneſs to awake
Your Sorrows; and with ſad Example warn
From Sin and Guilt, leſt what ye view, ye feel
Too ſoon from Heavenly Vengeance! But the Fire
Now ſlackning, left a broad and ample Way
Thro' which the Earth long hid, might now reveal
Her broken Ruins, and her Surface tore
Aſunder with the fierce devouring Flames;
Now haſting from her Orb, in Black attir'd,
As moaning her own Fate, and hapleſs Doom;

To

To ſmile anon, and with a fairer Hue
Pleaſing at once to Men and Angel's Eye,
To ſhine, with ev'ry Bliſs and Beauty gay.
For ſee! each Element ſo lately join'd
In Combat with his Foe, the Earth, the Air
And Water, as the Heavenly Voice ordains,
Now ſeparate, and to their Places known,
And Stations where to reſt, in Order move
Harmonious! Upward the quick active Flame
Wings her Aſcent, below whoſe Orb the Air
Fills the blue Regions of the ambient Sky
Pure, tho' Inviſible; while from the Clouds
The Miſt and dewy Vapour down deſcends
More ponderous, and the Earth's warm Surface cools,
Dropping their Moiſture on her Glebe, to wake
A thouſand Births, which now begin to ſmile
Upon her verdant Boſom; for whate'er,
As with a Tempeſt drove, was upward bore
In cloudy Smoak and Aſhes by the Flames,
Now ſlopes its downward Flight, and ſoon becomes
A ſoft and fertile Bed, to cover round
As with a Garment, Earth's extended Plains,
To be her future Boſom, whence ſhou'd riſe
Luxurious at one Birth (her Glebe now ſtrong
And youthful, as created firſt) each Flower,
And Shrub, and ſpringing Herb, and fragrant Grove;
Such Wonders from the Voice Eternal flow,
Or when he builds new Worlds, or when deſtroys.
Forthwith the Heaven, the Earth, the Air, and all
Creation round, which way the Eye is turn'd,
Smil'd joyous, dreſs'd in Glories, ſuch as crown'd
The Birth of Nature, when the Sons of Morn
Sung Hymen, and with golden Harps proclaim'd,
And ſweeteſt Harmony, the firſt great Day.
Hail, beauteous Orb! how mild, how calm, how fair
Thy Regions? With what Sweetneſs all thy Vales

And Fragrancy, and Clouds of Incenſe charm
Delightful and inſpiring where they blow;
Where'er the early Breeze, or Evening Gale
Fling the odorous Scent from Tree or Flower,
Or humid Bud, unfolding to the Morn
Its Smell or Bluſhes; each how rich and gay,
How worthy with freſh Glories to adorn
A Paradiſe, which God and Angels Eyes
Are ſoon with Joy to viſit. For no more
Sloping his Heavenly Courſe, the Lamp of Day
Shall thwart the Hemiſphere, now mounted high
Above th' Horizon, now with Wheels that move
Juſt o'er the Ocean's Brim, leave diſtant Climes
In Darkneſs, robb'd of his all-cheering Ray,
Or loſt, or dimly ſeen; one ſteady Flight
His Chariot now ſhall take, to neither Pole
Bending his Courſe as once, from whence up ſprung
The Winter, Autumn, and each Seaſon's Change,
To human Life diſaſtrous. Who enjoy,
Riſing anon from Death, theſe bleſs'd Abodes,
Shall moan no more in Tears, the ſad Extremes
Or of the freezing, or the flaming Sky,
Fatal alike, tho' various; one great Stream
Of Light from his Eternal Lamp ſhall pour
Blazing with equal Fire, whatever Climes
He viſits, o'er whatever Realms he rolls,
Temp'ring his even Flames; which ſerve to raiſe
The Spring's Eternal Verdure, nor impair
With too much Heat, juſt waking, the ſoft Flower;
But calling from the Earth's freſh Boſom all
The Trees to cover and adorn her Plains,
And yield a future Shade. How fair ariſe
The Groves of various Leaf? How thick enwove
The ſpreading Oak aloft, and branching Bough
Shot from the taller Pine, a Roof compoſe
Of verdant Umbrage? Where anon ſhall join

Aſſem-

Aſſembled to extol JEHOVAH's Praiſe,
Ten thouſand Sacred Names; no other Bower
Wanted to guard 'em from the Dews at Eve
Or nightly Cold, but what the Hand Divine
Had wrought in Branches knit, and meeting Shade;
Fit Arbor to embrace 'em, as they eaſe
Their Limbs with needful Reſt, or chuſe to pay
Their Morning Adorations to the Throne
Of the Great Architect, who built ſo fair,
So like his Heavens, the Seats he now ordains
To give his new Poſſeſſors! Neither fram'd
His Hand alone for Ornament, but gave
Bounteous, and with unſparing Hand, whate'er
Was uſeful, miniſtring to human Need,
But without human Labour: Nought of Pain,
Nothing of Sorrow more endur'd to raiſe,
Or from the Garden, or the fertile Field,
For Man's Support! The Glebe and loaded Bough
Spontaneous lend their Gifts; one to appeaſe
The craving Wants of Nature, one more kind
With Fruits of richeſt Juice, and faireſt Hue,
To ſatisfy and pleaſe, but never cloy
The Sight or Taſte, the Spring with Autumn join'd,
Companions now, tho' diſtant, to inſpire
Each Senſe with Joy; while every Grove adorn'd
With Leaves, and Flowers, and Fruit of blooming Gold,
Smil'd amiable with various Charms, and paid
At once, what yet it promis'd but to pay!
Airs, heavenly Airs ſtill breathing, ſuch as bore
No Taint or Peſtilence upon their Wing,
Fan the ſweet Regions, and each dewy Eve
Invite to Slumbers, and at roſy Morn
Serve to awake with ſofteſt Sound the Ear
From downy Sleep, each Senſe with Reſt repair'd.
No other Opiate wanted here to charm
Man's eaſy Cares; no other Sound to raiſe

His Eyelids, or invite him to begin
His Praiſe, and early Worſhip with the Day.
Nor wanted there with ſweet and ſolemn Lays,
And Harmony of ſhrill or ſofteſt Fall
To tune the Groves, made cheerful with the Songs
Echo'd from every Branch, as ſweet return'd
Or from the trickling Spring, or murmuring Wave
Pour'd from the liquid Fountain, thro' each Vale
Drawing with ſofteſt Sound its humid Train.
No Scene was wanting either to infuſe
Bliſs in each Senſe, or thro' the Heart a Joy
Ineffable; the Fields, the Grove, the Plain,
The Heavens above, and heavenly Vales below
Uniting, as with one Conſent, to ſhower
Freſh Treaſures and unfading, to adorn
The World's new Birth, wherein the Juſt and Pure,
And Guiltleſs Saints of God were ſoon to reign.
Hail, Sacred Seats! Hail, Holy Reſt! prepar'd
To be the firſt Reward for thoſe that riſe
The firſt from Darkneſs! Happy thoſe who claim
A Lot within theſe Dwellings, here to live
In Bliſs unchang'd, nor dreading more to dye;
Victorious o'er the Grave, which now reſigns
Death's Triumphs, thoſe his Lance had once deſtroy'd
And deem'd 'em Unimmortal. Yet why ſmile,
So long theſe happy Seats, no Eye to view
Their Beauties, and no raviſh'd Ear to lend
Attention, or admire the Golden Sounds
Breath'd forth from ev'ry Grove, and Vocal Shade?
None liſtning, none beholding, but who need
To give 'em further Bliſs, and fuller Joy,
Nor to behold or liſten. Why alone,
(Already bleſs'd with their Celeſtial Skies)
Muſt Angels gaze on Earth, and call her fair,
Without Poſſeſſor elſe, or whom to prize
Inhabiting below, her verdant Shades?

Yet ceaſe, ye Fountains more, and fragrant Bowers,
To utter forth your Plaints, that none enjoy
Or viſit your cool Shades, or cleareſt Streams;
Cooling and clear in vain, if none admire
Your Cryſtal or your Odours! See, prepar'd
He ſtands above, (whoſe Word from Darkneſs call'd
To ſhare new Life, each Beauty which adorns
The new reviving World) from Death to raiſe,
Who riſing, ſhall in Sign of Worſhip pay
Him Homage firſt, ye next with Rapture gaze,
Ye celebrate, who ſhall no more the Praiſe
Expect or want, your Glories ſeem to claim.
For lo! beholding with a Secret Joy
The Seats and wondrous Work his Word had wrought,
Won from the Flames, fit Manſions now to hold
His Choſen, nor unfit for him to frame,
He bids the great Archangel's Trumpet call
Forth from the teeming Grave, what Numbers choſe
By Faith and Love, and Deeds of worthy Fame
And Death, to merit Life; unfading Crowns
Attaining with the Loſs of fading Joy!
Nor ſtay'd the mighty Blaſt, but with a Sound
That echo'd thro' the Earth, and Air, and Sky,
Where ſate MESSIAH thron'd, it waken'd all
The pious Duſt that ſlept; and now muſt riſe
In whatſoever Elements enclos'd,
The Fire, or Earth, or Sea, to yield again
Fit Manſions, frail no more, nor form'd to dye,
That each great Heroe's Sacred Shade with Joy
Deſcending, might inſpire its Duſt below.
As ſome Victorious Monarch, bent to win
Or Fame or Empire, ſummons ſtrait to Arms
His Troops and warlike Legions, tho' disjoin'd
Full many a League; they at the Clarions Call
Inſpiring Battel, flock without Delay
To their great Leader's Standard, which on high

Now waving, gives a Signal to prepare
For ſudden Onſet---To each Body flew
Thus, and more ſwift, their Atoms, long conceal'd
And diſtant, ſhadowing all the darkned Air
As on they haſte to reunite and join,
Part after Part, the new compacted Frame,
Breathing with inſtant Life and vital Fire,
His Gift who ſate above; and who beheld
Not loſt, tho' ſcatter'd wide, what once compos'd
Each Body riſing now, and to aſſume
Its Form and proper Shape, rebuilt as fair
As from Creation ſmiling firſt, and new,
No Feature chang'd or vary'd---For the Eye
Of Heaven, for ever watchful, had with Care
Follow'd, and duly mark'd, whatever Change
It once endur'd in Life, (tho' Ages roll'd
Between its Death, and Riſing from the Grave)
Still viewing, preſent ſtill, whatever way
Each Atom wing'd its Flight; thro' Earth or Air
Chuſing to wander, or the ſpacious Main,
Their various Dwellings; nor unknown tho' join'd
To other Forms, and meaner; to compoſe
Or Beaſt, or Bird, or Fiſh, which oft aſſume
From human to compleat their baſer Frame.
Yet ſtill the Sovereign Wiſdom cou'd well trace
And ſeparate as well the ſmalleſt Grain
And Duſt, which breathing once to Man belong'd
When Mortal; whether floating thro' the Sky
They mingled with the Stars, as pleas'd to ſhine
Among Heaven's glittering Lights; or fond to blaze
In Meteors, dreſs'd the Comet's flaming Hair:
Or elſe in humbler Beds conceal'd below,
Choſe to inſpire, and form the ripening Gold,
Or Orient Gem; if not deſiring more
To ſmile above, reveal'd to human Eye
More viſible along the Field and Grove,

Paint-

Painting the verdant Leaf, or blooming Flower.
Whatever Seats they throng, howe'er disjoin'd
By Lands or parting Oceans, as they hear
The Heavenly Summons, each begins its way,
Not without Inſtinct, haſting on to find
The Manſions where they ſlept, and ſilent Tomb
That held 'em Captive long within the Wall
Of its cold Marble: O'er the moulding Urn
Waſted by Time, they meet, they pant, they join,
In warm and ſtrong Embraces, each well known,
And knowing its lov'd Partner, whence it flew
Sever'd by Death erroneous, now once more
United, and with dawning Life inſpir'd!
How heaves the lab'ring Stone? How ev'ry Grave
Where Heaven's great Martyrs ſlept, begins to feel
Strong Pains, as if in Travail? and anon
To burſt apart, and open to the Sky
The Sacred Relicks which they once entomb'd;
Soon to inherit Life, and moan no more
Thoſe Virtues which on Earth had wrought 'em Woe:
See each lov'd Atom, guided where to find
Its kindred Duſt, in Union ſtrict combines
And kindeſt Amity, to build anew
The Sacred Fabrick, which they once compos'd;
Each conſcious whence they fled, what Place they bore
And Miniſtry in Life; which now again
They purpoſe to repeat, and dreſs more fair
Thoſe Habitations, long by Death impair'd;
But now releas'd from the black Tyrant's Power,
His Claim no longer! See how dawning Life
Begins with gradual Progreſs to inſpire
Each quickning Maſs, fermenting the dark Grave,
Long barren; now the rich and fruitful Soil
Whence Millions, ſown corrupted, ſhall ariſe
In Glory, and Corruption dread no more:
Oh ſee each Urn unfolding! Life aſcend

Up thro' the Gates of Death; his Iron Chain
Quite broken, and the Paſſage to each Tomb
Throng'd once with breathleſs Duſt, with Living ſwarm
More numerous! While the dreary Paths that led
To Death's dire Manſions, are become the Way
Leading to Life, to Light, to view the Morn
And Day-ſpring, once the Road to ſaddeſt Shades!
How at the Heavenly Voice begins new Heat
To warm the heaving Maſs with vital Flame?
While Life new kindling takes her firſt great Round
Forth from the beating Heart, which firſt receives,
And laſt ſurrenders up the dying Fire.
How ſwell the rubied Veins? how twining round
The Body, branch into a Thouſand Streams,
To drink the purple Current, and reſtore
The dancing Flood again to the great Urn
From whence it flow'd redundant, to and fro
Circling impatient without Reſt or Stay!
Nor ceaſe the nimble Spirits, from their Seat
Choſen aloft, to dart freſh Vigor round
Each quickning Form, more lively, as they pour
Into the Blood, unſeen, a brisker Flame,
Sparkling along its Channel, as they drive
With ſtronger Force the red and bounding Wave!
Nor did the happy Numbers, which aroſe
From Darkneſs, every outward Grace reſtor'd,
And Beauty, loſt ſo long in Death, bemoan
Each Organ not return'd, which ſhou'd beſtow
From Sight, or Smell, or Taſte, or Heavenly Sound,
Each ſoft Delight on Earth, with Objects ſtor'd
Freſh Joy to miniſter to Ear, and Eye,
And Senſe, as well as Thought, both fully charm'd:
Hail, Sacred Names! and worthy to aſcend
Firſt from the Grave! ariſing firſt to claim
That Bliſs, your Virtues once, when mortal, claim'd!
See Heaven and Earth new finiſh'd, to repay

Your

Your Faith and faithful Works; new Seats prepar'd,
A World, but without Sorrow, Pain, and Woe,
Your Portion late, but baniſh'd hence, nor e'er
To damp the Sweets of Life, or mar your Joy.
Oh, turn your Eyes above (e'er yet ye view
Juſt call'd from Death, what Beauties ſmile around
Your happy Manſions) ſee aloft who holds
To grace each Bow, a fair unfading Crown,
(Not like the thorney Wreath, which purpled o'er
His own ſad Temples with a bleeding Stream)
But ſhining heavenly bright; Him firſt behold,
Him reverence, and with Adorations pure
Let the firſt Breath ye draw attempt his Praiſe,
Firſt worſhipp'd, who with gracious Purpoſe leaves
His Glorious Seat above, to build below
Fit Habitations for the Juſt, to reign
Poſſeſſors of a World, their Sufferings claim
And Piety; which once by impious Foes
Traduc'd, had coſt 'em many an inward Groan,
Turn'd to what Joy at laſt? To feel each Wound
Quite clos'd; a mortal Loſs, a Moment's Pain,
Tho' cruel, fully recompens'd with Bliſs,
That fed their Hopes before; each Boſom arm'd
To bear the fiery Trial, Heaven in View,
And promis'd to reward their virtuous Toil.
-----Say then, Celeſtial Muſe! who firſt, who laſt,
For ſuffering Virtue prais'd, and holy Fame,
Sprung from the Duſt, and at the Trumpet's Call
Enliven'd, who forſook their vacant Urns,
Breaking at laſt through Darkneſs--- The Great Sire
Of Man, and General Parent firſt aroſe
Paternal ADAM; who, as from a Dream
Awaking, views himſelf, then all things round,
Not without Fear, and mix'd with ſome Amaze
Beholding! The wide Firmament, his Eye
Blazing above, firſt ſtrikes! with Light adorn'd

Shot from the Sun's great Orb, then riding high
In his Meridian Chariot! The bright Flame
With Pain his Sight endures, and turns to view
Objects on Earth less glorious, tho' as fair
To human Sense: Here whatsoe'er he meets
Gave fresh Delight and Wonder; whether charm'd
With Prospect, sweetest Smell, or softest Sound
Reaching his Ear; attentive to the Fall
Of silver Streams, that drew their limpid Train
Down the green Vales, or ravish'd more to see
With golden Fruit and fair the Branches hung,
Tempting his Hand to reach, as well as Eye
Awhile to gaze their Beauties! But his Joy
And Wonder yet was silent, till he found
At last a Voice, either to tell aloud
His happy State; or sorrowing, to bemoan
His solitary Bliss, which, wanting meet
Companions to partake, was scarce a Joy
Altho' in Paradise: His Eye he turns
Once more to Heaven, adoring as he views
Its bright and ample Circuit, and what Power
Dwelt in those Regions thron'd; and bending down
In Sign of purest Worship, thus bemoans
His happy hapless State in plaintive Sounds
Utter'd with low Submission! Ye fair Skies,
(The Sire begins) and Thou Great Eye of Day
Instruct me, (for thy clear all-seeing Beam
Must needs behold whate'er is wrought below)
Oh teach me, conscious sure, whose Voice or Hand
Or Pity rais'd me first? From whence my Frame
And sudden Birth? Unable sure to give
My self Beginning, which would argue all
Their own Creators; from some other Cause
More glorious, and with higher Might endued
Excelling what I boast, I then am sprung,
Who gave me Life and Being, him to know

Our common Parent doubtleſs, who with me
Rais'd this great Univerſe, I thus implore
Thus bending; where his Seat, which way his Throne
Lies from this Earth, deſirous to obtain
From ſome Inſtructor, who perhaps may tell
The Cauſe, why hither ſent, and why alone,
I only, and not Millions more, his Voice
With the ſame Eaſe to ſhare one common Joy
Might have at once created: Him to view,
If viſible from hence, or if too bright
For human Senſe to gaze at, what to pay
In due Return for what his Love has ſhowr'd
On me and this new World, I thus implore!
If Praiſe he only ſeeks, behold me fall'n
Low on the Parent Earth, from whence I roſe,
With bended Heart and Knee at once, to give
The pureſt Adoration; nor refus'd
Perhaps, before his Will is better known!
Yet ſomething prompts me, as I thus behold
My ſelf, this Paradiſe, and yonder Skies,
With each aſtoniſh'd, to believe we all
Before had Being: For inſpir'd with Joy
Sure to thy Orb (great Sun) to yon bright Flame
I oft have turn'd! Within me ſeems to live
Tho' dark, ſome Memory, I once have view'd
What now ſurrounds me, and whereat I gaze
Thro' Heaven and Earth; theſe Walks, and cooling Bowers,
And ſilver Fountains, painting to my Mind
Something like theſe fair Seats I once enjoy'd,
And ſomething loſt like theſe; however loſt
By my Offence, or his ſevere Decree
Who made me once Poſſeſſor: Such a Shade
I oft have choſen, if Remembrance draws
The Scene and Shade aright, wherein to reſt
At Eve, and after Labour; ſuch a Stream
Gentle and ſmooth ran gliding by my Ear,

Perſuading to ſoft Slumbers, as it roll'd,
Murmuring between its Banks, with Trees adorn'd
Like theſe, and Branches ſhadowing the clear Wave;
From thence, as from a Mirror, pleas'd to View
Their Tops, and Flowers, and Fruit, of downy Gold.
Nor does yon Bank on which the Roſy Morn
Impreſſes firſt her Light, and orient Beam,
Juſt Smiling o'er the Ocean, riſe unknown;
Such oft, theſe Knees have preſt; with Vows each Day
Frequenting, as beneath more open Sky;
Beſt Temple where to bow, and whence to praiſe
That heav'nly Power and kind, whoſe Bounty ſpreads
Such Plenty round the Earth, but Oh how vain
And uſeleſs, without Numbers to partake
That Bliſs, which o'er theſe Seats his Hand hath pour'd
Too large for my Poſſeſſion! To be view'd
Hardly by one, and how much leſs enjoy'd?

------ Thus pin'd our mournful Parent; and awhile
Wandring from whence his vital Breath he drew,
Firſt waking from his Duſt, his Steps he turns
Thro' each delightful Path of Wood, or Shade,
Or Sunſhine; if by Chance his Eye might find
Whom to enquire, if any conſcious knew
Better his Birth; or what with more Deſire
He ſought for, Why alone, how long to dwell
Sole Lord of thoſe wide Regions, and complain
Sad, in the Boſom of ſo many Joys.
But long he had not ſtray'd, before he finds
A Fountain clear, reflecting from its Wave
Each Image, which above the Margin hung
Of the bright Cryſtal; thither now he bends
His penſive Steps, and ſlow, and o'er the Brim
Leaning of the bright Surface, hopes to find
Alike Reſemblance of what Form he bore,
Down in the faithful Flood; nor miſs'd his Aim

Beholding: To his Eye, a Viſage form'd
With Grace, and Majeſty, and Brows ſublime,
Roſe from beneath, or ſmiling or ſevere
By turns, as he above his Looks compos'd;
Each Feature well he marks; his Front, his Eye,
And Forehead round with manly Locks adorn'd,
Shadowing his Godlike Preſence! In his Mind
Conviction grew at laſt, that ſuch he wore,
Such Looks, when firſt created, and with Joy
Viewing himſelf, now known, beneath the Wave
Thus ſtrives his Thoughts to utter! Hail return'd,
All hail, forgotten Duſt! From what Abodes
Returning, by whoſe Voice together join'd,
Forming me once again, what thus I ſtand,
To know, ſhall be my next and ſecond Joy!
Oh ſay! (for ye can tell) by whoſe Command
Uniting, by whoſe wondrous Wiſdom form'd,
Ye give me thus once more to live and ſmile,
To feel I now regain, what once I loſt
By Diſſolution in the ſilent Grave,
Long, Long, my loneſome Dwelling, and obſcure;
Nor yet to have been left, unleſs the Arm
That moulded me from Earth at firſt, once more
Had wrought its Wonders; the ſame Power requir'd
To raiſe from Death, as Nothing! Sure the Threat
Which once I heard with Dread, is now expir'd,
With painful Labour, and conſuming Toil
To eat the Bread of Sorrow! Elſe, why hang
Theſe loaded Branches, with ſuch Plenty crown'd,
Without requeſting? Why around me ſmile,
As form'd to yield me Shade, without my Pains,
Theſe blowing Groves, theſe Walks, and meeting Bowers,
Seeming to riſe at once, as if prepar'd,
And meant my future Dwelling while I live
Perhaps but one ſhort Day, as he ordains

Who

Who plac'd me here; or if a longer Stay
Vouchſaf'd, to hide me ſtill beneath their Shade.

Thus ſpoke our common Parent! while the Eve
Haſting apace all down the *Weſtern* Sky
Led on the Twilight; that, a browner Veil
Of Darkneſs ſhadowing all the Vales below,
Parent of downy Slumbers! Gentle Sleep
With ſoft oppreſſive Weight, and drowſy Chains
His Eyelids cloſes, wearied with a Stream
Of Sorrow now, and now of tendereſt Joy,
Pour'd down by turns, and watering his green Bower
Wherein he ſate, or penſive, or inſpir'd
With pleaſing Thoughts, from Death to Life return'd.
The Couch whereon he lay, and choſe to lean
His ſinking Brow, was ſuch, as Nature's Hand
With ready Care had wrought without his Pain;
Enough for needful Reſt;---An arching Shade
High over Head with woven Roof ſecures
His Manſions, guarding from the ſilver Beams
Shot from the glitt'ring Stars, or brighter Fire
Forth from her Orb, the beauteous Queen of Night
Began to pour around; but neither Flame
Cou'd pierce, (ſo thick was wrought his *Sylvan* Bower)
Thro' the dark Glade to wake him where he lay
In Slumbers! heavenly Airs were breath'd around,
And Muſick, which his Ear, tho' ſleeping charm'd;
Cheering the Midnight Hours, with ſlower Pace
Retiring to attend the Golden Sound.
Yet ſcarce his Eyes beneath the Power ſubdued
Of balmy Sleep had reſted, e'er in Dream
His Fancy ſtill awake, he ſeems to view
A glorious Shape draw near, Celeſtial fair,
Deſcending from the Clouds, with Looks that own'd
Compaſſion, and with cordial Love inſpir'd;

Who

Who on his Couch reclining, thus reveal'd
His gracious Purpoſe! Sire of Men, firſt made
To rule this ſpacious Orb, and firſt reſtor'd
Of all thy numerous Offspring from the Grave!
Whom late thy Wiſhes ſought, who might unfold
Thy Doubts, and plainer teach thee, who beſtow'd
This Second Life, how long to dwell below
In theſe Abodes for thy Juſt Race prepar'd,
I come thy Guide, and ſent by him who reigns
Supreme above, with Purpoſe to diſcloſe
What thou, delighted, ſhalt attend to hear;
When wak'd anon from Slumbers: While my Voice
Inſtructs thee, what has e'er befel thy Race
Since Mortal, or hereafter ſhall befal,
Till Time ſhall ceaſe to run, and in the Stream
Loſt of Eternity rolls on no more
In Days, and Months, and Years, which ſoon ſhall end
In one great Ocean, without Depth or Bounds!
Mean time, with ſweeter Sleep and happy Dreams,
Reſt on thy Graſſy Couch, with Flowers adorn'd;
Thy ſpacious Bed, a WORLD; the ample Sky
Thy Canopy, in one, all human Race
Now covering, till the next fair Sun diſcloſe
Numbers like thee awaken'd from their Urns,
Thy Sons, all ſprung from thee, anon to hail
Thee their great Parent, and partake each Joy
With Thee in theſe bleſs'd Manſions, built to hold
Thy Race awhile; till fitted to aſcend,
Train'd up in Virtue, yonder heavenly Skies,
Earth ſhall be loſt for Heaven; theſe Seats be chang'd
(A Thouſand Years expir'd in Bliſs below)
For endleſs Glories! With theſe Tidings cheer
Thy nightly Slumbers, nor let Terrors more
Of Death, which with unquiet Thoughts impair'd
Thy Peace when waking, longer haunt thy Dreams;

Henceforth to be delightful: In thy Bower
Reſt happy then; and when theſe Shades retire
Which hide thee now, chas'd by the golden Ray
The next fair Morn diffuſes, turn thy Eye
To Heaven, and wait my coming with the Dawn.

The End of the Tenth Book.

THE

THE

LAST JUDGMENT.

BOOK XI.

Καὶ ἐξαλείψει ὁ Θεὸς πᾶν δάκρυον ἀπὸ τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν αὐτῶν, καὶ ὁ θάνατος οὐκ ἔσται ἔτι· οὔτε πένθος, οὔτε κραυγὴ, οὔτε πόνος οὐκ ἔσται ἔτι, ὅτι τὰ πρῶτα ἀπῆλθον.

NOW from the *Eaſt* the ſecond Smiling Morn
Began to dawn on Earth, with golden Beams
Chaſing the Shades of Darkneſs! On each Flower
Glitter'd, and humid Leaf, the ſilver Dew
Dropt from the Evening Cloud, to melt away
In fuming Vapours, as the Sun aſcends
Anon his flaming Chariot. From their Bowers
And graſſy Beds aroſe to hail the Day
Refreſh'd with downy Sleep, what [a] Creatures late
Or for Delight, or human Uſes fram'd
The Sovereign Voice created to adorn
A World, that by his Anger twice deſtroy'd,
Aroſe as oft more glorious; to behold
The Light, the New Creation ſeems to ſmile
Throughout, and Nature wears a ſudden Joy
O'er all her cheerful Looks, as pleas'd to view
Each Beauty loſt ſo late, again reſtor'd
More freſh and beauteous; whatſoe'er awoke

[a] *See Mr.* Ray's *Diſcourſe on the Diſſolution and Renovation of the World.* Chap. 11. Page 414, 415.

From Reſt, to Heaven firſt with Reverence turn
Their Eyes adoring, conſcious each who gave
Their Life, whoſe kind Indulgence muſt ſuſtain
That Life with needful Succours; while each Grove
And Valley ſend their Debts of grateful Praiſe,
Up the fair Sky aſcending with the Morn
Harmonious; on the Bower wherein was laid
Our firſt great Parent cheer'd with happy Dreams,
The Golden Sun now wak'd, began to ſmile
With orient Light; and his refulgent Ray
Pouring around his Couch, at laſt unclos'd
His Eye-lids, with the firſt great Morning charm'd!
Each Senſe, with Gladneſs, and his Heart with Joy
O'erflows within him, while each Object round
Which way ſoe'er he turns, inſpires his Eye
With ſofteſt Tranſport, which as now he views
The Day juſt opening, thus he ſtrives to own.
Parent of good! how well haſt thou repay'd
My Loſs of EDEN, with theſe Seats more fair
And ample; to one Spot before confin'd,
A World my Portion now; by thy Decree
To Death there ſubject; here thy Mercy ſpeaks
A kinder Language, that I ne'er ſhall Dye.
Oh teach me, ſince once more I am allow'd
To tread theſe bliſsful Plains, and lift my Eye
To thy All-glorious Throne, which way to chuſe
To hold thee ſtill propitious! With what Voice,
Or Heart, or Accent I may beſt adore
Thee, or whoever kindly elſe conſpir'd
With Life my Duſt to quicken! If this plight
Thus fall'n, thus ſtretch'd upon my Parent Clay
From whence I roſe, delight thee, ſee how low
And humbled on this graſſy Turf I bend
Before thee, from this verdant Altar pour
My firſt great Sacrifice, perhaps more dear
To thee, if right I gueſs, than Victims ſlain

To win thy Smiles, and heavenly Ear incline
To Deeds of Pity! ye that ſhine above
By Night or Day, the Heavens alternate Fires,
With me your Praiſe unite, who all with me
Perhaps have laid in Darkneſs, till the Voice
That call'd me forth, unveil'd your golden Flames;
Together ſet, together ye on high
Now blazing, I beneath to Life reſtor'd,
To gaze at once your Glories! Till I hear
Thy Word (Great Power) revealing what wou'd pleaſe
Thee better, than what Tribute now I bring,
Theſe humble Adorations, which the Light
Of Reaſon dictates, yet the only Guide
Lent me to follow, deign what thou inſpir'ſt
Thy ſelf within me, not to deem impure;
But take what thus I pay, with humbleſt Thought,
And full of grateful Reverence, as thy due;
Reſtorer of this World and me, with all
The Bliſs each Creature elſe with me enjoys
In theſe fair ample Seats, too ample far
For me to gaze at, if thy Word inſpire
No other Duſt with Life with me to ſhare
Dividual, thy great Bounty; pour'd how vain
Round theſe bleſs'd Manſions, if no other Eye
By thee enlightned ſhall with Joy behold,
And equal Rapture, yonder golden Skies,
This Earth, all Nature ſmiling; none to tell
Their Wonder, or to celebrate thy Praiſe,
Fair Lamp of Day, refreſhing with thy Beam
And genial Heat, each Plant, and Herb, and Flower,
Thy various Offspring! While my Voice and Eye,
How inſufficient each to ſing or view
Thee worthily, defraud thee of thy Fame;
Which Millions, all with thy great Orb inſpir'd,
And rolling high in Royal State, ſhould yield
With general Acclamation! Why along

Theſe fragrant Valleys play theſe ſilver Streams
Soft gliding? Why acroſs yon waving Groves
Blow ſuch odorous Winds, and to the Ground
Bend low the fruitful Branch, I only form'd
To taſte the nectar'd Sweets on every Bough;
To hearken to the murmuring Fount, which falls
Unheeded o'er her Sands, if none but I
Attend the falling Murmurs? Half the Joy
I feel is loſt within theſe happy Shades
Dwelling alone; none viewing to partake
My Happineſs, to whom I may unfold
What I poſſeſs, no Pleaſure long enjoy'd
Without Society---Yet in this Bower
Some Viſion ſure inform'd me, as I lay
O'ercome with gentle Slumbers (ſent from Heaven,
No doubt, on purpoſe to allay my Moan)
That Numbers ſoon ſhou'd wake from out the Grave,
My virtuous choſen Offspring, and to hail
Me their great Parent, in Communion ſweet
Of Happineſs, to tread once more theſe Plains,
By my Offence once loſt; but how regain'd,
Not conſcious yet, or by whoſe Love reſtor'd;
To reſt a Doubt, till he who lately deign'd
In Viſion to attend my waking Dream,
Deſcend once more from Heaven; till then I wait
Patient within theſe Shades his hop'd Return.

He ſcarce had ended, when another *Morn*
More radiant, ſeem'd to ſtreak the *Weſtern* Sky
With freſh and fairer Luſtre! Which t' admire
And gaze at moſt, awhile he hardly knew,
Both deck'd with equal Light, his doubtful Eye
Solliciting to wonder. But he view'd
Not long their Rival Glories, e'er a Shape
All-heavenly, ſuch as late he ſaw in Dream,
Broke from the Second Morning, and drew near

The Earth, with graceful Speed, and Port divine,
Not without fear beheld; which to allay
He ſmooths his awful Looks with heavenly Smiles
Inviting to approach; and now arriv'd
Where *Adam* lay half wondring, half amaz'd,
All hail the firſt beſtow'd; and from the Ground
Rais'd him with gentle Hand, while to his Ear
(His Meſſage firſt unfolding from his Eye)
He thus reveals his Purpoſe ------ Sire of all
The numerous Race, that once theſe Regions throng'd,
Firſt made, and dying, firſt from Death reſtor'd,
To claim theſe happy Seats; what late in Dream
I promis'd, lo! From Heaven I haſte, to clear
What now thy Thought perplexes; to reveal,
Since thy Remembrance fail'd, whate'er has chanc'd
Already to thy Sons, and what their Doom
Deſtin'd ſhall be hereafter. Other Looks
Now gladly I aſſume, than thoſe I wore
When thy ſad hap lamenting, to behold
How much thy Guilt had loſt, what Woes entail'd
On thy Poſterity and Sons unborn,
From thy firſt Paradiſe I drove away
Thee, and whoſe Voice ſeducing Thee, had doom'd
Both, without hopes of Pity to endure
Heavens ſoreſt Vengeance! This bright Sword of Flame
Thou ſure muſt well remember; me the Prime
Of thoſe celeſtial Armies ſent to guard
The Tree of Life, leſt thy adventrous Hand
Shou'd boldly reach, and with the Fruit inſpir'd
Shoud'ſt live for ever. Other Tidings now
I bring thee, ſent on purpoſe to unfold
What thou haſt yet to hope; each Guilt and Stain
Rendring thee once obnoxious, and a Foe
To Heaven, by him defac'd, to thee juſt fall'n,
Foretold a Saviour; who to Death a Prey
In human Form, has purchas'd Life for all

Thy

Thy virtuous Race, and triumph'd o'er the Grave
Dying to conquer Death: Thou ſecond doom'd
To prove the Tyrant vanquiſh'd! Nor believe
Tho' ſole Poſſeſſor yet, thou ſhalt enjoy
Singly theſe happy Seats; part of thy Sons
The greater far tho' deſtin'd ne'er to view
This World, (whoſe hapleſs Lot ſhall ſoon be told)
Yet Multitudes more favour'd, ſoon ſhall chear
Reſcu'd from Death, thy Looks with ſofteſt Joy,
Nor more to taſte of Sorrow, as thy Eye
Bedew'd with Tears of Tranſport ſhall behold
Numbers, which thy firſt Guilt had doom'd to Dye,
Riſing Immortal; and with thee to ſhare
Perpetual Bliſs, in lov'd Embraces join'd,
Feeling each others Joy! Nor yet to find
Your full Reward, tho' in theſe bleſt Abodes,
Fram'd only for a while thy Sons to train
By gradual Steps to Virtue, ſuch as claims
A higher Glory far above yon Skies;
One Seat, one Heaven, allotted then to hold
Angels above, and Men as Angels pure.

To whom the Sire of Men, his Viſage chang'd
And Cheeks with varying Paſſions, thus returns!
Too well thy Shape, celeſtial Guide, recals
Freſh to my Thought that Bliſs from whence I fell
By Diſobedience; ſtill the ſtern Command
Sounds dreadful in my Ear, by Heaven enjoyn'd,
By thee with Pity told, which doom'd my Race,
Sharing their Parents Guilt, to endleſs Woes;
The wretched Portion, which alas! I gave
To all from me deſcended, or to ſpring
From my entail'd Pollution. Well the Day
I yet remember, mark'd with Guilt and Shame,
To me how fatal, and to all that own
Me their unhappy Parent, when my Hand

With ſoft Perſuaſion won, of her who ſought
Her own and my Undoing, dar'd prophane
Heaven's ſtricteſt Prohibition, not to eat
The Sacred Fruit of Knowledge, Death enjoin'd
The Penalty of taſting. What Remorſe
Too ſoon, alas! I felt, and bitter Wounds
From Guilt, from Conſcience and upbraiding Shame,
Theſe Sorrows yet may witneſs, which theſe Eyes
Pour down abundant, painting to my Mind
The dire Offence, and the black Train of Woes
Breaking upon my Head, nor there to end;
But like an Inundation that is pour'd
Wide o'er the drowned Plains, ſubjecting all
From me deriving Life, to taſte the Pains
My Sin alone had doom'd 'em to endure.
How ſad my Steps, and mournful, when thy Sword
Waving behind forbid my longer Stay
In Paradiſe, my firſt and beſt Abode,
Thou ſure art conſcious, when my Foot I turn'd
Sorrowing from *Eden*, caſting back my Eye
Oft on her ſweet Retreats, to moan what Joys
I left, her ſilver Springs and blooming Groves,
My Dwelling once, and what I priz'd more dear
Than each, my Virtue loſt; to pine below
Penſive, and wander in a World unknown;
With nought converſing elſe but Sin and Shame
My ſole Companions; whereſoe'er I rov'd,
Following my Steps, and arming every Thought
With Dread of Death, and Fear of him whoſe Voice
So late had doom'd me wretched----Yet ſome Hope
Thy Meſſage ſtill in my ſad Conſcience pours,
Reviving in me, as I hear thee tell
Part of my Race not loſt, nor ſentenc'd all
To Miſery, the only Gift bequeath'd
By me to all my Offspring: Some once more
I then ſhall view, whom Sin and Death have fail'd

Fully to conquer, whom the Grave reſigns
To dwell once more in Bliſs; and there behold
Him, to whoſe Guilt and Sin they ow'd their Fall;
Reſtor'd to Life, by Merits ſuch as they
Or I much leſs cou'd plead; by Juſtice doom'd
To endleſs Death, which, who has turn'd away
Thy heavenly Voice ſhall plainer ſoon unfold,
Teaching us whom to bleſs, whoſe Sacred Name
With Hymns, and Worſhip, and with worthy Praiſe
To celebrate; how juſt, for only One
From Death reſtor'd to Life; much more his Due,
For half my Race by his dear Sufferings ſav'd!

To whom the Angel gently made Return.
Well haſt thou judg'd, how great thy Debt of Praiſe
To thy Reſtorer, had his Merits freed
Thee only from that Sentence, which thy Crime
Had drawn from Heaven! But nor thy Heart or Voice
Can think or utter, what thou haſt to pay
To his Compaſſion, when anon thy Eye
Shall view with Rapture theſe extended Plains,
This new rais'd Paradiſe all cover'd o'er
With Multitudes, thy Race and his Redeem'd,
Hailing Thee Sire and Parent; who with Smiles
Of Filial Piety ſhall blame no more
Thy paſt Offence, but rather entertain
Their Thoughts with what thy Frailty has beſtow'd,
Theſe better Seats, than EDEN loſt more fair;
Nor liable, like that by future Crimes,
E'er to be forfeit: In each Breaſt ſhall dwell
Such Love of virtuous Praiſe and Sacred Fame,
And pious Emulation, who ſhall riſe
Neareſt in holy Acts to thoſe above,
Who now more frequent ſhall deſcend to view
The Ways of Man below, joining in Praiſe
And Worſhip, which they both alike ſhall pay

Their common Parent; from one Altar pour'd
The Songs of Men and Angels. But prepare
Thy Eye, what late I promis'd, to behold
With Wonder, mixt with ſoft paternal Joy
Melting thy Heart, too ſmall to entertain
The Bliſs that ſoon ſhall enter --- Scarce his Voice
Had finiſh'd, which awak'd a fond Deſire
In ADAM to ſurvey his Race reſtor'd;
When lo! He ſees as all from one great Urn
Reviving round him ſpread a glorious Train
Tho' diſtant, his lov'd Offspring. At the Sight
Down his paternal Cheek a Torrent roll'd
Of Tears, but ſuch as witneſs'd his full Joy
And inward Conſolation; thoſe he deem'd
Or loſt or wretched, (either Fate his Woe
Inſpiring) to behold with him return'd
To Life, (henceforth to fade no more or dye)
Promis'd to each Immortal: For awhile
A deep Aſtoniſhment his Voice detain'd
In ſilence, in his raviſh'd Heart a Joy
Conceiving, which his Tongue cou'd ſcarce unfold,
Too big for Utterance; till at laſt his Tears
Abating, and his pleaſing Tranſports calm'd,
Gave way to Words, which thus the happy Sire
Pours forth, ſtill weeping! Hail Creator wiſe
Of Heaven and Earth! or if another Name
Thou chuſeſt, teach me which wou'd rather pleaſe,
What better ſuit thy Glories, or diſplay
Thy various Bounty firſt and laſt beſtow'd
On me, the laſt to Merit, what thy Hand
Show'rs down abundant, in ſucceſſive Joys!
Oh ſay what Words, altho' with Heart inflam'd
I bow before thee, ſhall have Force to tell
Thy Goodneſs, or how much I owe, firſt rais'd
From Nothing? How much ſince, from Death reſtor'd
To bleſs this chearful Light, this ſmiling Morn;

And from this Turf, my greater Bliſs, to ſend
My early Adorations to thoſe Skies
Thy bright and beauteous Dwelling; to be mine
Perhaps, if not unworthy here below
Awhile I ſojourn! Could I hope to find
Thee pitying, who ſubdued with female Charms
Prefer'd a Woman's Smile to thy Commands?
Blotting that godlike Image, which thy Care
Planted within my Boſom to diſplay
My great Original and Birth, from thee
Deſcended? Was thy Love not fully ſhewn,
Saving ſo long from Death, who long had lay
To Death by ſin devoted, to thy Rage
The juſteſt Sacrifice, but to the Grave
When doom'd at laſt, thy Goodneſs muſt once more
(And how indulgent!) raiſe me to enjoy
New Life, and Manſions ſeeming full as fair
As thoſe my Guilt once loſt? Since then thou giv'ſt
My ſelf and thoſe by my Pollution ſtain'd,
Once more to prove our Virtue, in theſe Shades,
To prove thy Second *Eden* how we prize;
Oh teach us what Obedience beſt will pleaſe,
What Homage offer'd? If this Earth contains
Ought, that our Hand or Eye, thy Voice reſtrains
To touch or view; that thus forewarn'd we ſhun
In time, what thou forbid'ſt: And oh unfold
(Leſt guiltleſs we offend thee) if there grow
Among theſe various Trees that round us ſpread
Their loaded Branches, any yet deny'd
To human Uſe; hiding ſome ſecret Power
To us unknown and ſacred, bringing Life
Or cauſing Death, with Good or Evil fraught,
Or teaching heavenly Knowledge. Much too dear
Already has it coſt me, and from me
Whoever ſprung, more Wiſdom to have gain'd
By Diſobedience, ſerving but to ſhew

Our

Our Guilt and Miſery, a ſad Exchange
For Bliſs and Virtue! Sure no fond Deſire,
No Thirſt of knowing more, will e'er have Power
To tempt me to approach, where thou haſt hung
Death on the dreadful Branch, the daring Hand
To terrify from reaching, what thy Voice
Has guarded round with Terrors, if eſſay'd.
Oh! how could fraileſt Man have ever own'd
Such Frailty, to ſurrender and reſign
His great Prerogative, by Heaven beſtow'd,
Head of his new Creation, but to pleaſe
A weaker? How his Manhood, Virtue, Bliſs,
His own and Race's Glory all betray
(This once my Shame) rather than not withſtand
The ſoft Allurements of a Woman's Tongue,
Perſuading both to Ruin? While her Smiles,
Much ſtronger than my Reaſon, won my Ear
To liſten, to conſent, to taſte, and dye!
Too well my ſelf and thee I underſtand,
My Dignity of Birth and Reaſon's Power,
More to offend Thee; tho' a Second EVE
With ſtronger Eloquence, and ſofter Charms,
Shou'd riſe among yon Crowd, and try once more
With Beauty's Force, and Sorrow's falling Shower,
To draw me from thy Love, and juſt Commands:
All, all I now cou'd ſlight, without regard
To either what ſhe ſpoke, or how ſhe charm'd,
Both unavailing now to tempt my Soul
To hope a Pleaſure, ſaving when it dwells
On Thee or Heaven, or yonder happy Skies
Allotted for our Portion, if our Race
On Earth, well pleaſing to thy Will we end:
But thou perhaps from Heaven haſt late attain'd
Inſtructions, ſent to guide us how to pay
More grateful Worſhip, while in theſe Abodes
We ſojourn! till we merit higher Thrones

By Deeds of Virtue, found the only Signs
Of true Obedience; for what we enjoy
In theſe bleſs'd Seats, in fair Abundance pour'd
Around us, ſure muſt claim ſome juſt Returns
Of Duty, rightly claim'd by him, whoſe Hand
Heaps on us largely what we taſte and view;
Each outward Senſe with each Delight ſupply'd,
Too mean to ſatisfy, unleſs the Mind,
The nobler Part of Man, its Pleaſure feel
In Works of Gratitude, and worthy Praiſe
Begun on Earth; not finiſh'd, till arriv'd
Above, and Men their Songs with Angels join
One Choir and heavenly Conſort, and to raiſe
One high in Fame, whoſe Love and Bounty deals
Alike to every Creature which he frames!
Say then, the Time we live, the Space allow'd
Converſing here below, what fit Employ
Which Reaſon may ſuggeſt, and Heaven behold
Nothing diſpleas'd, have we on Earth to chuſe,
Worthy the Sons of Heaven! For what delights
Our Senſes, only gives us half our Joy;
How wandring thro' theſe Vales, which may afford
Scene after Scene freſh Tranſport, ſhall the Hours
And Days, and Months, and Years, not glide away
With ſome Anxiety, and tedious Wings,
Till we ſelect thoſe Pleaſures which may yield
The Mind Eternal and Unchanging Joys,
Still new, tho' ſtill repeated, and more ſweet
From long Fruition; he who guides our Thought
To find what thus ſhall pleaſe, nor ſatiate, found,
Merits his Share of Praiſe, to Heaven the firſt
Belonging, to his Love the ſecond due.

To whom the Angel ſmiling! Sire of Men,
Created firſt, and firſt from Death reſtor'd.
Not vainly thou haſt gueſs'd, that human Bliſs

Muſt ever be imperfect, till the Mind
The Seat of pureſt Reaſon, ſhall have choſe
Fit Objects to contemplate, whence to draw
Her Happineſs; not found till then, entire.
What here, by Heaven's great Bounty is diſplay'd,
Grateful to Sight or Smell, may yield awhile
Contentment; raviſh'd, as thy Eye beholds
Yon Sun, the ſmiling Morning, and whate'er
The Flower, and ſpringing Field, and golden Grove
Sends forth of Incenſe! Theſe thou may'ſt deſire
And blameleſs, given on Purpoſe to inſpire
And nouriſh Life, and cheer the Heart with Joy.
But think that Bliſs too mean, which others plac'd
Beneath thee far in Dignity, attain
Perhaps more fully, ſince by Nature found
Not capable of higher Bliſs, beyond
What Senſe imparts; ---- For thee, whoſe heavenly Mind
Can wander all the wide Creation round
Bounded by Time nor Space, but flying o'er
Thoſe Limits which the outward Senſe confine,
Far nobler Joys are meant, which Creatures void
Of Reaſon, nor with inward Thought endu'd,
Can never reach; but wanting human Light
Muſt ſtill deſpair of taſting human Joy.
Can'ſt thou be anxious then, with Doubt enquire
Which way thy Years ſhall paſs with Pleaſures crown'd,
Still freſh, as on they roll, who haſt to gaze
This Earth, and yonder Heaven, with all the Train
Of Worlds above; ſufficient to inſpire
Singly, thy Wonder; joyning all their Flames
Light after Light, of Power to feed thy Mind
With endleſs Raptures! Ev'ry Plant and Flower
And trodden Herb, has ſomething which thy Eye
Might view with Tranſport; ſomething to unfold
Superior Beauties, which no Art cou'd raiſe;
Or Man's matureſt Skill, however fam'd,

In Glory, emulate: Or if thy Mind
More worthy Objects wants whereon to gaze,
Not far it hath to wander; thy own Frame
Contemplate, how it roſe, and whence it grew;
How great, how fearful all! with Wiſdom wrought
How glorious! Long as thou haſt here to ſtay
Thy ſelf ſcarce able juſtly to admire,
And Him much leſs, who gave thee what thy Eye
Beholds with ſuch Amazement. Ask no more
What Heaven has then prepar'd in theſe Abodes
To render Life delightful, when each Field,
The Glebe beneath, above the ample Sky,
Boaſt all their Wonders, fit to entertain
Thy Search, and fill thy Mind with endleſs Joy.

He ended; and as one who ſeem'd to own
Part of his Doubts remov'd, not fully clear'd,
With Voice ſubmiſſive ADAM thus beſought
Once more the heav'nly Preſence! If thy blame
I may eſcape, who fondly thus deſire
Thy Guidance, ſent on Purpoſe to reveal
What I, without thy Aid had never found;
Oh yet indulge my Wiſh, if not beyond
What thou haſt Leave to grant, I yet implore,
Pleas'd with thy gracious Meſſage, which not all
I deem, is yet unfolded! What we view
Around, from Heavenly Wiſdom doubtleſs ſprung,
And Strength Omnipotent, muſt ever claim
Our higheſt Wonder, ſince we cannot gaze
This World and Thouſands more perhaps which own
The ſame Beginning from the ſame great Arm,
Without our Thoughts aſcending that high Throne
With Rev'rence, where he ſits above ſupreme
Lord of this Univerſe, and us, with all
We here behold, and more that lies beyond
The reach of Senſe, or Fancy to ſurvey,

To human Thought impervious! Yet whate'er
We view from hence, tho' glorious to our Eye,
Others have view'd, and ſinn'd---And who can feel
True Peace along with Guilt, which ſtill deſtroys
All inward Happineſs, which needs muſt flow
From Virtue and Obedience to his Will
We own Supreme and Sovereign! Something more
Than barely to contemplate this fair Frame,
Our ſelves, this World of Wonders, ſure thy Love
Has yet to add, before our promis'd Bliſs
By thee late promis'd, is compleat below,
Or this a Paradiſe; which once thy Voice
Gave Hopes, my ſelf and Race, before we gain'd
Our laſt and final Glories, ſhou'd enjoy.

To whom the Angel ſeeming nought diſpleas'd,
Without Rebuke, made Anſwer. Human Sire!
In Birth and Wiſdom firſt! Part of thy Bliſs
On purpoſe yet I have conceal'd, to try
How far by Reaſon's Light thou cou'dſt deviſe
Without Divine Inſtruction, what Delights
On Earth ſeem'd rational. Know then, the ſame
Shall be thy preſent Lot, as Heaven ordain'd
To be thy Portion, e'er thy Guilt and Crimes
Drove thee from EDEN! This Advantage more
Obtain'd in theſe new happy Seats, to hear
That Sin and Death within theſe bleſs'd Abodes
Are now forbid Acceſs, nor more to hold
Thy Race in Bondage, or beneath their Chains,
Both now ſubdued; his Captives, who became
Mortal for thy Offence, content to dye
To give thee Life; nay more, ſupernal Aid
The Purchaſe of his Sufferings, which ſhall now
Inſpire the Love of Virtue, and prevail
Above each Paſſion elſe that wou'd gainſay,
To bend thy Will to his, that Heaven and Thee

Henceforth ſhall ſeem but one, with Grace thy Mind
Strengthen'd againſt Offence, and fully arm'd
With Vigor to oppoſe, whate'er wou'd draw
Thy Steps from Innocence, and thence from Joy.
Nor art thou only guarded from a Fear
Of Guilt and Diſobedience, which muſt eaſe
Thy Mind of reſtleſs Doubts and racking Woe,
And dire Remorſe within, which ſtill purſues
Forſaken Virtue, and Heaven's Will diſdain'd;
But to indulge thy Life, whatever Bliſs
Without, it cou'd receive, behold what more
His Love has yet ordain'd, and Bounty ſhower'd
On this delightful World each Senſe to charm,
Impatient till it meets its proper Joy!
How all things ſmile around thee! How theſe Vales
With Verdure, and each Grove with Riches crown'd
Invite thee to behold! How this fair Morn
(To be ſucceeded ſtill by thoſe as fair)
Seems to ariſe more bright, as pleas'd to view
Thine and the World's new Birth, which with her Beams
More gladly now ſhe viſits! While the Sun
His golden Light ſo long, and Lamp obſcur'd
With Shade and Darkneſs, throws away the Veil
That hid his glorious Orb, and mounts the Sky
Joyful, as when at firſt he ſate enthron'd
Upon his gorgeous Chariot, carrying Day
Where-e'er he wheel'd his Courſe oblique, to ſhed
A Joy on each glad Empire! Neither more
To vex theſe happy Manſions, ſhall the Train
Of Maladies, which mortal Life weigh'd down,
The Fruit of thy Rebellion, be allow'd
To enter, or approach theſe Sacred Shades,
Exempt from Sorrow, [a] Anguiſh, Death or Pain,
Companions once of Men, to be exchang'd
In theſe Abodes for Vigor, Youth, and Joy,
Unfading each, and not to be impair'd

By

[a] Rev. xxi. 4.

By Years, or fleeting Time; which on his Wing
Shall bear no pining Age, or faint Decay
Viewing thee ever Strong, thy Race Divine
Blooming with faireſt Beauties which ſhall grow,
Freſh on each Cheek, till loſt in yonder Skies
In fairer Glories! For this bliſsful Earth
Renew'd, ſhall dread henceforth no future Change
Of Seaſons, once Diſaſt'rous! To bring forth
(With hot, or chilling Blaſts the noxious Air
Impregnate) wan Diſeaſe, or ſickly Pain
By ſudden Changes wrought; the Glebe now bound
With Froſt, burnt up anon with Summer Flames,
Pernicious each to Man; the various Year
Vexing with ſad Extreams of Heat and Cold,
Each quick ſucceeding each, the bitter Lot
For thy Offence, the former World ſuſtain'd.
How far unlike the Seaſons, which thy Eye
Shall ſoon behold, and Heart rejoyce to feel
In theſe glad Regions, ſmiling? Which ſhall run
One even Courſe, with equal Heat and Fire
Warming the Earth's ſoft Lap, her genial Womb
Fermenting, and with one eternal Spring
Varying her matron Boſom? While the Sun
Not knowing to aſcend or to decline
Shall roll in one bright Track; his Axle bore
No longer up and down the thwarting Sky,
Imparting Life, and equal Light to all
The happy Climes he viſits, none obſcur'd
In Darkneſs, none e'er ſmit with too much Flame
Bemoaning their loſt Verdure: What ſhall wake
The Infant Flower, and load the golden Bough,
His Beam ſhall miniſter, and chaſe away
What Fumes and Exhalations in the Air
Once threatned Life with Death, to fly no more
Fatal or noxious: Thro' theſe happy Skies
No Blaſt allow'd to breathe, but ſuch as bore

Thro' Groves of Incenſe murmuring, ſhall unfold
Each Morn, thy Eye-lids, or at Eve invite
To reſt or downy Slumbers in thy Shades.
Such be thy outward Bliſs; nor ſhall thy Mind
Want its Refreſhment here, or proper Joy,
(Thy eager Wiſh to learn;) for Heaven who gives
Each Senſe delight (Man's loweſt Good) can ne'er
Permit his nobler Part, that Spark deriv'd
From his own Eſſence, to bemoan her State
Leſs happy, tho' to greater Bliſs ordain'd.
Seeſt thou yon Numbers ſpread, (whoſe Names anon
Their Merits, what they wrought, how much they bore
To claim thoſe Wreaths, which ſhall for ever bind
Henceforth their virtuous Temples) they with thee
In Union joyn'd, and Friendſhips holy Bands,
The cordial Balm of Life, ſhall taſte below
What we enjoy above! Each Breaſt in Flames
Of ſacred Love diſſolving, to yon Sky
Devotion, grateful Hymns, and pious Praiſe
Shall pour, aſſembled Angels in the Throng,
Uniting Heaven and Earth, now one great Choir,
Extolling one great King, ſhall help to raiſe
The pompous Conſort louder; while they meet
Under no Temple human Art has rear'd
However gorgeous, or with Art divine
Magnificently built to aid their Songs
And Eccho back their Muſick. They beneath
A fairer Canopy, this ample Sky,
And the wide Roof of Heaven, with Muſick ſweet
And fulleſt Harmony ſhall fill the Air,
With Sounds, (and ſuch as heavenly Ears may charm)
Cheering th' eternal Regions; while each Heart
Warm'd now with pureſt Flames, begins his Praiſe
Who dwells on high, and fills yon radiant Throne
Blazing aloft; adding MESSIAH's Fame
Earth's *Saviour*, with the ſacred Spirit join'd;

Each

Each Infinite, paying alike to all
Bleſſing and Power, and Glory, ever due
To thoſe, whoſe great Dominion, Time nor Place,
But wide Eternity alone can bound.
Think then as to yon Clouds thy Eyes are turn'd
In ſacred Raptures, and the parting Sky
Diſcovers to thy Sight MESSIAH's Brow
Circled with faireſt Light, Ten Thouſand Names
Of Angels, and Arch-angels pour'd around
His Preſence, and conſpiring in his Praiſe,
Mixing their Songs with thine, if thou canſt more
Demand, what earthly Bliſs can entertain
Thy Mind below; or rather not enquire
How mortal Senſe is ſtrengthned to endure
The Ecſtaſy, when thou on Earth ſhall ſoar
In Thought to yonder Heaven, and leave below
Thy frailer Part, as ſcarce with Life inſpir'd,
The Soul employ'd above, who wiſhes there
Her happy Manſions, reſcu'd from her Clay!
Nor ſhall thoſe Paſſions, which too long ſubdued
Each Boſom, and thy Sons to mutual Wrongs
Excited, Wars unjuſt, and rival Arms,
Here longer hold Dominion, or the Sway
Thwart, of Imperial Reaſon: Peace within
Shall be the Parent of a Child as fair,
Outward Conſent, and Union, while thy Race
No more on Titles bent, and worldly Fame,
Deſtroying mutual Love, ſhall now combine
In Ties of pureſt Friendſhip; and what long
Was propheſy'd, ſhall only here be found,
Peace and good Will on Earth, which here ſhall chuſe
Their *Halcion* Neſts, and joyn'd, for ever dwell.
Nor ſhalt thou more with fruitleſs Sweat and Pain
Aſpiring after Knowledge, only boaſt
(Studious of Nature's Laws) a Treaſure gain'd
Of learned Ignorance; the moſt thy Race

And thou, desirous ever more to know
Have purchas'd, tho' with endless Search and Toil.
Nature, coy Goddess, smiling to elude
Thy closest Search, in various Shapes retir'd
From thy Approaches, and forbid thy Eye
Curious in vain, to follow where she led
Thy wandring Sight, benighted e'er it gain'd
Fruition of its Wish, and fond Desire.
What cost thee once thy Paradise, a Thirst
Of high and heavenly Knowledge, to be deem'd
Like one of us, shall now become no more
Thy Guilt or Punishment; but in Return
Of all it once bereav'd thee of, the Joys
Of Innocence, and *Eden*'s happy Vales,
Thy fair Possessions, shall for these bestow
As ample Retribution: While the Mind
Smit with a Love of Truth shall pine no more
With fierce Desires to know, and yet despair
Of reaching what with eager Wish it strove
To conquer! Part of thy terrestial Joy
And not the least, design'd thee here below
(Since human Sense is far too weak to bear
Devotions Transport still, nor sometimes feel
Abated in its Force, the dying Flame)
Never to want a Bliss on Earth, while here
Conversing, some new Light shall still inspire
Thy Heart with new Contentment, to behold
Fully reveal'd from Heaven, what thou before
With Sorrow, watchful Care, and fruitless Pains
Hast strove to learn.—With what Success, thy Woes
And unavailing Search in Wisdom's Ways
Can bear sad Witness! But thy Mind now clear'd
Of Mist and Darkness, shall like us survey
Intuitive, both Heaven and Earth around,
Nature's profoundest Depths, her Secrets all
Unfolding, which are yet but dimly seen,

Too ſmall, or elſe too large for human Eye
To ſearch or penetrate. Thy ſelf, before
Thy greateſt Wonder, fully thou ſhalt know
Here, and aſtoniſh'd at thy heavenly Frame
And Union! How with Body pureſt Mind
Embracing, ſhou'd in mutual Friendſhip joyn'd
Partake each others Joy, or feel one Pain,
Together pleas'd or ſad! But moſt thy Soul
Thy Thought ſhall in Amaze begin to know,
With all her various Paſſions; what awakes
Within her, Joy or Hate, or Love or Rage,
Changing by Turns: And conſcious whence ſhe drew
Her great Original, how quick ſhe ſoars
To where ſhe took her Birth; above the Skies
Bore upward, ſcorning now her Houſe of Clay,
To dwell with Gods; and ſees the Seats prepar'd
To be her future Dwelling; where ſhe views
What Creatures people Heaven, our great Employ
Above, to thee already partly known,
So long the Care of Angels! To be made
Anon more manifeſt, when Heaven ſhall throw
The Gates of Knowledge wide, and cheer thy Eye
With Proſpects, which Mortality before
With too much Pain beheld inſtead of Joy.
See'ſt thou yon golden Heavens? What if beyond
Their cryſtal Verge a Thouſand Worlds ſhou'd roll
Ample as this, and glorious, and in Fame
As eminent? With Suns like this adorn'd
By Day, and Stars to gild their nightly Shades?
What if the ſame great Architect, that rais'd
This earthly Spot, has built beyond thy View,
With more Magnificence, and ſits ador'd
On his high Throne, by Numbers that exceed
Ten-fold thy Race? To limit heavenly Power
With only what appears, nor deem its Arm
Sufficient to erect what thy weak Eye

Deſ-

Deſpairs to reach, is with too low a Thought
To judge Omnipotence. But whether one,
Or if more Worlds his wondrous Art has fram'd,
Anon ſhall be reveal'd; ſuffice it now
To learn, (and more perhaps thy Wiſh to know)
The Fate of this fair Orb, ſince firſt it roſe
With thee from Darkneſs, to what Changes born;
How oft it has endur'd for Man's Offence
The violence of Fire, or drowning Waves,
By turns ſubdued by each; ---- But what ſo long
Perplext with Doubt the wiſeſt of thy Race
To gueſs, her oblique Courſe; what Hand had Power
To turn her Axle round, Days, Months and Years
Compleating, and the Seaſons various Change,
Shall be thy Joy to know, but not with Pain,
Thy Knowledge here acquired, or anxious Toil;
Heaven guiding now thy Search, his ſacred Rays
Clearing thy Mind, with Darkneſs long obſcur'd,
And loſt in mazy Errors, now to end.

Thus ſpoke the ſocial Cherub, and with Peace
The Heart of ADAM ſtill attending, cheer'd;
Eas'd of his preſent Doubts; but eager ſtill
To learn what Fate hereafter ſhou'd befal
His Race, now crowding thick the ſmiling Vale
Wherein their Parent ſtood, with Looks and Voice
Submiſſive, thus once more his Suit renews.
Reſtorer of my Peace, and ſent to guide
My Thoughts, who ſcarce my ſelf ſo lately knew,
Much leſs, why hither ſent, by whom reſtor'd
To gaze this Paradiſe; how much I owe
For what thou haſt reveal'd, theſe Tears of Joy
May ſerve awhile to Witneſs, till with me
More of yon Multitudes (whoſe Fame to know
Shall be my next Requeſt) perhaps may join
In equal Thanks for what thy Love has told.

But

But oh! as oft as conſcious I recal
My paſt Offence, how eaſy drawn away
From juſt Obedience, tho' with Reaſon arm'd,
Sufficient to have ſhunn'd, what wrought my Woe,
How hardly can I credit what thy Voice
Has kindly utter'd, of Heaven's Wrath appeas'd?
Nay more, a preſent Bliſs, and future Joy,
And each prepar'd by him who might have doom'd,
Not without Cauſe, my ſelf and thoſe ſince born,
To endleſs Miſery! If then I crave
What thou haſt Heaven's Permiſſion to unfold,
Once more I bend, thy Suppliant; nor refuſe,
What without blame perhaps thou yet may'ſt tell,
Tending to eaſe me more, If thoſe I View,
Thoſe Numbers, are the whole of human Race
With me to Life reſtor'd; if part alone
(The reſt ſtill held by Fate in captive Chains)
Why theſe ſhou'd firſt ariſe? What Virtues claim'd
Such Privilege, as to unlock the Grave,
The Sepulchres of Death, and marbled Urns,
Meant a Reward (as ſeems) with earlier Bliſs
To crown ſuperior Merit; or repay
Thoſe whom on Earth afflicting Torments try'd
And found 'em more than human! Why they ſhine
Yonder ſo glorious, with ſuch Light array'd,
Tho' different in Degree, each above each
Refulgent, and with various Luſtre fair,
Not without thee I purpoſe to attain
Solution; or what more perhaps may tend
To yield me Peace and Comfort, as I gaze
Sire of yon Multitudes, my Race return'd
To ſecond Life; their Glories e'er they dy'd,
Their Names, and Virtues from thy Voice to hear.

---- To whom the friendly Angel, nothing mov'd,
Made Anſwer! What thy Wiſhes have implor'd

Offspring of Heaven, in part ſhall be reveal'd ;
Part hid in Darkneſs yet ; not to refuſe
Thy fond Requeſt, but leſt to know what Doom
Some of thy Race muſt ſhare, may cauſe thee Woe,
Perhaps, and interrupt thy preſent Joy.
Suffice it now to learn, Thy Self, and more
In Number than the Stars that nightly glow
Around yon Heaven, above ſhall fairly ſhine
Like them, and Numberleſs, nor e'er to loſe
Your Bliſs and Station more amid yon Skies ;
When leaving theſe terreſtrial Seats, ye change
This Earth for Heaven, aloft by Angels bore
Up to the ſacred Throne of God, beheld
By nothing mortal --- Whom thy Eye ſurveys
With Wonder round thee, covetous to know,
Why firſt to Life, and this new World reſtor'd,
Their ardent Love of Virtue, firſt has rais'd
To this fair Paradiſe : And happy thoſe
Whoſe Lot on Earth is with the firſt to riſe !
Conſcious of higher Worth, and ſure to gain
Glories as eminent, while here they dwell,
Are deſtin'd, when this Orb ſhall be no more
A beauteous Seat for Man, (perhaps to ſhine
A future [1] Star) to Manſions fair ordain'd,
To be their laſt Reward above, by Time
(Which now ſhall flow no longer) not impair'd.
Know then, of thoſe, who now begin to throng
Around thee, firſt are they, who Heaven's Commands,
Enlightned from above, were choſe to bear
To thy deluded Race, from darkeſt Shades
Of Pagan Error, by new Laws reclaim'd
To pureſt Worſhip, which before was paid
But how unworthy, to the beſtial Shrines
Of Idol Gods, which their own Hands had rais'd.
How full of Reverence each! He chief, who call'd
Up to the Brow of *Sinai* durſt behold

The

[1] *See* Burnet's Theory, *Book* 4. *Chap. the laſt.*

The Deity, tho' mortal; while he gave
His Laws aloud in Thunder, heard below
With Dread and Terror, and amazing Pain;
The Mountain ſmoaking, as the Voice divine
Utter'd his Will aloft; while thoſe that gaz'd
Beneath, with ſudden Fear of Death attend.
Thoſe next, who in their Looks reſemblance hold
Of kindred Beauties, Sons of one great Sire,
Whoſe Steps thou hence may'ſt view, liv'd long enthral'd
In ſervile Bondage in the Land of *Nile*,
To *Egypt*'s haughty Monarch; whence recall'd
By Miracles, as after long ſuſtain'd,
Journeying thro' Deſarts to the Land foretold
And promis'd to their Fathers; they become
A mighty Nation, fear'd by Nations round,
Whom ſoon they conquer'd; Heaven without their Arm
Fighting their wondrous Battels. Some thy Eye
May ſee from hence of *Iſrael*'s Kings renown'd
For Faith and Piety; the moſt deny'd
This bliſsful Paradiſe, who often ſcorn'd
The Wonders that *Jehovah* wrought to ſave
Them and their Fathers; down to Wood and Stone
Carv'd into Idol Forms, each bending low
In Worſhip, few adoring his high Power
Who lent 'em Crowns and Empire --- But to give
Thy Boſom Peace again, and turn away
Theſe Sorrows, which perplex thee, to behold
Some of thy Race unhappy, caſt thy Eye
On yonder radiant Hoſt that onward move
To greet thee; gueſſing right this *Silvan* Shade
Thy cool and choſen Dwelling. Every Hand
A branching Palm, and every cheerful Brow
A Lawrel wears, of freſh and blooming Green,
Binding their ſacred Temples! But thy Joy
And eager Wiſh to learn each pious Name
Too long I now ſuppreſs, intent to know

What Virtues, and great Acts, or ſuffering Fame
Gave 'em, with fairer Glories to outſhine
So much their Fellows, as they paſs along
With ſolemn Steps, and ſlow, in hopes to view
Their general Parent ---- Whom thou ſeem'ſt to gaze
With Wonder, know, the happy Numbers choſe
By him, who left his Heaven, nor ſcorn'd to dye
On Earth for thy Offence, to ſave thy Race
From endleſs Torment. Theſe (his heavenly Birth
Witneſs'd by wondrous Signs, by Angels told,
Directing where he lay) were firſt ordain'd,
Of Thouſands, who beſide his Wonders view'd,
To bear Record how much he wrought below
For Man; his Throne, his Father, and his Skies
Forgotten all, and left awhile, to dwell
With Grief converſing, and a Train of Woes;
Each ſtill exceeding each, till Death at laſt
Finiſh'd the frightful Number. --- Theſe were nigh
And ſtill attending, when his Word recall'd
The Dead to Life, the Dying from their Pain;
Heal'd by his gracious Voice, which often gave
Sight to the dimmeſt Lid; and wondrous Sound
To the deaf Ear; aſtoniſh'd all to gaze,
The Cloud and Darkneſs of the Mind and Eye
Alike retiring, as his Word beſtow'd
An equal Light, on each to err no more;
What leſſer Glories than what now they wear
Cou'd be their Portion, who on Earth reſign'd
Each Bliſs, their Life at laſt, with Smiles and Joy
Nothing reluctant, rather than conceal
Thoſe ſacred Truths their dying Lord's Command
Gave 'em aloud to utter; meant to turn
The World to Light from Darkneſs, to unfold
To thoſe that ſat in Shades, a glorious Day,
Its Birth from higheſt Heaven. Next theſe in Fame
And Virtue, ſee approaching near thy Bower,

Smiling beneath their Crowns a radiant Train
Of Saints and Martyrs, chuſing each to dye
Well pleas'd themſelves; amazing every Foe
Who view'd, with how much Joy they met their Flames,
And every Torment elſe their Lord foretold
Shou'd be their Lot on Earth, who to his Name
Bore Witneſs, and the Wonders which he wrought
Before the World, to prove his Birth divine.

To whom the Parent cheer'd with ſudden Joy!
How much I owe thee, who haſt kindly brought
Peace to my troubled Mind, again reſtor'd
To Comfort, viewing Numbers round me ſtand
All ſprung from me; with me in theſe Abodes
To dwell, till higher rais'd by Him, who dy'd
To give us Life, and open'd yonder Skies
Our Seat of future Reſt, when Earth no more
Shall yield us Habitations? Who can praiſe
Enough, or with Obedience due return
His ample Goodneſs, who in Guilt quite loſt,
And from his Hand expecting nought but Woe,
Show'rs on my Head (as if I ne'er had ſcorn'd
His Voice) ſuch Mercies, more than which, not thoſe
Who ne'er offended him, cou'd juſtly claim.
But ſay! Tho' glorious all, why ſome are ſeen
As on they move, with fairer Beauties crown'd,
Above their Fellows glorious? Sure what binds
Their radiant Locks, thoſe flowry Wreaths, they wear
More heavenly Merit, or ſuperior Pain
Endur'd on Earth, purſuing virtuous Fame
To recompence; how graceful all appear
Mark'd with that ſacred Image which adorn'd
Me Guiltleſs once; and draw my wondring Eye
Leſs pleas'd with other Objects, to behold
And gaze at them alone, as doubly fair.

To whom the Angel ſmiling ---- Not amiſs
Thy Eye has judg'd, admiring thoſe who won
Our Wonder oft in Heaven; tho' Sons of Light,
Our Deeds of Virtue, and celeſtial Fame
Striving to emulate. Know then, renown'd
In every Virtue late, an Empire roſe
Far hence, and water'd with the Ocean Wave,
Circling her Realms, not able to confine
Her Glories! Thoſe who felt the Tyrant's Rage
Or Cruelties, with ſuppliant Cries beſought
Her Warrior's ſaving Help, and pious Arm,
Ne'er lifted up, but cruſhing where it fell
Each rival Foe, which met in evil Hour
Her Sword in Battel; high on foreign Shores
Her Standards oft were fixt, and Banners wav'd,
Dreadful to hoſtile Powers; who view'd with Pain
The Colours, blaz'ning wide their Monarch's Fame
In coſtly Ornaments; which ſerv'd to wake
In every Heroe's Breaſt new kindling Fire
Swell'd with the Hope of Triumph: To her Shrines
The wretched ever flew, nor bow'd in vain
For Succour in Diſtreſs, the proudeſt Foe
In fight, encount'red ſtill with greateſt Joy;
Preſenting fairer Lawrels, when ſubdu'd
Not without greater Glory! Nor rever'd
Liv'd ſhe for Virtue leſs, than great in Arms,
Dear to the Eye of Heaven, whoſe Courts ne'er ſhone
With brighter Numbers, or with fairer Shades
Than from her Iſle arriv'd, that Bliſs to claim
Promis'd to worthieſt Actions! None of all
Thy numerous Race of Sons, however ſpread
Wide o'er the ſpacious Earth, e'er won the Sire
From whence they ſprung, more fair and ample Fame,
Loving, and lov'd by Heaven, whoſe Cauſe their Voice
Still pleaded, and whoſe Right their Swords maintain'd:

In

In Pagan Empires, and on diſtant Shores
Far from their lov'd Abodes, and native Soil,
Leading their virtuous Troops, in Dangers train'd
To fight their pious Battels. ---- He who moves
Majeſtick firſt, was firſt of ALBION's [b] Kings
(So call the happy Iſland) who inſpir'd
With Thirſt of Glory led his hardy Bands
To ASIAN Fields far off, to merit Fame
Won from apoſtate Legions. O'er the Plains
Of *Jewry*, red with Blood, pour'd from the Wounds
Of *Painim* Foes, he drove the vanquiſh'd Hoſt
Reluctant, and the ſacred hoſtile Towers
Of *Salem*, riſing once to Heaven full dear,
Reſcued from faithleſs Bands, who held in Chains
Her Sons, and hardeſt Bondage. She whoſe Eyes
Dart Looks of fondeſt Love, which ſtill ſhe bore
Unfeign'd and pure, was once that Heroe's Queen;
Witneſs of all his Deeds, and with his Toils
Unwearied, drawing from his pois'ned Vein
Th' envenom'd Shaft, her ſelf content to die
Rather than moan her much lov'd Lord expire.
Thoſe Crouds which next advance in Princely State
And Kingly Port, Auguſt, by turns ſucceed
Each to the vacant Throne, a new Renown
Adding, and freſher Trophies to the Fame
Gain'd by their Royal Sires; whoſe Deeds they ſtrive,
Whether of Piety, of Faith, or Arms,
Or ſacred Zeal, to match with Acts as fair,
Shadowing their Father's Glories. [c] He the chief
In Virtue, and at once ſupreme in Woe,
Whom hence thou may'ſt behold, with heavenly Mein
And meek Deport, amidſt a Race of Kings
His Offspring, hither tending ---- Juſtice, Peace,
And Truth, Religion's ſacred ſpotleſs Train,
He ſought to plant on Earth, which in an Age

[b] Richard I. [c] Charles I.

De-

Degenerate, and with ev'ry Guilt diſtain'd,
Wrought him Diſtreſs; which rather ſhou'd have won
Affection and good Will from thoſe who doom'd
His cruel Death; ſad Recompence he found
For too much Piety! See yet the Sign
Of frantick Rage, the Purple of his Wound
Circling his royal Neck, which ſtoop'd to feel
And ah how mild! the harden'd Tyrant's Blow,
Wading thro' Blood to Empire, that o'erflow'd
(Pour'd from the Monarch's and the Peoples Veins)
Widely his mournful Realms, which long appear'd
Sad for their Royal Lord, who taught each Vale
Far other Echoes once, than theſe of Woe
And bitter Wailing --- But the Throng behind,
His Race and happy Offspring, ſoon regain
By Heaven's Decree, (which ſtill with pious Care,
Protects the injur'd Right of ſuffering Kings)
Their antient Throne, too long beneath the Weight
Groaning of Uſurpation. They beyond
Whate'er their Fathers won, the ancient Bounds
Of *Albion*'s Empire ſtretch their wide Command,
Far o'er the ſubject World, whoſe various Climes
Their Aid ſollicit, or revere their Arm;
Rais'd to ſupport or conquer, whereſoe'er
Their Sword is lifted, or their Banners wave,
Beheld with Fear or Gladneſs, as they ſhine
Friendly or adverſe ---- There with Wonder gaze
The great *Naſſau*, and *England*'s Siſter [d] Queens.
One to the Hero in the ſtricteſt Bonds
Joyn'd of connubial Love, and Union dear,
Inviolable long; who with the Crown
She gave the Monarch, half its Weight and Cares
Her ſelf ſuſtain'd, ſoft Partner of his Reign,
Dreadful to adverſe Kings! While ſhe who moves
Majeſtical and fair, with kindred Charms

[d] *Queen* Mary *and Queen* Anne.

Confeſſing one great Sire, (whoſe Fate to name
Perhaps might wake thy Sorrows) ſingly bore
Not without Glory, and an envied Fame
The Toil of Empire: At whoſe great Command
Heard thro' the vanquiſh'd World with Dread and Fear,
The Voice of War was huſh'd; whoſe horrid Sound
Prompted dire Nations to inveterate Arms;
The Soldier's Breaſt, and Leader's Boſom fir'd
No more with Love of Battel! While the Wreaths
Circling her Brow, were deem'd too dearly won,
Or with the Widow's Tear, or Orphan's Woe;
Sighing while yet ſhe conquer'd, and with Pain
Viewing her Lawrels ſtain'd with too much Gore
Shed to augment her Fame; which ſhe poſſeſs'd
Diſconſolate, tho' in the midſt of Joy!
How yet her pitying Eyes, and Looks ſerene
Unfold her Heart within; encompaſs'd round
With Numbers, which her own Example fir'd
On Earth to equal Deeds of holy Fame;
They [f] chief on whom ſhe ſmiles; with Looks that own
A Mother's Fondneſs ſtill; ſuch as her Eye
Was often pleas'd to witneſs, when they choſe
To tread her virtuous Steps; with Merits crown'd
Her Piety inſpir'd, and after paid
With Gifts of Royal Bounty. What ſhe wore
Of earthly Pomp, when mortal, ſhe reſign'd
More gladly, to behold e'er yet ſhe dy'd
Whoſe Temples, what Illuſtrious Monarch's Brow
Her Diadem ſhou'd bind; around his Head
Shining with faireſt Light, and fulleſt Day,
Augmented by his Preſence, which ſtill ſhews
Bright and diſtinguiſh'd o'er theſe happy Plains!
See where the [g] Father ſtands, that tender Name

[f] *The Dutcheſs of* Somerſet, *and Counteſs of* Scarborough, *Ladies of the Bed-chamber to the late Queen.*
[g] *King* George.

Still fond to purchaſe by a Parent's Care!
More pleas'd to win, what Subjects bleſt his ſway
With Piety, than with reluctant Arms
To his Obedience; paid with outward Sound
Of Duty, which the Heart too often ſcorns!
Peace ever ſmil'd, and with her balmy Wings
Plenty ſate brooding in his happy Reign,
Fruitful of pious Deeds; whoſe Voice recall'd
Home to their native Soil, and *Albion*'s Throne
Religion, Juſtice, Right, with all the Train
Of Bleſſings, which attend thy glorious Way
Fair Liberty! Mark well with curious Eye
The braveſt of thy Sons, as on he moves
Majeſtick, and in ſolemn State, his Brow
Crown'd with Imperial Wreaths! Of all thy Race
The firſt of Kings, by *Albion*'s Voice oft call'd
From his Paternal Throne; not without Tears
Of Sadneſs left, and ſofteſt Sorrows pour'd
Down from his People's Cheeks; whoſe loyal Woe
Divides the Heroe's Heart, too ſoft to hear
Their Griefs when utter'd, nor like Paſſion feel
At their Complainings, which had almoſt ſtay'd
The Father from Purſuit of further Fame!
What Grace, (the ſame which mortal once he wore)
Dwells on his Viſage ſtill, and Form divine,
Soft'ned with Meekneſs, which invites each Eye
To Wonder, what it dar'd not elſe behold:
His great Heroick Worth thou ſhalt admire
Anon more fully, when with nearer View
Thou canſt ſurvey him, moving on to hail
With Kings and Heroes, all from Him deriv'd
Thee their great Parent; pleas'd that any ſprung
From thee cou'd boaſt ſuch Virtues! Near his Side
Treading in princely State, thou may'ſt behold
His numerous Offspring, with a Race of Kings

Once filling *Europe*'s Thrones, and bleſſing all
The Empires which they rul'd with mildeſt Sway;
Reſembling Heaven in Piety, which they ſhower'd
On the diſtreſs'd, with Thunders never arm'd
But to reſiſt and quell the ſtubborn Foe
Deaf to the Voice of Mercy! But thy Eye
Perhaps I now detain, more fond to know
What Form, whoſe Looks celeſtial, thoſe that hide
With a ſuperior Light all other Charms,
Varying thy Wonder. Of thy Daughters born
Since firſt Creation ſmil'd, none e'er aroſe
In Youth and Beauties bloom, more Heavenly fair
Reſembling more in Glory e'er ſhe fell
From Innocence, whom firſt thou didſt adore
With every Grace endued, on *Eden*'s Plains,
Thy new created *Eve*; tho' Heaven and Earth
Conſpir'd to form her lovely! Every Eye
That raviſh'd once beheld her mortal Charms,
Still wiſh'd her longer ſtay, who ſtill inſpir'd
Gladneſs into each Heart, and ſofteſt Joy
Diffuſing Sweetneſs round her: Nor cou'd all
The various Ornaments, which Nature gave
To finiſh, and compleat her mortal Frame
Shadow her inward Virtues, which were ſeen
More fairly, dwelling in a Seat ſo fair,
And likeſt Heaven --- But I thy Ear may hold
Too long in fond Attention, wiſhing more
The more I tell, to learn what virtuous Name
I ſtrive to dignify with equal Praiſe,
Which once was *Carolina*; while the Earth
Enjoy'd her Beauties nought by Death impair'd
Still mild and heavenly, as the fragrant Flower
Chill'd with the Damps of Night, which with the Morn
Riſeth more lovely! Neither can thy Eye
Long want a new Delight, from hence to view

Thoſe

Thoſe Multitudes far off, whoſe pious Care
Has throng'd theſe happy Manſions with a Train
Of Saints, and ſainted Heroes, by their Voice
Won to the Love of Virtue! Not the Stars
That every Eve o'erſpread this golden Sky,
Exceed in Multitude thoſe ſacred Names
Thou ſhalt anon be taught ---- They chief who tread
Theſe holy Seats, with whiteſt Robes adorn'd,
Emblems of ſpotleſs Truth, nor theſe alike
In Merit once, or now with Glory crown'd,
Shining with equal Luſtre ---- Some with Rays
Superior, and a Light that ſhadows all
Their Fellow's Brightneſs! See with what a Grace
And Dignity they move to meet their Sire
[h] *Fox*, *Wickam*, *Eglesfield*, Illuſtrious Names
On Earth when mortal! Waited by a Throng
Of thoſe their Bounty nurs'd, and pious Care
Train'd up in uſeful Arts, and Wiſdom's Way
In *Albion* once; and near fair *Iſis* Stream
So call the Flood faſt by whoſe ſilver Wave
The Seat to Learning ſacred once aroſe
Great and magnificent! To whoſe high Fame
None added more, than [i] whom thou hence may'ſt view
Moving with ſober Pace acroſs theſe Plains,
His due by Merit long; if any claim
Theſe Seats by Deeds of Virtue! How his Look
And heavenly Aſpect ſtill has Power to charm,
Awful and mild at once, which both a Joy
Creates with Reverence mixt, in all who view.
None of thy Sons on Earth, howe'er renown'd
For great or pious Deeds, have e'er excell'd
Or equal'd, what like Heaven, his Bounty pour'd
To eaſe the Wretche's Want, or dry the Tears,

[h] *Founders of* C. Chriſti Col. New College, *and* Queen's College *in* Oxford.
[i] *Dr.* Turner, *the late pious and worthy Preſident of* C. C. C. Oxon. *Who gave* 2000 *Pound for the Relief of the Widows of poor Clergymen.*

Faſt

Faſt falling from their Cheeks, till he reſtrain'd
With charitable Hand the mournful Shower,
Changing the Widow's Plaint, and Orphan's Moan
To Triumph, and the cheerful Voice of Joy.
One yet in numb'ring laſt, not laſt in Fame
Of yon bleſt Train, thou yet haſt to admire,
And I to celebrate. See her from far
As Cherubs kind, as blooming Angels fair,
Full in the Prime of Youth, when Death ſurpriz'd
And faded all her Glories as they grew
From bright to brighter ſtill; while Virtue gave
A new Increaſe to every outward Charm,
Each borrowing, as ſhe ſmil'd, a freſher Hue
From pureſt Innocence: Had Heaven decreed
Thy mortal State on Earth, when firſt ſhe pin'd,
What Wailing, loud Laments, and deepeſt Moan,
Had reach'd thy Ear, and ſadden'd every Joy,
Sorrowing with thoſe that wept, and Heaven implor'd
With ſacred Violence her Life to ſpare;
Thy Woes augmented ſtill, if yet thy Eye
Had Power to view the ſad and mournful Scene,
Her Cheeks, now cold in Death! A Thouſand Cries
Pour'd forth to call again her pious Shade
And wake her into Life; each Parent's Tears
Flowing apace, tho' fruitleſs on her Urn,
Water'd with kindeſt Sorrows, which bedew
The dead Remains of Beauties faireſt Charm
Smiling altho' in Death; while in Deſpair
The wretched Mother breathes her Soul away
In long long Sighs, ſent up to yonder Sky,
But unavailing, as ſad *Richmond* lies
Her ſelf expiring o'er her *Berkley's* Grave!
But ſee the Sun with ſwift Declenſion fall
Down the calm *Weſtern* Sky, my Sign at Eve
To haſten hence, and thine within thy Bower
To ſeek ſoft Slumbers! What remains untold

That to thy Race hereafter may befal
From me expect when next the golden Morn
Dawns from above; till then, beneath these Shades
By Heaven thick wove, thy Limbs with downy Rest
Refresh, and cheer thy Thoughts with happy Dreams.

The End of the Eleventh Book.

THE

THE

LAST JUDGMENT.

BOOK XII.

Devenere locos lætos, & amæna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, ſedeſq; beatas.
Largior hic campos æther & lumine veſtit
Purpureo, ſolemq; ſuum, ſua ſidera norunt. Virg. Lib. 6.

AS when ſome Parent, truſting to the Main,
All his lov'd Offspring, views from off the Shoar
The Tempeſt riſing, and beneath the Waves
Or ſees, or thinks he ſees the Bark deſcend;
Bereft of Hope, he yields himſelf a Prey
Awhile to Sadneſs; till ſome kinder Gale
Back to his Arms returns, what his Deſpair
Thought loſt, and with his Sons, reſtores his Joy.
So far'd it late with ADAM; ſuch his Pain
Deeming his Race all loſt; and ſuch anon
His Triumph, to behold with Life inſpir'd
His happy Offspring, judg'd beneath the Grave
Held captive, and by cruel Death detain'd.
How did thy Heart with Gladneſs overflow,
How beat and prompt the ready Tear to fall
Down thy Paternal Cheek, the Vales around
Cover'd with Numbers, hiding all the Plain;
Thee bleſſing, Thee with general Tranſport own'd
Firſt Parent, and the Sire of all that view'd
The Heavens, or fill'd the Earth's unmeaſured Bounds
In ſwarming Multitudes? No greater Bliſs

Thy Boſom felt, when ſleeping in the Bowers
Of *Eden*, near the Fall of murmuring Streams,
Some Hand unfelt, forth from thy wounded Side
Drew thy fair *Eve*, with every Beauty fair,
Soft Partner, and the Crown of all thy Joys!
Yet ſcarce beheld, when ſeen in all her Bloom,
Firſt waiting thy Approach beneath her Shades
With Smiles more viſible, than thoſe thy Eye
Witneſs'd, the Angel numb'ring who aroſe,
Their Names and virtuous Merit call'd with Thee
From Death in never-ceaſing Tides, to ſhare
Thy Bliſs on Earth, ſoft rolling thro' the Vales
Thy preſent Lot; and ſtor'd with each Delight
Thy firſt, but not thy faireſt *Eden* bore.

Now gentle Slumbers, which his Lids had clos'd
All Night, his Couch forſaking, to the Morn
His Eyes unfolded; Viſions ſuch as give
The Mind ſoft Ecſtaſy, and ſweeteſt Joy
Held in the Bands of Sleep, were ſent to cheer
His Fancy ſtill awake, and midnight Hours,
Fann'd with Odorous Gales, which round him blew
Charming to eaſy Reſt, whatever lay
Attentive to their ſoft melodious Sound;
Up with the Sun he roſe, in Hopes to find
Sent from above, whoſe Voice had late reveal'd
Enough, to make him eager yet to know
More of his future Fate; when, what his Thought
Conceiv'd, his wondring Eye at laſt beholds,
Swift from the Clouds deſcending to his Bower
The radiant Shape, who lately with the Day
Retiring; with the Morn again return'd
His Promiſe made to ADAM. He to view
His near Approach, with grateful Haſte uproſe,
But not preventing, what the Angel's Voice
Had firſt to utter. To thy Seat once more

From

From Heaven I come, to give thy anxious Mind
A fuller Knowledge, which thy Doubts may claim,
Of what has chanc'd, and what may yet befal
Thy numerous Race, their paſt and future Doom;
Part hid in Darkneſs, and if longer veil'd
In Night, perhaps might pleaſe thee more untold.
But now thy ſelf prepare, if human Sight
Unwearied can behold the Rays divine
Pour'd from celeſtial Objects, to admire
What long thy ardent Wiſh has ſought to know,
Him viſible above, of whoſe great Fame
Thou oft has heard, and by whoſe ſacred Gore
Shed from his bleeding Breaſt, thy mortal Wound
Was heal'd, thy Guilt forgot, and Peace reſtor'd,
With Life, the Purchaſe all of what he bore
For thy Offence! But think not to behold
Thy Saviour now, as once when clad below
With human Frailties: Theſe he only choſe
On Earth, to fit him better to endure
His Suffering, and his Lot of cruel Pain,
To ſave thy Sons from Death, himſelf to die
Nothing reluctant! What he now aſſumes
To wear of Glory, was the ſame he wore
With his great Father, e'er theſe Worlds were fram'd,
This Earth, and yonder Skies --- But I too long
May hold thee wondring, ſince from off his Throne
Already he deſcends, and leaves his Seat
Of high Dominion, next his Sire ſupreme,
Vacant awhile, to give his Saints below
Their Full of earthly Bliſs and human Joy
Their Lord in Smiles beholding! --- Scarce the Sound
Laſt utter'd found its way to ADAM's Ear,
E'er opening high above, the Clouds he views
Parted on either Side, to yield a way
Sufficient for his Chariot-Wheel to roll
To Earth from Heaven. Upon the Axle flam'd

A golden Throne aloft, beyond the Morn
It darkned, and the Day its Light obſcur'd,
Illuſtrious: In the midſt a Form divine,
Tho' full of winning Love, and Meekneſs ſhines,
Too bright to be beheld, but that he veil'd
His Face and Godhead with empyreal Air,
Suffering the Eye to view, which elſe with Pain
Had gaz'd his dazzling Glories. In his Hand
A Sceptre, Emblem of the higheſt Sway,
He bore aloft, the Bane of proudeſt Foes;
His Father's worthy Gift; while round his Brow
In compaſs, ample as the ſhow'ry Bow,
And full as fair, a radiant Circle glow'd
With ſtarry Lights adorn'd and Gems of Gold,
Shadowing the Sun's great Lamp, ſo far he ſhone
Above his Beam refulgent: Nor to grace
His awful Pomp was wanting half the Prime
Of Thrones, and Angels, and of regent Powers
Waiting their Lord, who, whereſoe'er he turn'd
His awful Steps, attended thro' the Sky
MESSIAH's March; which better to adorn
Each in his Hand a radiant Enſign bore
Waving along the Clouds, with holy Deeds
Inſcrib'd, and long Memorials of his Fame
Echo'd to Earth from Heaven; in ſome were told
Hell vanquiſh'd, Life reſtor'd, and Death deſtroy'd,
His mighty Triumph each, while ſome diſplay
Worlds now expiring, riſing now more fair
From his eternal Arm: Airs, heavenly Airs
Breath'd from the Trumpet, Lute, the Voice or String,
In ſweeteſt Conſort fill the joyful Plains
Of Light above, as to his gorgeous Throne,
Hymn'd by celeſtial Choirs the Saviour moves
Not without Pomp and Terror to the Eye
That Views in ſolemn State his Chariot roll
Bending the Baſe of Heaven, whereon he rode

Sublime in fulleſt Glory! At the Sight
So wondrous, down aſtoniſh'd as he gaz'd
The Patriarch fell, unable to behold
(His Guilt now waking freſh) his Saviour's Wound
That flow'd for his Offence, till gently rais'd
By his celeſtial Guide, he found his Joy
Returning, as his Breaſt the Angel cheers
With Words that ſooth'd his Sorrows. -- Well thy Eye
May tremble to adore, what we behold
Not without reverent Fear, when ſeated high
Next to his Father's Throne, his Godhead claims
An equal Worſhip. But to eaſe the Pain
Of human Senſe, not fitted yet to bear
Celeſtial Viſion, ſee he throws a Veil
Around his Glories, which had elſe appear'd
Dark thro' Exceſs of Light; and only ſerv'd
To dazzle, not delight the wearied Eye
Struck with too great a Luſtre. Other Guiſe
He once put on, when Heir of endleſs Joys
He choſe to leave his Empire, and became
Mortal for thee to calm his Father's Ire,
Kindled at thy Offence; which to allay
And taſte of Death, who elſe cou'd never die,
He choſe thy Frailties, to each Woe and Pain
Subject on Earth awhile, to Death at laſt
Thy due by Sin, and theirs, whoever ſprung
From thy Corruption, who from thee cou'd draw
Nought but impure, deſcending thro' the Veins
Of all thy Race, by thy Miſdeed deſtroy'd.
How wou'd thy Eye have pity'd then, whom now
It hardly dares behold, who leaving all
His heavenly Bliſs, with Charity ne'er known
Till then ſo dear on Earth, a Virgin's Womb
Took for his dark Abode; no other room
(Amongſt the Worlds he rais'd, and thoſe he ſav'd)
Allow'd to give him Birth, except the Stall

The Ox frequented. There he mortal lay
(Whoſe Glory yonder Heavens can ſcarce contain)
Subject to mortal Grief, and every Woe,
Shedding his infant Tears, which oft bedew'd
His mournful Cheeks; while with his Years ſtill grew
With equal Pace his Sorrows, and the laſt
He felt, ſtill moſt amazing. For thy Crime
And Heavens dire Juſtice call him now to pay
The rigid Penance, which his Love engag'd
To ſuffer for thy Guilt, which none beſide
In Earth or Heaven, had Worth or Merit due
To expiate. I behold him drinking now
The Dregs of all the Wrath his Father pour'd
Into his bitter Cup; his Foes to Death
Dragging the Heir of Life, to groan away
His guiltleſs Soul in long long Sighs of Woe,
Breath'd on the curſed Tree, where with him hung
Thy Sin, and Man's Offence, which with a Load,
Quite preſs'd him down, a God cou'd only bear,
And nought but Godhead conquer: How he moans?
How droops his penſive Head, no Succour near!
None to inſtil into his cruel Wounds
The healing Balm, and mitigate his Pain!
How ſore and painful, when he ſingly bears
The Wrath, to a whole World's Pollution due,
He blameleſs; bearing yet thy Sin and Blame,
And Guilt, his God, his Father, all his Foes;
Yet all, his ſacred Wounds at laſt obtain
Or to appeaſe or conquer. If thy Eye
Had then beheld, what mine with Anguiſh moan'd
Long ſince, how wou'd his Griefs have turn'd away
Thy Sight from his Diſtreſs, as now upbore
On the curſt Wood to which thy Sin once nail'd
Thy bleeding Lord, he bows, he bends, he dyes;
And with a laſt, a ſad and ſolemn Groan
Utter'd, that Heaven and Earth at once might hear,

Gives

Gives up his Life, on purpoſe to abate
Thy Race's Miſery. How much he bore,
Afflicted Nature witneſs'd at his Fall,
With dire and dreadful Signs; while Thunders rend
The Temple's conſcious Shrine, and Earth all o'er
Trembled, as if in Fear, to view the Shades
Creep on the midſt of Day; the Hours obſcur'd
With Darkneſs, when the Sun was wont to flame
With fulleſt Light and Splendor. Yet the Grave
Wherein he ſlept awhile to Death a Prey
Releas'd him ſoon, from under whoſe black Shade
By his own Might, the third Victorious Morn
He riſes; while in Triumph up the Air
Towards his Great Father's Throne, he bears along
Each Foe his Captive; by thoſe Sacred Wounds
Thou hence may'ſt read, receiving each his Doom.

He ſpoke, and Sadneſs, ſuch as that which fills
His Boſom, who by deareſt Love conſtrain'd
For his Offence, beholds another Dye;
So great our Parent felt, and ſuch his Pain
While in his conſcious Thought he numbers o'er
What dire Calamities and Scenes of Woe
His Guilt had wrought on Earth; and inly mov'd
With ſad Reflection, where his Words want Power
To grieve, he thus ſupplies 'em with his Moan!
Author of Heaven and Earth, and what I prize
More dear than either Name, of every Joy
Reſtorer, which by me was once deſtroy'd,
How can I view Thee hence! Without theſe Tears
How view Thee, from thy bleeding Side who drew
Thoſe Sacred Drops, which with a purple Tide
Once ſtain'd thy wounded Boſom! Can my Eye
Approach Thee, or my Heart thy Love unfold
Not ſorrowing, not relenting, not ſubdued
With half that Agony thy Boſom tore

For my Tranſgreſſion mortal: See me fall'n
Upon my Parent Clay, thus ſad and low,
(Where ſtill I muſt have reſted, had thy Voice
Not interpos'd, and call'd me from my Grave)
And Oh diſdain me not, as thus I pour
My firſt great Vows (and witneſs thou if feign'd)
Up to thy Throne on high, which ne'er ſhall want
(While Life and Breath, thy giving, ſhall ſuffice
For holy Raptures) juſt Returns of Praiſe,
For what thy Love has ſhowr'd on me, and all
From Death with me reſtor'd, to fill theſe Plains
By thee deſign'd our Manſions, where to live
Awhile in Love and Union ſweet, thy Fame,
Thy Life and Death, and deareſt Merits choſe,
To yield us pureſt Joy, whenever ſung
Beneath, in fulleſt Conſort; ſure thy Wounds
For which I inward bleed, ſhall ne'er be told
Without Remorſe and Shame; I firſt to own
With Sighs the direful Cauſe that bid 'em flow,
Waſting thy Sacred Life, of Merit found
To ſave a World from Death, my Guilt had doom'd,
Slighting thy juſt Commands, to endleſs Woe.
Oh take what thus I give! with Joy ſubdu'd
To hope thee now appeas'd; what Gifts my Voice
And willing Heart, at once conſpire to throw
Up to thy Mercy-Seat; which ev'ry Morn
Duly, and at Return of Evening Shade
Shall wait thee, as thou ſits above, in Smiles
Liſt'ning from off thy golden Heaven, to hear
What Sighs aſcend from hence, what holy Praiſe
Our Lips and Hearts to thy All-glorious Throne
Send up, uniting both in thy great Fame
To yield thee Worſhip due: I chief, who brought
Thoſe Woes on Earth, which now in Tears I wail,
Stretch'd lowly on the Ground, a Poſture meet
For my Tranſgreſſion, and thy Love once ſcorn'd.

No Second EVE, however ſweet or fair
Her Looks, howe'er perſuaſive in her Tongue,
Shall more delude me; purpos'd to obey
Henceforth, whate'er thy Will or Word ordains,
Eaſy no doubt and juſt, while Reaſon guides
Our Choice, the Sovereign Judge of good or ill,
By Paſſion ſeldom weigh'd, which once had Power
To rob me of my Peace, enſuring Joy
In Knowledge found! Sad Joy alas! which found
Brought in the World a Train of nameleſs Woes,
And Death at laſt---Which dying, thou haſt chang'd
To better Life, and to be loſt no more.

He ſpoke! when from his Cloud the Godhead gave
Sure Signs of Wrath appeas'd, and Love renew'd
To all his Saints below; who drawing near
The verdant Turf, where ſtill the kneeling Sire
Worſhipp'd, tho' ſilent (the ſurrounding Sky
His fair and ample Shrine) with Reverence due
Greet their great Parent. He from off his Eye
Caſt Looks of Fondneſs, and indulgent Joy
Round on his happy Race; and ſcarce believes
Awhile the Viſion true; ſuch Numbers wak'd
From Death to Life, beginning now to throng
Submiſſive and with filial Awe, the Seat
He choſe, from whence his wondring Sons might gaze
Coeval with the World, their ancient Sire!
One Joy poſſeſſes all, together met
And riſing, whom divided Ages bore,
Rolling between their Birth; which now one Morn
Calls forth at once; one ſmiling Hour reveals
Long loſt in Darkneſs, to the Light of Day,
Beginning now its Race, but not to end,
E'er the glad Earth and wide ethereal Sky
With loud Hoſannahs, and with ſweeteſt Praiſe,
Felt freſh Delight, from tuneful Voices join'd

In heavenly Conſort. For aſſembled now
In one great Choir ſurrounding ADAM's Bower,
His pious Offſpring meet, and while they hear
The Hoſts above begin MESSIAH's Fame
To celebrate, they ſwell the ſacred Song
Beneath rejoycing; one Communion ſweet
The kindred Saints above, and thoſe below,
Heaven mingling now with Earth, one Bliſs, one Joy
Kindling in every Boſom, as they ſing
His Glories, and o'er every vanquiſh'd Foe
Him the great Victor; Death and Hell his Thrall,
Dragg'd to his Chariot-Wheels, as from the Grave
He roſe triumphant, placing his dire Wounds
Full in his Father's Sight, to calm his Ire
For Man's Offence, which dy'd as he expir'd.
He from his high Pavilion where he ſhone,
Ador'd by all his Saints, and fully known,
Smil'd with ſuperior Love, and Grace Divine
Pouring in every Heart Exceſs of Joy
Ineffable, as from his Preſence flow'd
Heavenly Irradiance, ſuch as none cou'd view,
Nor feel celeſtial Raptures, as they gaz'd.
----Thus they in Heaven and Earth no more disjoin'd,
One Kingdom now, in Fellowſhip of Praiſe,
Breath'd to MESSIAH's Throne, their Hours prolong
For ever bliſsful; while in their Abodes,
Tho' Earthly, inward Grief, or outward Cares,
They weep no more, releas'd from every Pain
Once vexing human Life, with ceaſeleſs Woes
Tormented, wailing ſtill, and ſtill in Tears
Dewing the mournful Cheek; which never flows
Here, but to witneſs ſome ſoft inward Joy,
Beſt told by ſeeming Sorrow---But the Mind
Of ADAM anxious ſtill, nor fully clear'd
Of what diſturb'd his Peace, retiring far
From who might hear his Doubts, once more unfolds
To his Celeſtial Leader, what his Heart

Pain'd

Pain'd with a Father's Care, ſtill earn'd to know
Of his lov'd Offspring; which in Words that ſpoke
Paternal Fondneſs, thus he begs to hear.
Beſt Guide in all my Doubts, which if not clear'd
By thee, had whelm'd me in theſe bleſs'd Abodes
Still under Sadneſs; humbly from thy Voice
I crave once more to learn, what human Thought
Without thy Love and Guidance might deſpair
E'er to attain below --- Say then, if all
Since firſt Creation ſmil'd, and from me ſprung
Are call'd from Death? If not, what Cauſe detains
Some under Darkneſs ſtill, while part enjoy
(As more belov'd, and from their gloomy Urns
Reſtor'd) their ſhare of Bliſs in theſe fair Plains;
Part Priſoners held beneath the cruel Grave
Perhaps to live no more! Or if they riſe,
Not likely to theſe Seats, that ſhade us round,
Call'd rather from their Duſt, to taſte and feel
Their Woes above, new Miſery and Pain
Far from theſe happy Regions where we dwell
In endleſs Triumph! And becauſe our Stay
On Earth, and Station in theſe flow'ry Vales
Is once to end, our final State ordain'd
Above with Saints, and holy Angels joyn'd;
Oh deign! (if what I ask may be reveal'd
Without offending Heaven) What Bliſs remains
In yon celeſtial Seats, what other Joys
Than thoſe we reap below, that can exceed
This Bliſs, tho' earthly! And if yet thy Ear
Can liſten, while a Father's Grief demands
(Unfelt by thee ſuch Grief) if any doom'd
Of my unhappy Race ſhall be deny'd
Acceſs and Entrance into yonder Skies,
What then ſhall be their Lot? What Seats are fram'd,
Mournful no doubt and wretched to receive
Whom Guilt excludes from Heaven! Their Fate when told

Perhaps by thee more gently, I ſhall ſtrive
Tho' with a Parent's Sorrow, to attend.

He ſpoke! To whom the Angel not in Smiles
As once beholding ADAM, thus returns.
Suffice not then theſe Manſions fully ſtor'd
With each Delight, that human Wiſh can crave,
To give thee Peace, unleſs thou haſt to join
The Future, to compleat thy preſent Joy?
Deem'd yet it ſeems imperfect, till thy Mind
Can wander, far beyond what now it views
Deep in Futurity. Are theſe fair Scenes
Thou haſt, with ſuch Companions, long to hold
In full Poſſeſſion, and the Hopes reveal'd
Of higher Pleaſures yet, to know no End,
No Changes, unavailing to create
Reſt in thy troubled Thoughts, till thou has gain'd
From high Foreknowledge what thou art to fear
Or hope hereafter? If thy Race all doom'd
By thee to Death, or worſe than Death, to feel
Undying Pain, in part are only call'd
To Life, and more than Life, with thee to ſhare
Fruition here, and after, not to end
Or feel Abatement; what haſt thou to pay,
What Debt immenſe of Praiſe, when ſome are ſpar'd
When thy own Conſcience ſilently has told
That all ſhou'd periſh? Thou ſhoud'ſt ſurely joy
For thoſe receiv'd in Bliſs, when forfeit all
To Heaven's ſtrict Vengeance, rather than bewail
If any, their own Choice, or Guilt deſtroys.
But ſince thy Wiſh, not from a fond Deſire
Of knowing more, but from Compaſſion own'd
To thy unhappy Race, may ſeem to grow;
Far as his Will above permits my Voice
To open what thou haſt to hope or fear
Hereafter, nothing loath, behold me yield

To thy Requeſt; tho' chuſing more to hide
From thy too curious Thought, what fully known
In theſe bleſt Seats perhaps may damp thy Joy.
Learn then, what Multitudes may ſeem to hide
Sprung from the Duſt, theſe happy heavenly Plains
Of thy deſcended Race, are far outdone
By greater Numbers, which the loneſome Grave
Still keeps impriſon'd, and ſhall long detain
Yet under Darkneſs; let it be thy Joy
And theſe redeem'd to Life, awhile to reign
With thee in theſe Abodes, firſt to have roſe
And broke the Iron Link, that held ye chain'd
Down to your clammy Urns; the Caves below
And Sable Courts of Death, ſtill cloſely throng'd;
The Tyrant ſtill his Sceptre waving high
In Triumph, croſs the Realms that dread his Sway,
Stalking with horrid Pride acroſs each Tomb
His awful Throne, from which he ſtill diſplays
His Pale, and fearful Pomp, as round he glares
With dreadful Smiles, rejoycing to behold
The Breadth and Compaſs of his dark Domains.
Nor ſhall the ghaſtly Monarch yet bewail
His Empire fully broke, till round his Sphere
Yon radiant Lamp a thouſand times has roll'd,
Not varying now the Seaſons with Return
Of Spring or Autumn; while the youthful Year
Wears one unfading Hue, for ever green,
While thou haſt here to dwell; which when expir'd,
A ſecond Blaſt the heavenly Trump ſhall pour
Loud o'er the Earth, and wake the dead Remains
That ſleep, of mortal Duſt, which ſoon ſhall hear
Tho' wide as Heaven from Earth, the dreadful Sound;
And rouzing at the Summons, open all
The brazen Gates of Death, and burſt the Tomb
Rifled of all its Triumphs. Yet who riſe
At this laſt Call, when Death hath now no more

Dominion, think not fondly to enjoy
All, in theſe happy Seats, which muſt be chang'd
Tho' fair, for fairer ſtill; but oh deny'd
(What thy ſad boding Heart too juſtly fear'd)
To Numbers of thy Race; far other Climes
Doom'd to inhabit, than theſe pleaſing Plains;
Dire Seats alas of Sorrow, which thy Eye
If not overwhelm'd with Grief might hence behold
Tho' diſtant and in Darkneſs---- At the Sound
That tore his Boſom laſt, the wretched Sire
Bereft awhile of Senſe, began to feel
Life ebbing faſt away, and Darkneſs ſteal
O'er his dim Eyes, which knew no more the Day;
Seen thro' a Flood of Tears, which now obſcure
Each Object round him; till at laſt inſpir'd
By heavenly Aid, which now each Senſe recals
Back to its mournful Seat, he finds a way
With outward Plaints to calm his inward Woe,
Which thus he ſtrives to utter! Why with Joys
Already bleſs'd which theſe fair Manſions yield
Abundant, and ſufficing to allay
The largeſt Appetite, cou'd yet my Mind
Rove after fuller Bliſs, and hope in vain
My preſent happy Lot ſhou'd be outdone
With higher Bliſs hereafter? Was the Showers
Of Bounty, which I felt already flow
Dropp'd from yon Heaven, new Worlds on purpoſe fram'd
To give me new Delights, thoſe Worlds adorn'd
With every Object, which the Eye or Ear
Or Smell, or longing Taſte cou'd once deſire;
Nor half my happy State yet told, to hear
New Glories promis'd above yonder Skies
Theſe earthly ended yet to ſeek for more
Than thoſe I felt at once, and more reveal'd,
How juſtly weeps this Sorrow? Which I drew
On my own Head, as ſeeming to diſdain

The Bliſs already lent me, to whoſe Height
No human Wiſh before cou'd once aſpire:
But ſince from thy ſad Meſſage I may fear
Worſe than perhaps may to my Race befal,
Tho' ſhut from Heaven; ſince what we dread to know
Our Dread augments, and draws in darker Shades;
The View may rather eaſe me, which my Mind
Deep tortur'd with a Scene of fancy'd Woes
Paints now, with Horrors fill'd, and black Deſpair
In ſome dire Region, built by Heaven to whelm
My wretched Race beneath ten thouſand Chains!

He ſpoke; and ſadly ſorrowing took his way
Where now the Angel Guide in Viſion bore
His mournful Thought, near Hell's tremendous Vale;
His outward Eyes faſt clos'd, which wanted Power
When waking, to ſurvey the doleful Scene
Plain to his inward Senſe: Upon the Brim
He ſeems to ſtand, amazing deep below
Of that infernal Lake, whoſe boiling Flames
Wave rolling after Wave from Shore to Shore
Beat on the burning Beach; the Region round
Varied alone with ſoft or ſolid Fires;
Sad Choice! which yet alas! the Wretched chuſe
By turns to eaſe their Torment; while they change
Their diſmal Dwellings oft, bore to and fro
By Surges oppoſite; which now upheave
Whole Legions, and anon in Depths profound
Leave 'em o'erwhelm'd with Seas of Sulphurous Flame
High over-arching; all that ſhone to cheer
Thoſe hideous Manſions, paly Light that glar'd
Shot from the ſtenching Sulphur's livid Blaze,
Juſt ſerving thro' the Darkneſs to reveal
Sad Scenes of Sorrow—Here he might behold
Plain thro' th' enlightned Gloom, ſad Numbers chain'd
Of his unhappy Race, to eaſe their Pains

Chuſing what Poſtures, Phrenſy, Grief, Deſpair
Offer'd by turns, but vainly to aſſwage
Their preſent Anguiſh. Now his Eye firſt knew
A Parent's wretched Sorrow, as it turns
Round o'er the burning Region, and beholds
Names fam'd on Earth (but not for Virtue fam'd)
Dwelling among th' Accurſt! Here IMPIOUS KINGS
Stand firſt reveal'd, weigh'd down with heavieſt Chains,
Where loudeſt roars the Gulph, and deepeſt yawns
Th' unfathom'd Deluge; while before their Eyes
Each ſeeming Form on Earth, their Swords deſtroy'd
Glares ghaſtly by, ſtill pointing to the Wound
That drew their guiltleſs Blood. To theſe were join'd
The next in Guilt, and Fellowſhip of Woe,
Who ſought their Parents Death, or drench'd their Blades
Deep in a Brother's Gore; what Furies dwell
In thoſe Infernal Shades, their Whips prepare,
And with a double Sting their Scorpions arm
To laſh ſuch Guilt, the Earth cou'd hardly bear,
And Hell, with all its bitter Heaps of Woe,
Had ſcarce enough to puniſh. Near their Side
And ſtretch'd on Racks beneath the burning Main
In mighty Numbers groan'd, who once blaſphem'd
The Deity above; with impious Scorn
Deriding what his Anger, or his Love
Threatned or promis'd, each deſign'd to charm
And win their Minds to Virtue; underneath
The ſultry Weight of glowing Mountains chain'd,
They feel alas too late in ſad Deſpair,
Hell not unreal, or its Torments feign'd.
Nor wanted there fit Manſions to receive
Tho' cruel, Multitudes in fair Diſguiſe
Of Piety with ſecret Guilt once ſtain'd;
Hid from the Eyes of Men, but clearly known
To him who dwells above, thro' Night or Day
Piercing with equal Eaſe, whate'er he views

Plain thro' the thickeſt Darkneſs; Numbers more
By Vengeance now purſu'd, who once detain'd
The Orphan's Right, or ſhed the Widow's Tear,
Grip'd with a Conſcience of their earthly Crimes,
Feel round their Hearts the gnawing of Deſpair,
Join'd to a bitter Senſe of outward Woe,
The Furnace flaſhing round 'em, where they roll
Deep hid beneath Hell's hotteſt, loweſt Fires,
Glaring with frightful Luſtre. What their Eye
Seduc'd on Earth, now ſtripp'd of every Charm,
Looks horrid and deform'd, themſelves amaz'd,
How Glory once cou'd tempt, or draw away
Their Steps from Virtue! What Ambition wore,
What Pride, and Wealth, and Luxury, and Scorn
Of Heaven's dire Threats on Earth, had now to pay
For all the Tortures which they muſt endure
Without, within, by Hell, and what much more
Than Hell afflicts 'em, by themſelves arraign'd?
Nor did the baleful Sight of what he view'd
From off the Infernal Beach, torment him more
Than what his Ear, ſtruck with outrageous Sounds,
At once attends; ſad Sighs, and howling Groans,
And deep Laments, the Language of Deſpair,
Pour'd from the raging Gulph, and thro' the Door
Faſt iſſuing of Hell's hollow hideous Dome
Loud and amazing; at the fearful Noiſe
He heard, or ſeem'd to hear, the pious Sire
Startled, altho' in Dream; nor cou'd endure
What thro' the Road of Fancy, to his Soul
Was brought, the Scourge of Whips, and Clank of Chains,
Dragg'd by ten thouſand Heels acroſs the Shore
Of Hell's reſounding Ocean! With the Fright
That ſhook his inward Senſe, he now awakes
Aſtoniſh'd; but how glad within his Bower
To find himſelf in Peace, not hovering near
The Brink of that dire Gulph, that ſtill amaz'd

His Thought tho' waking! for awhile his Eye
Gaz'd round his Paradiſe, in dread to view
What Sights he late beheld, where tho' he found
Its Beauties real all, yet cou'd not hide
From his celeſtial Guide, (who ſigh'd to hear)
A Parent's melting Sorrow! ---- In what Hour,
What evil Hour (alas!) did Heaven beſtow
Light on theſe mournful Eyes, and give me Life
Not half ſo ſweet as Death, if only call'd
Forth from my Duſt and Darkneſs, to bemoan
My Race's Miſery; I there in Peace
Had reſted now, nor felt a Parent's Pain
Living within me freſh, and ne'er to die
While laſts the bitter Senſe, of what I view'd
And heard ſo late, the Cries and ceaſeleſs Woe
Of thoſe my Guilt has loſt: What if in Death
I ſhou'd have miſs'd the Light of theſe fair Skies
And this new World, each Scene of earthly Joy
Have wanted? What to me is dearer far
Than theſe, I ſhou'd have wanted too thoſe Pains
I now lament, and dread alas to moan
For ever, tho' in theſe fair flow'ry Vales!
Oh ſay! If guiltleſs I may yet return
Again to Duſt, from whence I only roſe
To view the Day and Sorrows? If once more
Reviſit my cold Tomb, whoſe Shade I prize
Henceforth much dearer than theſe cooling Bowers
Cloſe knit around me! There the wretched ceaſe
From Anguiſh; there the happy Father feels
No bleeding Torment for his Childrens Woe,
My Lot, my cruel Lot, nor to be chang'd
By any, till the Father too is chang'd
Into ſome other Name, and Nature dies,
Living within me now with all its Train
Of tendereſt Paſſions, Fondneſs, Love, Deſire,
Diſtreſs unfelt before, and Griefs unnam'd,

Be-

Beyond even thoſe I felt, when by thy Arm
Drove forth from Paradiſe, and all its Joys.
Thoſe may again be found, if not outdone
In theſe fair Seats---But who ſhall e'er reſtore
My Peace when loſt? Who cloſe the aching Wounds
Of ſad Remorſe and Conſcience, to have plung'd
My Race in deepeſt Seas of raging Woe
Sunk by a Father's Guilt? Can I enjoy
Reſt in theſe happy Shades; with Gladneſs hear
The Muſick carry'd by each Evening Gale
Thro' theſe delightful Bowers? Can I endure
The Morn ariſing on theſe Groves, yet know
What Night, and Shades of hideous Darkneſs hide
My wretched Offspring underneath their Gloom?
Oh rather bear me, where the cheerful Day
Is ne'er to enter, nor the Beams of Morn
Viſit with early Light; no Sound to cheer
My Sorrows, or aſſwage the bitter Pain
Torturing a Parent's Heart, but what arrives
(Solemn and ſad, amidſt my aching Woes)
Pour'd from the boding Raven's leafleſs Bower,
In the dark Dead of Night, acroſs the Shade
Of ſome bleak Wilderneſs, or dreary Vale,
Unmark'd by human Steps; the beſt Abode
For me, a Stranger to each human Joy
Henceforth to ſeek---But if thy Voice has ought
In this Diſtreſs wherewith to calm my Pain,
I liſſen gladly! For perhaps my Fears
Have wrought too much; and what I ſeem'd to view
(Seem'd only, ah how happy if no more!)
In yon Infernal Gloom, might to my Mind
Be brought by Fancy, painting in dire Shades
The Ills I rather fear'd, than thoſe my Eye
Perceiv'd in real Form, with Shapes amaz'd
And Sounds, my Dread and inward Horrors drew

To wake my Grief, which thou with wonted Smiles
And Pity to my Tears perhaps may'ſt calm.

Thus ſpoke the careful Sire, in hope to find
In Anſwer, what might ſerve to ſlack his Woe.
Nor judg'd amiſs! For touch'd with ADAM's Pain
Too long endur'd, in Words which ſoon reſtore
Peace to his Mind, the Angel thus returns!
Whether thoſe Objects which but now were ſeen
By thy Internal Senſe, were true or feign'd,
Enquire no more; but rather ſtrive to joy
In what thou know'ſt is real, theſe Abodes
And bliſsful Seats, on purpoſe built to hold
Thy happy Race awhile, till yet more fair
Inſtead of theſe await 'em, when prepar'd
For better Manſions---Tho', methinks, thy Eye
Has hardly Cauſe to weep, if they who ſcorn
Heaven's Goodneſs, are excluded from its Joy.
Rather, whoe'er thou view'ſt with Guilt diſtain'd,
And foul Ingratitude, however ſprung
From thee, and thou their Parent, ſhou'd create
Diſlike and Loathing, more concern'd to hear
Thy Maker's Name diſhonour'd, than in Tears
To ſorrow at the Ills thy guilty Race
Draw from above, to their Offences due!
But whatſoe'er diſturbs thee now, beheld
Or heard ſo late, reſt eaſy, ſhall not pain
Thy Thoughts hereafter! Heaven, and ſoon, ſhall clear
Thy Mind of ev'ry Doubt, that might allay
Thy future Bliſs (tho' conſcious of the Woes
Of thy degenerate Sons) the Way tho' told
Not fully yet, thou rather ſhoud'ſt believe,
Than with too fond a Love enquire to learn
What from thy Sight on purpoſe is detain'd;
To try how far firm Virtue can uphold

Thy

Thy ſinking Hope, when nought to Reaſon's Eye
Appears, but what might prompt thee to Deſpair;
Faith thy ſupreme Deſert, and mark'd above
With higheſt Bliſs, when yielding to be ſway'd
By Heaven, thou throw'ſt away each other Guide
Tho' ſeeming ſafer----But I now delay
Too long the Proſpect, which ſhall ſoon appeaſe
Thy paſt and preſent Sorrows; when up-rais'd
In Thought where once the *Hebrew Convert* ſoar'd
Above the Clouds, thou wondring ſhalt behold
(As far as human Senſe can yet endure)
The glorious Seats above, fair built to hold
Thy ſelf and virtuous Race, when Time ſhall ceaſe
Longer in Days and Months and Years to roll,
In this inferior World! Theſe happy Plains
Thy dwelling now, perhaps may leſs allure
Thy Eye to gaze, when raviſh'd with a View
Of the bleſs'd Scenes above, thou ſhalt ſurvey
Theſe earthly Bowers, fair Manſions, ſtill obſcur'd
By the ſurpaſſing Light of thoſe more fair,
Which now prepare to viſit---Scarce his Voice
Had finiſh'd, when each outward Senſe o'erpow'rd
ADAM began to feel, but ſtill awake
In livelieſt Fancy; whom his Steps ſublime
Bore thro' th' empyreal Heaven and ſtarry Sky
Throng'd with thick Worlds of Light, which ſhone around
In brighteſt Order, all the golden Plains
Thro' which he ſeems to paſs---His wondring Eye
From Sphere to Sphere, from Orb to Orb he turns
Now pleas'd with this, till a refulgent Beam
Shot from a fairer Star his Eye allures
With ſtronger Glories! What he ſhou'd behold,
Which Beauties longeſt gaze, he hardly knows;
Till carried now above all Height, he views
Fair Worlds deep underneath, which ſeems to burn
With pale and fainty Luſtre, if compar'd

With what above his Eye began to ſhine,
The Portal of high Heaven, which quite obſcures
With more redundant Light, each Object ſeen
So late with Wonder. The bright Structure ſhone
With coſtly Gems adorn'd, of richeſt Hue,
Mingling their various Beams; and ſhed around
From Ruby, Saphyre, Pearl, and flaming Gold
A living Brightneſs! Thro' the Arch he views
Leading direct, to Heaven's All-glorious Throne
Extended far and wide th' ethereal Plains,
Charming each Senſe with Gladneſs, whether pleas'd
With twice ten thouſand Harps all ready ſtrung,
As many Voices joyn'd in loftieſt Strains
To hymn the Godhead, round whoſe Seat they pour
Inceſſant Harmony! Or chuſing more
Acroſs the azure Fields of Light to gaze
Numbring the Beauties, that for ever ſmile
In thoſe bleſs'd Regions, with an endleſs Bloom
Repleniſh'd, ne'er to fade or fear decay
From any Change, which turns each earthly Joy
Too ſoon to Sadneſs. Here he might behold
With Cloud nor Shade o'erſpread, one conſtant Day;
One Morn for ever ſmiling, which thy Beam
Great Orb of Light wou'd ſerve but to obſcure,
Thy ſelf in Darkneſs hid when near the Blaze
Of that great Light the heavenly Preſence throws
Round theſe delightful Manſions to inſpire
The Heirs of Bliſs! They near the ſacred Stream
Of Life, that iſſues from Heaven's golden Throne.
Drink deep immortal Youth and faireſt Bloom,
Living on every Cheek; while underneath
The fragrant Shade the Trees of Life diffuſe
They ſit in happy Numbers, nor refrain
Or Day or Night, in one great Conſort join'd,
Glory, Dominion, Power, and endleſs Fame
To him that dwells above with Godhead crown'd,

To yield with fulleſt Voice! While he to pay
Their Worſhip, and harmonious Songs of Praiſe,
Pours from his gracious Cloud and Looks divine
Irradiance round, and ſmiles, which give each Eye
And Heart their Full, of ſofteſt, ſweeteſt Joy,
Paſt Utterance each delighted. Here the Sire
Beholds amidſt a Throng of Angels ſtand
From earthly Droſs refin'd, and mortal Stain
Numbers, of his own Race, by Virtue rais'd
Up to thoſe happy Seats, as Cherubs fair
And ſharing half their Glories! Thro' his Soul
Glad Tranſport thrils, (which almoſt had unſeal'd
His Lids from ſlumber) as the Father views,
And oh with how much Joy, his Offspring ſhine
Amidſt the Hoſts above, their Foreheads crown'd
Each with a Wreath, nurs'd in the ſmiling Groves
Of Heaven to yield its Saints, wherewith to bind
Their Brows and flow'ry Locks, whene'er they bow
In Worſhip down, before the Seat ſupreme,
Where lives the Father thron'd: Or Worſhip pay
To his great Son, who on his Right enjoys
Coequal Empire---But th' enchanting Sound
Of Voices, both of Men, and Angels joyn'd
In ſweeteſt Conſort, which he ſeem'd to hear
Plain, tho' in Slumber, now at laſt awake
The wondring Parent from his bliſsful Dream,
Which left him now, admiring what had charm'd
So late his inward Thought with heavenly Joy
Himſelf on Earth, but liſtning ſtill to hear
As real, what his Senſe with Raptures fill'd
As breathing yet from Heaven: Upon the Ground
Pondering awhile he lay, till gently rais'd
By his celeſtial Guide, who with a Voice
Friendly and mild once more his Speech renews!
Offspring of Heaven and Earth, I now have led
Thy Fancy, wandring thro' the higheſt Joy

Thou can'ſt ſuſtain, while mortal. If a View
Of what we taſte above, and to thy Mind
Carried thro' Shade and Viſion, thus can raiſe
Thy Thoughts to ſcorn the Earth, oh think how ſtrong
Will be the Tranſport, when all Light and Flame
And Spirit juſt like us, thou ſhalt behold
Him Face to Face, whoſe Glory now confounds
Each human Senſe; when freely thro' the Sky
Clogg'd by no mortal Weight, thy Soul ſhall range
From Bliſs to Bliſs, thro' Regions which thy Eye
Ne'er reach'd, and various Worlds till then unknown;
All rais'd by one great Arm, their Wonders all
To thee unfolding; when thy Thought reſtrain'd
By nothing earthly, ſhall begin to rove
Thro' wide Eternity, and there adore
The Secrets of Heavens yet myſterious Reign;
Oft bafiling human Gueſs, unmeet to ſcan
On Earth his Ways above, which now appear
Seen thro' a Miſt, and darkly, too obſcure
For mortal Eye to trace---But when inſpir'd
With clearer Light, which ſoon ſhall chaſe away
All Shade and Error, one great heavenly Morn
With pureſt Beams ſhall open, and unfold
Ten Thouſand wondrous Scenes, which lay before
Deep hid in Night, on purpoſe to debaſe
All human Knowledge, boaſting, but how vain
The awful Length, and Breadth, and Depths profound,
To ſearch of heavenly Wiſdom. What the Pride
Of thy paſt Race on Earth deſpair'd to know
Shall be a part, nor yet the loweſt deem'd
Of thy great Bliſs, when lifted hence, to gain
By Knowledge dark no more, whoſe Finger turns
Yon Heavens around; who ſow'd the golden Fires
Along the Roads of Light? From what great Urn
Repleniſh'd, the fair Sun aloft maintains,
Rolling in Royal State along the Sky,

His bright, undying, inexhauſted Flame
Waſting, but never ſpent; what Union holds
Unbody'd Eſſence firm, with Body join'd;
What breaks the myſtick Knot, and from her Throne
Drives the Celeſtial Gueſt, to live awhile
And wander, nothing but a naked Shade,
Thy Lot, till call'd from Death. But what before
Thy Thought, in Mazes loſt, cou'd ne'er unveil,
It now ſhall fully ſee, and clear from Blame
The Ways of Heaven, too often judg'd unfair
By earthly Reaſon: But when fully ſeen
From firſt to laſt, ſhall each illuſtrious ſhine
With Wiſdom manifeſt; nought found impure
Or harſh, but ev'ry Deed exactly ſquar'd
By Juſtice' Rule, electing for her Guide
Unerring Prudence, which her high Commands
Still govern'd; that throughout the Wonders view'd
Of thy Creator's Reign, thy Voice ſhall own
That Love immenſe, thro' all his Works Divine
In Heaven and Earth, ſtill firſt and faireſt ſmil'd.
But now perhaps thy Mind may chuſe to know
With more Delight, what happy Scenes above
Raviſh'd thy Senſe, altho' beheld in Dream,
When late in Viſion bore to yonder Sky
Thy Fancy ſoar'd aloft, and reach'd the Throne
Wide flaming, where Heaven's Monarch ſits ſupreme,
Tho' yet inviſible! Thoſe Seats his Arm
Long ſince has founded, to afford thy Race
A Dwelling, free from Grief, and Tears, and Pain,
Perhaps endur'd on Earth, but with Heaven's Joys
How over-rated all, how well repaid,
With what Advantage bore, if there to feel
Each Sorrow wip'd away, each Sadneſs heal'd?
And ev'ry Cheek bedew'd ſo late with Tears
Of ſad complaining, cheer'd with joyful Smiles
And ever blooming Youth, to dread no more

From

From Time or fading Age, Decay or Change;
Ne'er viſiting theſe happy Seats, which hold
Bliſs ne'er to alter, Beauty not to dye,
Each frail below and mortal. They who ſate
With brighteſt Rays, and faireſt Crowns adorn'd,
Were Names once fam'd on Earth, who ſway'd below
With Juſtice, nor the Monarch's Sceptre ſtain'd
With Guilt or foul Oppreſſion! See how fair
They ſhine on Thrones above; their Glories loſt
On Earth, but with what Tranſport to enjoy,
Still Kings, unfading Fame, where now they reign
Secure of endleſs Empire. Thoſe thy Eye
View'd next with Wonder, on Tribunals rais'd
Of ſecond Luſtre, wholeſome Laws ordain'd
On Earth, to raiſe great States, or to ſecure
From Tyrant's Rage, or from th' Oppreſſor's Arm;
Guarding each Subject's Right againſt the Power
Of lawleſs Greatneſs, which without had known,
Except its own wild Will, no other Bounds:
Nor cou'dſt thou want a Joy amidſt the Train
Of Heaven's Illuſtrious Heroes to behold,
Who fell in Virtue's Cauſe, or ſhed their Gore
(Not deem'd too dear to buy their Country's Fame)
Sav'd by their pious Sword, whoſe Point was dy'd
Oft in the Tyrant's Blood. Near theſe, who ſhone
With Wreaths around their Foreheads, ever fair,
Was ſeen the martyr'd Hoſt, who ſmil'd to meet
The tort'ring Rack, or feel the raging Flame:
None live more priz'd above, who now with Joy
Number their Sorrows o'er, and count their Wounds,
To weep, and bleed no more! Each Grief endur'd
In Virtue's Cauſe, of Merit to beſtow
Immortal Bliſs and Glories not to dye,
Lifted from Death to better Life, and crown'd
With ſweeter Bliſs, than what they loſt below,
How happily thus loſt? While near the Throne

These Numbers fill'd, who ſtrove to hide below
Their virtuous Deeds appear'd, by all the Bleſs'd
Above now plainly ſeen, and loudly prais'd:
Their Seats near them, whoſe humble Merits ſhone,
Nothing obſcur'd by Meekneſs, and who choſe
By Acts of ſecret Love to purchaſe Fame,
While mortal yet, the pure and peaceful Train
Not far remov'd!---All theſe, and more, thy Eye
Deſpair'd to number, when theſe Seats no more
Afford thee Dwelling, ſhall from Death ariſe
To claim Immortal Life, Thou firſt, among
The happy Multitude, and own'd their Sire,
All ſharing one great Bliſs, for ever pour'd
Forth from the heavenly Preſence, which ſhall ſhine
With Beams of Radiance, and unclouded Day
Round Heaven's delighted Regions---While in Bowers
Of *Amaranth*, or near the cooling Groves
Faſt by the Streams of Life that knit their Shades,
Thy Days ſhall glide along in Songs of Praiſe
Or heard, or utter'd to JEHOVAH's Fame,
Sung firſt and laſt above; till now thy Mind
Light after Light receiving, ſhall obtain
What human Wiſh can crave, and almoſt rais'd
To Height of Deity, with us ſhall ſhare
Unfading Bliſs, one Hope, one Heaven, one Joy.
Thus ſpoke the heavenly Form; but for awhile
The happy Sire had nothing to return;
Whelm'd under too much Tranſport, as he hears
All due to Death, ſo many of his Race
Decreed to endleſs Life; till thro' a Stream
Of fondeſt Tears, which his glad Cheeks bedew,
His Words at laſt found Vent----Oh, ſent from Heaven
To eaſe a Father's Sorrows, what I owe
Thy kind Indulgence, let theſe Drops ſuffice
Now to atteſt; yet oh, too ſmall to pay
What I poſſeſs from thee; a Parent's Fears

Allay'd, his Peace reſtor'd, and Sadneſs calm'd,
Thy Gift and Bounty each; of which depriv'd,
Theſe Seats, thy Preſence, and whatever Joy
Elſe had been lent me, wou'd have ever found
My Heart oppreſs'd with Terrors, nothing cheer'd
Even in theſe happy Seats---Altho' I feel
Some Doubts within me ſtill, a Father's Love
Still feeds and nurſes, nor permits to dye;
Yet theſe I ſtrive to baniſh, and believe
Each mournful Scene, I view'd ſo late, of Woe,
Imagin'd; or if real, to be chang'd,
Perhaps in time, if not allow'd to end,
His Will who rules above; who takes delight
Rather to give us Joy, than work our Pain,
Nought adding to his glorious Fame, compleat
Without the ſad Addition of our Woes,
To raiſe his Happineſs: This Hope, while here
Permitted to abide, I chuſe to calm
My Griefs within me, if by Chance I turn
My fearful Thoughts, ſtill aching and amaz'd,
Towards Hell's dread Empire, late in Dream ſurvey'd,
And oh with how much Sadneſs---But while cheer'd
By thee I number o'er each preſent Joy
And future, nothing doubtful I rely
On thee and Heaven; that ev'ry anxious Care
Once loud, ſhall wake no more, while here I dwell,
Much leſs when call'd from hence, when yonder Sky
Shall yield me Peace and Reſt, to fade no more;
Sufficient, what I now poſſeſs, to find
All real; what I dreaded might befal
My Race hereafter, only by a Fear
Perhaps, and Father's fond Indulgence, rais'd.

Thus ſpoke the Sire; nor finds his Boſom more
Vex'd with unquiet Thoughts, or anxious Care
Troubling his Reſt ſo late; ſoft Joy inſtead

Viſits

Viſits his peaceful Conſcience, greatly charm'd
With what he now beholds, and more conceiv'd
In hope, as by the Angel's Voice foretold
To be his Lot hereafter. Every Fear
And cruel Doubt that threatned in Deſpair
To whelm him once, now dies to yield away
For Peace to enter; where the wretched Train
Of Sorrows, Diſcontent, and raging Fear
Broke in tumultuous late, each fully calm'd,
Or baniſh'd now far off: But what he feels
Of Joy new added, or of inward Pain
Drove from his Thought, the grateful Father owns
Both the kind Angel's Gift, who now prepares
His Wing for parting. For the Evening Sun
With ſwift Carreer faſt down the golden Sky
His ſinking Chariot drove, to quench his Flames
Deep in the *Weſtern* Gulph! His Setting warn'd
Each for awhile to part, till next the Morn
Purpled the *Eaſt* with Light. Within his Bower
Preſaging quiet Reſt, our *Parent* hies,
To ſeek Repair of ſleep; while pruning now
His Pinions to divide the yielding Air,
The Cherub ſpeeds his Flight; and from his Plumes
Shaking Ambroſial Fragrance where they wave,
Springs from the Earth, and in a Moment gains
Shining aloft, the golden Realms of Day.

FINIS.

18 DE 67